

113 Ba
T W E N T Y
OF THE
P L A Y S
O F

S H A K E S P E A R E,

Being the whole Number printed in Quarto
During his LIFE-TIME, or before the RESTORATION,

Collated where there were different COPIES,

A N D

Publish'd from the ORIGINALS.

B Y

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq;

—ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos
consecrantur. Quæ autem nemo adhuc docuerat, nec erat
unde studiosi scire possent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut essent
nota nostris.

CICERONIS ACAD. Lib. I.

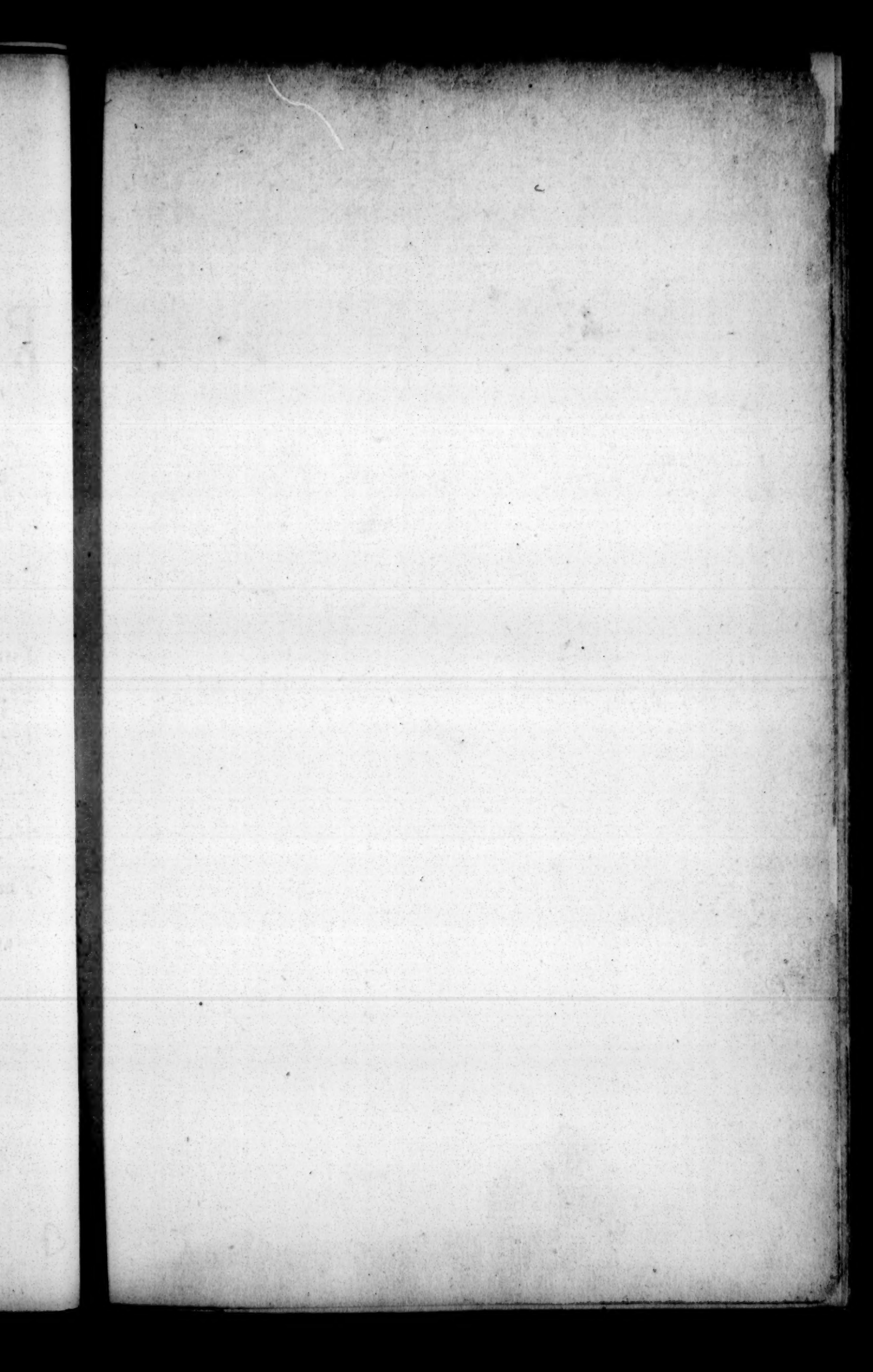
V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand*; T. PAYNE,
at the *Mews-gate, Castle-street*; and W. RICHARDSON,
in *Fleet-street*.

M.DCC.LXVI.





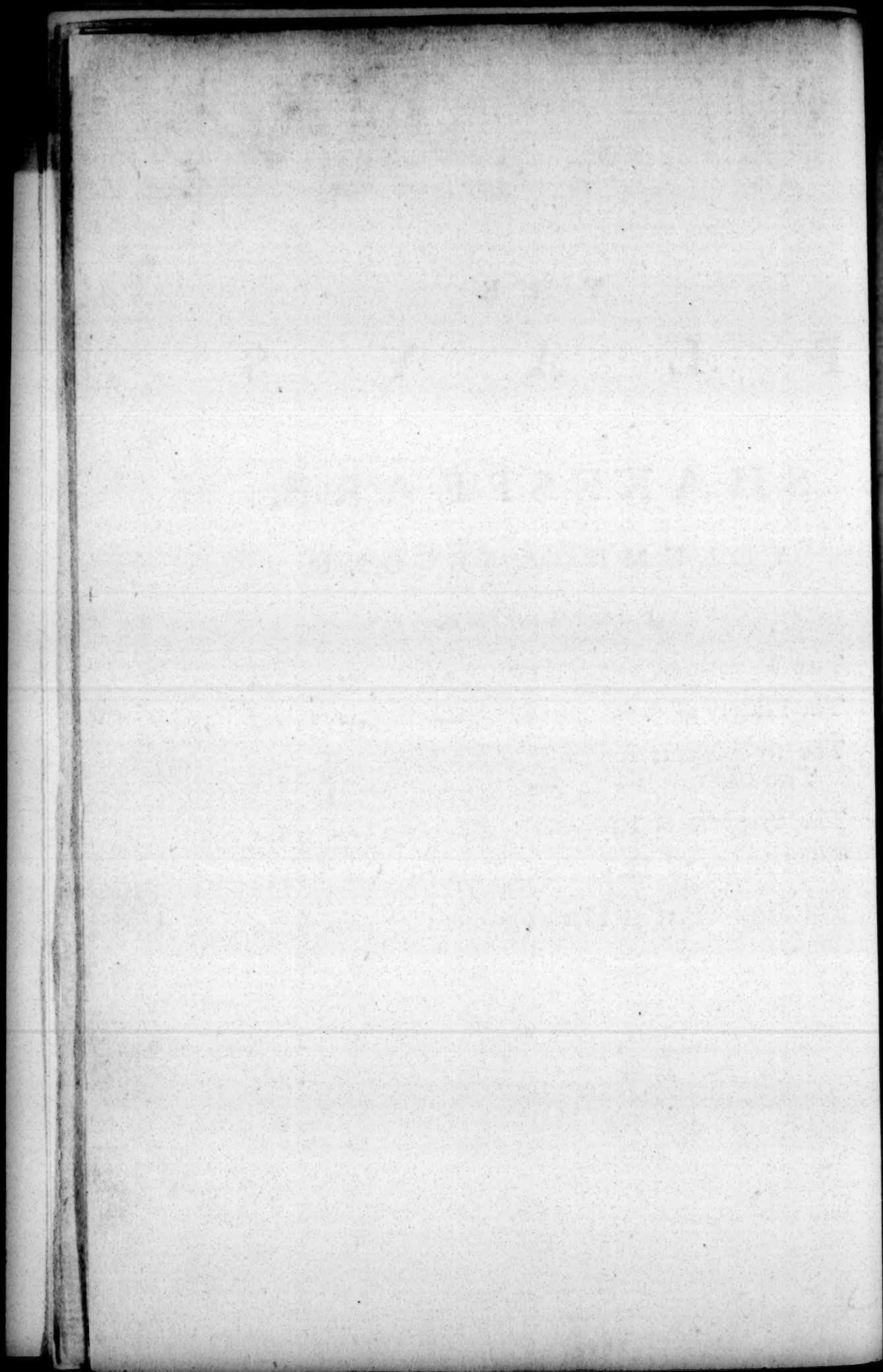
642.e 12

THE
PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	—	—	1631
The History of KING LEAR	—	—	1608
The troublesome Raigne of KING JOHN, in Two Parts	—	—	1611
The Tragedie of RICHARD THE SECOND	—		1615
The Historie of HENRY THE FOURTH	—		1613
The Second Part of HENRY THE FOURTH	—		1600



A
WITTIE and PLEASANT
C O M E D I E
CALLED

The Taming of the SHREW.

As it was acted

By his MAIESTIES Seruants at the *Blacke*
Friers and the *Globe*.

Written by WILL. SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *W. S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be
sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstones* Church-yard
vnder the Diall. 1631.

☞ There was an Edition of this Comedy printed by V. S. for *Nich. Ling*, 1607. There is scarce a Line of this the same with the present Play, yet the Plot and Scenery scarce differ at all from it.

Vide *Warburton's* Tables.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no rogues. Looke in the *Chronicles*, wee came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: goe by *Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must goe fetch the head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift borough, Ile answere him by law. Ile not budge an inch boy: let him come and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poor curre is imboft.

And couple *Clowder* with the deepe mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good,
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my lord,
He cried vpon it at the meereft losse,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as fleet;
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To-morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he
breath?

2 Hun. He breath's my lord. Were he not warm'd with
ale, this were a bed but cold to sleepe so foundly.

Lord. Oh mounstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grimme death how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1 Hunts. Beleeue me lord, I thinke hee cannot choose.

2 Hunts. It would seeme strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet wood to make the lodging sweete:
Procure me musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be ready straight
(And with a low submissiue reuerence)
Say, what ~~is~~ it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a siluer bason
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers,

Another

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Another beare the ewer : the third a diaper,
And say wilt please your lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare :
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mournes at his disease,
Perfwade him that he hath bin lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie lord :
This do, and doe it kindly, gentle sirs,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1 *Hunts.* My lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true dilligence
He is no lesse than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound Trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some noble gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An't please your honor, players
That offer seruice to your lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere :
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

2 *Player.* So please your lordshippe to accept our dutie.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a farmers eldest sonne,
Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I haue forgot your name : but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd,

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent :
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will heare you play to night ;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behauour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him : for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Play. Feare not my lord we can containe ourselues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoord.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a ladie :
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance :
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble ladies
Vnto their lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do :
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say : what is't your honor doth command,

Wherein

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Wherein your ladie, and your humble wife,
 May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
 And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosome
 Bid him shed teares, as being ouer ioyed
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
 No better than a poore and loathsome begger :
 And if the boy haue not a woman's guift
 To raine a shower of commanded teares,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin (being close-conuei'd)
 Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie :
 See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
 Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a Seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
 Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman :
 I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant,
 Ile in to counsell them : haply my presence
 May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
 Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

*Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,
 bason and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord.*

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small ale.

1 *Ser.* Wilt please your lordship drinke a cup of sacke ?

2 *Ser.* Wilt please your honor taste of these conserues ?

3 *Ser.* What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me honor nor lordship : I ne're drank sacke in my life : and if you giue me any conserues, giue mee conserues of beefe : nere ask me what rai-

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes : no more stockings then legges : nor no more shooes then feet, nay somtime more feet then shoes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad ? Am not I *Christopher Slie*, old *Slies* sonne of *Burton-beath* by byrth a pedler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a beare-heard, and now by present profession a tinker. Ask *Marrian Hack-et* the fat alewife of *Wincot*, if thee know me not : if she say I am not xiiii. d. on the score for theere ale ; score mee vp for the lyingst knaue in *Christendome*. What I am not bestraught : here's

3 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your ladie mourne.

2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange lunacie.

Oh noble lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames :
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou haue musicke ? Harke *Apollio* playes,
And twentie caged nightingales do sing.

Musicke.

Or wilt thou sleepe ? Wee'l have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for *Semiramis*.

Say thou wilt walke : we will bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harnessse studded all with gold and pearle.

Dost thou loue hawking ? Thou hast hawkes will soare

Abooue

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

About the morning larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed stags: I fleeter then the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad *Apollo* weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a ladie farre more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious fouds ore run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a lord and haue I such a ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet fauors, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a lord indeede,
And not a tinker, nor *Christopher Slie*.
Well, bring our ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,

Oh

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Oh that once more you knew but what you are :
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.

1 Man. Oh yes my lord, but verie idle words
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye weare beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the leete,
Because she brought stone-iugs, and no seal'd quarts :
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Beg. I, the womans maid of the house.

3 Man. Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *John Naps of Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Ladie with attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord ?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife ?

Lady. Heere noble lord, what is thy will with her

Beg. Are you my wife and will not call mee husband ?
My men should call mee lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Beg.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Beg. Alce madam, or Ione madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept about some fiftene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone :
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreate of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, vntil the sun be set.
For your physitions have expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre you former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, It stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I will
therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honors players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedie,
For so your doctors hold it verie meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a commontie, a
Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What household stuffe.

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Beg. Well, we'l see't:

Cour

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Com madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, wee shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of arts,
I, am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie,
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A merchant of great trafficke through the world :
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiulij*,
Viccentio's sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes :
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of philosophie
Will I applie, that treates of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with facietie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardinato, gentle maister mine :
I am in all affected as yourselfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
To suck the sweets of sweete philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue and this morall discipline,

Let's

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Let's be no stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Quid*; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
Balke logicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practise rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and poesie vse, to quicken you,
The mathematickes and the metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes where is no pleasure tane:
In briebe sir, studie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a lodging fit to entertaine
Such friendes (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to towne.

*Enter Baptista with and his two daughters, Katerina Bianca,
Gremio a pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca.*

Lucen Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for mee,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maide, how meane you that?

No

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I faith sir, you shall neuer need to feare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart :
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.

Hor. From all such dinels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Husht master, heeres some good pastime toward ;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward,

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.

Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said Mr. mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I haue said *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, and
she knew why.

Bian. Sister content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrerie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.

Bay. Gentlemen content ye : I am resolu'd :
Go in *Bianca*.

And

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In musicke, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither : for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell : *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*

Kate. Why and I trust I may go too, may I not ?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue ? Ha. *Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam : your gifts are so
good heere's none will holde you : there loue is not so great
Hortensio, but we may blowe our nailes together, and fast it
fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell : yet
for the loue I beare my sweete *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes
light on a fitt man to teach her that wherein shee delights, I
will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio* : but a word I pray :
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle,
know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both : that we may
yet againe haue accesse to our faire mistris, and be happie
riuals in *Bianca*'s loue, to labour and effect one thing
specially.

Gre. What's that I pray ?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband : a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say a diuell : think'st thou *Hortensio*, though her
father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married
to hell ?

Hor.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience and mine to endure her lowd alarms, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; to be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farr forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then have too't afresh; sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the queene of *Carthage* was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchueiue not this yong modest gyrl:
Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou can'st:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies lad : go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsels found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweete beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the *Cretan* strond.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweete was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his trance :
I pray you awake sir : if you loue the maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her. Thus it stands :
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meud her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suiters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell fathers he :
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marrie am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible : for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his countriemen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee : for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master : then it followes thus :
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted :
Keepe house, and port, and seruants as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be soe : *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee : take my conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biandello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'achieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your clothes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest, And therefore frame your manners to the time Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life, Puts my apparell, and my countenance on, And I for my escape haue put on his: For in a quarrell since I came ashore, I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried: Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes: While I make way from hence to saue my life: You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth, *Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra not for my sake, but your masters. I aduise you vse your manners discretely in all kinde of companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more rests, that thyselfe execute,
To make one among those wooers: if thou aske mee why,
sufficeth: my reasons are both good and waighly.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

1 *Man.* My lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint *Anne* do I, a good matter surely:
comes there any more of it?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Lady. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, madame ladie :
would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio : and I trow this is his house :
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Gru. Knocke sir ? whome should I knocke ? Is there any
man has rebus'd your worship ?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere sir ? Why sir, what am I sir, that
I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gru. My mr is growne quarrellsome :
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be ?
Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares.

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you : sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter ? my old friend *Grumio*,
and my good friend *Petruchio* ? How do you all at *Verona* ?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio* come you to part the fray ?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.

Hor.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in *Latine*. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir: he bid me knocke him, and rap him soundly sir, well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at first then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A sencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I had the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, knocke mee heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra begon, or talke not I aduise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experiencce growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust myselfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thrue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauor'd wife?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell;
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you sir, he tels you flatly what his minde
is: why giue him gold enough, and marrie him to a puppet
or an aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her
head, though she haue as many diseases as two and fiftie horses.
Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are steep thus farr in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beaution,
Brought vp as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd and froward, so beyond all measure,
'That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petr. Hortensio peace: thou know'st not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and 'tis enough:

For

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumnne cracke.

Hor. Her father *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my decessed father well :
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompanie mee thither.

Gru. I pray you sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would
thinke scolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may
perhaps call him halfe a score knaues, or so : why that's
nothing ; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope trickes,
He tell you what sir, and she stand him but a litle, he will
throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it, that
she shall haue no more eies to see withall then a cat : you
know him not sir.

Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I must go with thee,
For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is :
He hath the iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riualls in my loue :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer *Katherina* wil be woo'd
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shall haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the curst, haue got a husband.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master.
Well scene in musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vn suspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes,
how the young folkes lay their heads together. Master,
master, looke about you : who goes there ?

Hor. Peace *Gremio*, it is the riual of my loue.
Petruchio stand by a while.

Gru. A propper stripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd the note :
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other lectures to her :
You vnderstande me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well perfum'd ;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe !
To whom they go to : what will you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I read to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you : vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. Oh this woodcocke, what an asse it is.

Petru. Peace sirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum : God saue you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are wel met, signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going ? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promist to enquire carefully

Aboute a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man : for learning and behauour
Fit for her turne, well read in poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant yee.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I haue met a gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine musitian to instruct our mistris,
So shall I no whit be behind in dutie,
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shall prone.

Gru. And that his bags shall prone.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now time to vent our loue,
Lissen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :

Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults ?

Petr. I know she is an irksome brawling scold :
If that be all matters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend ? what countreyman ?

Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne :
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to see.

Gre.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange :
But if you haue stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shall haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Petr. Will I liue ?

Gru. Wil he woo her ? I : or Ile hang her.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares ?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore ?
Haue I not heard the sea, puffed vp with windes,
Rage like an angry boare, chafed with sweat ?
Haue I not heard great ordnance in the field ?
And heauens artillerie thunder in the skies ?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue ?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a chesse-nut in a farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

Gru. For he feares none.

Grem. *Hortensio* hearke :

This gentleman is happily arrin'd ;
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promise we would be contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you which is the readiest way
To the house of signior *Baptista Minola* ?

Bion.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?

Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tra. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir a word ere you go:

Are you a futor to the maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And I be sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No: if without more words you will get you hence,

Tra. Why sir, I pray you are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'l kno.

That she's the choice loue of signior *Gremio*,

Hor. That she is the chosen of signior *Hortensio*,

Tra. Softly my masters: if you be gentlemen

Do me this right: heare me patience,

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all vnknowne,

And were his daughter fairer then she is,

She may more futors haue, and me for one.

Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;

And so she shall: *Lucentio* shall make one,

Though *Paris* came, in hope to speede alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talke vs all.

Luc. Giue him head, I know hee'l proue a iade.

Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?

Tra.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two :
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beautilous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea leane that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accessse of futors
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntil the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest :
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder, set the yonger free,
For our accessse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say wel, and well you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a futor,
You must as we do, gratifie this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quasse carouses to our mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion : fellowes let's be gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your *Been venuto*.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong yourselfe,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,

That

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

That I disdaine : but for these other goods,
Vnbind my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my rayment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will commaund me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tell
Whom thou lou'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lye'st ; It's not *Hortensio* ?

Bian. If thou affect him sister heere I sweare
Ile plead for you my selfe, but you shall haue him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more.
You will haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so ?
Nay then you iest, and now I well perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while :
I pre thee sister *Kate* vnite my hands.

Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now dame, whence growes this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes :

Go ply the needle, meddle not with her.

For shame thou hilding of a diuellish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee ?

When did shee crosse thee with a bitter word ?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What in my sight ? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not suffer me : nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,

I must

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, lead apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue you gentlemen.

Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter cal'd *Katerina*, and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*.

Gre. You are to blunt, go to it orderly.

Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue:
I am a gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affabilitie and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myselfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eie the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in musicke, and the mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne the more my greife.

Petr. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? what may I call your name.

Petr. *Petruchio* is my name *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous
forward.

Petr. Oh, pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse myselfe, that haue beene
More kindly beholding to you then any
Freely giue vnto this yong scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In *Greeke*, *Latine*, and other languages,
As the other in musicke and mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray you accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Methinke you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this cittie heere,
Do make myselfe a futor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolute, vnkowne to mee,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This libertie is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And towards the education of your daughters :
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of *Greeke* and *Latine* bookes :
If you accept them, then their worth is great :

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well : you are verie welcome sir :
Take you the lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner : you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke yourselues.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left folie heire to all his lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather than decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my lands,
And in possession twentie thousand crownes.

Pet.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my lands and leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne between vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though litle fire growes great with litle winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happie be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappy words.

Pet. I to the prooffe, as mountaines are for winde,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend why dost thou looke so pale?

Her. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What will my daughter proue a good musitian?

Her. I thinke she'l proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her but neuer lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not breake her to the lute?

Her. Why no for she hath broke the lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moist impatient diuellish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,

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And

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillorie, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascall, fidler,
and twangling *Iacke*, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes :
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do, Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleare
As morning roses newly washt with dew :
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke :
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katherine.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but some thing hard of
hearing :

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.

Pet.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and somtimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in *Christendome*,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my super-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*,
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie founded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myselfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither,
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moueable.

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kate. A ioynd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd turtle shall a buzzard take thee?

Kate. I for a turtle as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a waspe does weare his sting?
In his taile.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

Kate. That Ile trie.

She strikes him

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your armes.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A herald *Kate*? oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your crest, a coxcombe?

Pet. A comblesse cocke, so *Kate* will be my hen.

Kate. No cocke of mine you crow too like a crauen.

Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you must not looke so fowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not fowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it mee.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.

Pet. Now by St. *George* I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In sooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I finde report a very lyar:

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweete as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke asconce,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke :
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe ?
Oh slanderous world : *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels :
Oh let me see thee walke, thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate :
Oh be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you studie all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Kate. A wittie mother, witleffe else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweete *Katherine* in thy bed :
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes : your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowrie greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other household *Kates* :

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well fir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing *Iacke*,
That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 'tis thus, yourselfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for policie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the doue
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience, she will proue a second *Griffell*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon Sunday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she sayes shee'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then god night our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for myselfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in companie.
I tell you 'tis incredible to belieue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew :
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day :
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,
God send you ioy *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, Sondag comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things and fine arrayr,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a Sondag.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

Bap. Faith gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch,
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was futor first.

Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling thou canst not lone so deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands :
My hangings all of *Tirian* tapestrie :
In iuory coffers I haue stufst my crownes :
In cipres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turky* cushions boist with pearle,
Vallens of *Venice* gold, in needle worke :
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping : then at my farme
I-haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Six-score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to-morrow this is hers
If whil'st I liue she will be only mine.

Tra. That only came well in : sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
He leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides two thousand duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you signior *Gremio* ?

Gre. Two thousand duckets by the yeere of land,
My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall haue, besides an argosie
That now is lying in *Marcellus* roade :
What, haue I choakt you with an argosie

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great argosies, besides two galliasses
And twelue tite gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I haue offered all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-ued.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cauill: hee is olde, I yong.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On Sondag next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the Sondag following shall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not to signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both.

Exit.

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde *Italian* foxe is not so kinde my boy.

Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: father's commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning.

Exit.

Actus

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear you grow too forward fir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony :
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in musicke we haue spent an houre
Your lecture shall haue leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd :
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine ?
Then giue me leaue to read philosophy
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will beare these braues of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strue for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife heere sit we downe,
Take you the instrument, play you the whiles,
His lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.

Hort. You'll leaue his lecture when I am in tune ?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Heere madam : *Hic ibat simois, hic est sigeria telus.*
hic steterat priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Conster them.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old pantalowne.

Hor. Madam my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the treble iarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic staterat priami* take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *celsa senis* dispaire not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iarres,

Luc. How fierie and forward our pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,

Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet :

In time I may belieue yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*.

Was *Aiax* cal'd so from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleene my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Litio* to you :

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue been thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go walke, and giue me leaue a while,
My lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be decein'd,

Our fine musition groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learne the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art,

To

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.

Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord :

Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion :

Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy lord

C faut, that loues with all affection :

Djol re, one cliffe, two notes haue I,

Ela mi, show pittie or I die.

Call you this gamouth ? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse your father prayes you leaue your booke,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweete masters both, I must be gon.

Luc. Faith mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.

Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he was in loue :
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eies on euery stale :
Seize thee that list, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and
others, attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in law :

What

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

What will be said, what mockery will it be ?
To want the bride-groome when the priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage ?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours ?

Kate. No shame but mine : I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man ;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, innite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd :
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marrie her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I knew him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Go girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a verie faint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer
heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio's* com-
ming ?

Bap.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir?

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an olde ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword tane out of the towne armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleffe: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides posselt with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of windegalls, sped with spauins, raied with the yellowes, past cure of the fues, starke spoyl'd with the staggers, begnawne with the bots, wald in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-checkt bitte, and a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrained to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth fixe times peec'd, and a wemans crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prick't in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some old humor pricks him to this fashion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my louely bride?

How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some commet, or vnusuall prodigie:

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come,

Now sadder that you come so vnprovided:

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-fore to our solemne festiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so vnlike yourselfe?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,

Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,

Though in some part inforced to digresse,

Which at more leisure I will so excuse,

As

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

As you shall well be satisfied withall.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,

The morning weares, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, belieue me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marrie her.

Petr. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with words,
To me she's married not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse.

Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this.

Exit.

Tra. But sir, loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio of Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marrie sweete *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good methinkes to steale our marriage,

Which

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
He keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint musitian, amorous *Litio*,
All for my masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom comming home?

Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuills damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a lambe, a doue, a foole to him:
He tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the priest let fall the booke.
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cusse,
That down fell priest and booke, and booke and priest,
Now take them vp quoth he if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke for why he stamp'd and swore,
as if the vicar ment to cozen him: but after many ceremonies
done, he calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had been
aboord carowling to his mates after a storme, quast off the
muscadell, and threw the sops all in the sextons face: haniug

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

no other reason but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as he was drinking. This done, he tooke the bride about the neck and kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the church did eccho : and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage neuer was before : harke, harke I heare the minstrels, play.

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen and friends I thanke you for your pains, I know you thinke to dine with mee to day, And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere, But so it is, my haste doth call mee hence, And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night ?

Petr. I must away to day before night come, Make it no wonder : if you knew my businesse, You would intreate me rather goe then stay : And honest company, I thanke you all, That haue beheld me giue away my selfe To this most patient, sweete, and vertuous wife, Dine with my father, drinke a health to mee, For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreate you still after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Gru. Let me intreate you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreate you.

Petr. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay ?

Petr. I am content you shall intreate me stay, But yet not stay, intreate me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me stay.

Petr.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. I fir they be ready, the oates haue eaten the horses.

Kat. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myselfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene :
For mee, Ile not be gone till I please myselfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly furly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly,

Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie.

Kate. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe ?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gru. I marrie fir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be maide a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowe full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang yourselues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me :
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field my barne,
My horse, my ox, my asse, my any thing,
And heere shee stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua* : *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy mistresse if thou be a man :

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Feare not sweete wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
He buckler thee against a million. *Exeunt Pet. Kat.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herselfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is *Kated*.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants

You know there wants no iunckets at the feast:

Lucentio you shall supply the bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweete *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen let's goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired iades, on all mad masters, and all
foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raied?
was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and
they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little
pot, and soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my
teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my
belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw mee, but I with
blowing the fire shall warme myselfe: for considering the
weather, a taller man then I will take cold: holla, ho
Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is thats calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide
from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my
head and my necke, A fire good *Curtis.*

Curt.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my olde master, and my new mistress, and my selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away you three inch foole; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire or shall I complaine on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why *Iache* boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the cooke, is supper readie, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen in their new fustion, the white stockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the *lakes* faire within, the *Gils* faire without, the carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. First known my horse is tired, my master and mistress faine out.

Cur. How?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale : and this cuse was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listning : now I begin inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my master riding behinde my mislris.

Cur. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale : but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fell, and she vnder her horse : thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse vpon her, how he beate me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me : how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd before : how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst : how I lost my crupper, with many thinges of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more shrew than she.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this ? Call forth *Nathaniell*, *Ioseph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Suger*, and the rest : let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtse with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

haire of my masters horse-taile till they kisse their hands.
Are they all readie ?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho ? you must meete my maister to countenance my miltris.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that ?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue seruingsmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ios. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you : how now you : what you : fellow you : and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate ?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master ?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this : and therefore be not—
Cockes passion, silence, I heere my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues ? what no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse ?
Where is *Nathaniell*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes :
What ? no attendants ? no regard ? no dutie ?
Where is the foolish knaue I sent before ?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swaine, you horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascall knaues with thee ?

Gru. *Nathaniels* coat sir was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all vnpinkt i'th heele :
There was no linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing :
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe* and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere they are come to meete you.

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. ser.*
Where is the life that late I led ?
Where are those ? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter seruants with supper.

Why when I say ? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues : you villaines, when ?

*It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.*

Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate* : some water heere : what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel *Troilus* ? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither :

One

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? where is the rascall cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of ourselues, ourselues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy bridall chaumber.

Exeunt.

Enter

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter seruants severally.

Nat. *Peter* didst euer see the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio, Where is he?

Enter Curtis a seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that she (poore foule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully :
My faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And till she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure,
Another way I haue to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient :
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not :
As with the meat, some vnderferued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile sling the pillow, there the boulder,
This way the couerlet, another way the sheets :
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamour keepe her still awake :

This

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humors
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charitie to shew.

Exit:

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistress *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now mistress profit you in what you read?

Bian. What master reade you first, resolute me that?

Hor. I read, that I professe the art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue sir master of your art.

Luc. While you sweete deere proue mistresse of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tell me I pray,
You that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*
Loud me in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightfull loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tell thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scornes to liue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion,
Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your intire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,

I will

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kisse and court : signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow,
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one vnworthy all the former fauors
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworne
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainfull haggard,
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shall win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a louers blessed case :
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne me?

Tra. Mistris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie widdow now,
That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bian. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole : what is there such a place?

Tra.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. I mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An antient angell comming downe the hill,
Will serue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as *Rome*,
And so to *Tripolie*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to *Padua* carelesse of your life.

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the duke
For priuate quarrell 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis maruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From *Florence* and must heere deliuer them.

Tra. Well sir, to doe you courtesie,
This will I doe, and this will I aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at *Pisa*?

Ped. I sir, in *Pisa* haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor will I doe you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credit shall you vndertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shall you stay
Till you haue done your businesse in the citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I doe, and will repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere :
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Goe with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me ?
Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie :
But I, who neuer knew how to intreate,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe :
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue :
As who should say if I should sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee goe, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be wholsome foode.

Gru. What say you to a neats foote ?

Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How say you to a fat tripe finely broyl'd ?

Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gru.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of beefe and mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

Gru. I but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kate. Why then the beefe, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall haue the mustard
Or else you get no beefe of *Grumio*.

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the mustard without the beefe.

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miserie :
Go get thee gone I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my *Kate*, what sweeting all a-mort?

Hor. Mistris, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate myselfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet *Kate*, this kindnesse merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then thou lou'st it not :
And all my paines is forted to no prooffe.
Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand.

Petr. The poorest seruice is repaide with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame :
Come mistris *Kate*, Ile beare you companie.

Petr.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee :
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart :
Kate eate apace ; and now my honie loue,
Will we return vnto thy fathers house,
And renell it as brauely as the best,
With filken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffes and cuffes, and fardingales, and thinges :
With scarfes and fannes, and double change of brau'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd ? The tailor staves thy leasure,
To deck thy bodie with his ruffling treasure,

Enter Tailor.

Come tailor, let vs see these ornaments

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir ?

Fel. Heere is the cap your worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A velvet dith : fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap :
Away with it come let me haue a bigger.

Kate He haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speak
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

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Or

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Or else my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why thou ſaiest true, it is a paltrie cap,
A cuſtard coſſen, a bauble, a ſilken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne why I : come tailor let vs ſee't.
Oh mercie god, what maſking ſtuffe is heere ?
Whats this ? a ſcene ? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple tart ?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe :
Why what a deuils name a tailor cal'ſt thou this ?

Hor. I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did : but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome fir :
He none of it ; hence, make your beſt of it.

Kate. I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable :
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She ſaies your worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monſtrous arrogance :
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :
Braud in mine owne houſe with a ſkeine of thred :

Away

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Away thou ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st :
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marrie fir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee : thou hast brau'd many men, braue
not me ; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee,
I bid thy master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him
cut it to pieces ; ergo thou liest.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testifie.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in
the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of
browne thred : I said a gowne.

Pet. Procede.

Tail. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tail. With a tranke sleeue.

Gru. I confesse two sleeues.

Tail. The sleeues curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villainie.

Gru. Error i'th bill fir, error i'th bill ? I commanded the
sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meate-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he shall haue no oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: take vp my mistresse gowne for thy masters vse.

Pet. Why sir what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for: Take vp my mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit. Tail.*

Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the iay more precious then the larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the adder better then the eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well may we come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse :
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Her. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares agoe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where wee were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you : but sir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he weere school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him : sirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you :
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptista* : set your countenance fir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio : Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met :

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son : fir by your leaue, hauing come to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waightie cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe :
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And shee to him : to fray him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worfe then I vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed :
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well
Right true it is your son *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW]

The match is made and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we may be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie : and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well :
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :

Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight :
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.

Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart. *Exit.*

Tra. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista* shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What saist thou Biondello.

Biond. You saw my master winke and laugh vpon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing : but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus : Baptista is safe talking with the deceiuing father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Bion. The old priest at Saint Lukes church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

*Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeited assurance : take you assurance of her *cum privilegio ad impremendum solem*, to th' church take the priest, clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses :*

If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou Biondello.

Biond. I cannot tarrie : I knew a wench married in an afternoone as she went to the garden for parfeely to stufte a rabbit, and so may you sir : and so adew sir, my master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented : She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt : Hap what hap may, Ile roundly go about her : It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

*Exit
Enter*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more towards our fathers :

Good lord how bright and goodly shines the moone.

Kate. The moone, the funne : it is not moone-light now.

Petr. I say it is the moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the funne that shine so bright.

Petr. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's myseife,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your fathers house :

Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe
Euer more crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farr,
And be it moone, or funne, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush candle :
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the moone.

Kate. I know it is the moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye : it is the blessed funne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun.
But funne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the moone changes euen as your minde :
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy wayes, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the bias :
But soft : company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio

Good morrow gentle mistris, where away :
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,

Hast

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman :
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes :
What starrs do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face ?
Faire louely maide, once more good day to thee :
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him

Kate. Yong budding virgin, faire, and fresh, and sweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade ?
Happy the parents of so faire a childe ;
Happier the man whom fauourable starrs
Alots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I look on seemeth Greene :
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent father :
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfire, and with all make known
Which way thou trauellest if along with vs,
Wee shall be ioyfull of thy company.

Vin. Faire sir, and you my merry mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me :
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to uisite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

Petr. What is his name ?

Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne :
And now by law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing father,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy sonne by this hath married : wonder not,
Nor not be griued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may befeeme
The spouse of any noble gentlewoman :
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant traailors to breake a iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake ?

Hort. I do assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart :
Haue to my widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello* ; but they may chance to neede thee at
home therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the church a your backe,
And then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with attendants.

Pet. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My fathers beares more toward the market-place,
Thither must I and heere I leaue you sir.

Vin.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Knock.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to yourselfe, he shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Pisa*, and is heere at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his father is come from *Padua*, and here looketh out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes if I may beleene her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knaueerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I belecue a meanes to cozen some bodie in this citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue seene them in the church together, God send them good shipping: but who is heere mine old master *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose sir.

Vin.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy mistris father, *Vincentio*;

Bion. What my worshipfull old master? yes marrie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeede.

He beates Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedant. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controuerfie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beate my seruant?

Vin. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Gods: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient gentleman by your habit but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what ternes it you, if I weare pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you think is his name?

Vin.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awaie, away mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

Vinc. *Lucentio*, oh he hath muredred his master; Iay hold on him I charge you in the dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my sonne *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: carrie this mad knaue to the iaile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth coming.

Vin. Carrie me to the iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I say he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, lest you be conicatcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, for sweare him, or else wee are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Kneels.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Heere's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I haue arriued at the last

Vnto the wished haue of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;

Then pardon him sweete father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to
the iaille.

Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter
without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to: but
I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to found the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and wee will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: come sirra let's away.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now pray loue stay.

Pet.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the Pedant*, Lucentio,
and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and *widdow*;
the seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfe same kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortensio*, with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: pray you sit downe,
For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affoords this kindnesse sonne *Petruchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortensio* feares his *Widdow*.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be asseard.

Petr. You are very sensible, and yet you misse my sence:
I meane *Hortensio* is as fear'd of you.

Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.

Petr. Roundly replied.

Kate. Mistris how meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.

Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor. My widdow sayes, thus she conceiues her tale.

Petr.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Petr. Verie well mended : kisse him for that good widdow.

Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,

I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow, by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right. I meane you.

Kate. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her *Widdow*.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an officer : ha to thee lad.

Drinkes to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes ?

Gre. Beleue me sir, they but together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,

Would say your head and but were head and horne.

Vin. I mistris bride, hath that awakened you ?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe,

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun :

Haue at you for a better iest or too.

Bian. Am I your bird, I meane to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw my bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his gray-hound,

Which runs himselfe, and catches for his master.

Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.

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G

Tra.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for yourselfe :
'Tis thought your deere does hold you at a baye.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here ?

Petr. A has a litle gald me I confesse :

And as the iest did glaunce away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well I say no : and therefore sir, assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content what's the wager ?

Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twenty crownes.

Ile venture so much of my hawke or hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your mistris come to me.

Bion. I goe.

Bap. Sonne Ile be you halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile haue no halues : Ile beare it all myselfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busie, and shee cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie and shee cannot come: is that an
answere?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praise God sir your wife send you not a worse.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to
mee forthwith. *Exit Bion.*

Pet. Oh ho intreate her, nay then she must needs come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can.

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now where's my wife?

Bion. She sayes you haue some goodly iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your mistress,

Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*

Hor. I know her answere.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is : I wonder what it boads.

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacie :

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio* ;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion :

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnder foote.

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this ?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me fise hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong women
What dutie they doe owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, your mocking : we will haue no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkind brow,

And

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the meades,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwindes shake faire budds,
And in no fence is meete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so drie or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his bodie
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whilst thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, fare looks, and true obedience;
Too litle payment for so great a debt.

Such dutie as the subject owes the prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuisht, fullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will:
What is she but a foule contending rebell,
And gracelesse traitour to her louing lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our harts.
Should well agree with our externall parts?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weaknesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie may it do him ease.

Pet. Why ther's a wench: come on, and kisse me *Kate*.

Luc. Well go thy wayes old lad for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, wee'l to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager though you hit the white.

And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

Hor. Now go thy wayes thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder by your leaue, she will be tam'd so.

F I N I S.

M. WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE,
His True Chronicle HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE and DEATH of
King Lear, and his Three
Daughters.

WITH THE
Vnfortunate Life of EDGAR,
Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and his
fullen and assumed Humour of *Tom of Bedlam*.

As it was plaid

Before the KING'S MAIESTY at *White-Hall*, vppon
S. Stephens Night, in *Chriftnas* Hollidaies.

By his MAIESTIES Seruants, playing vsu-
ally at the *Globe* on the *Banck-Side*.



Printed for NATHANIEL BUTTER, 1608.

☞ There is besides this Edition another of the same Year, which (with that published by *Jane Bell* in 1655) is but a Copy from the First, and retains even the Printer's Errors.

M. WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE,
His HISTORY, of
K I N G L E A R.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Bastard.

Kent.

I Thought the king had more affected the duke of *Albeney* then *Cornewall*.

Gloft. It did alwaies seeme so to vs, but now in the diuision of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your sonne, my lord?

Gloft. His breeding sir hath beene at my charge. I haue so often blusht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloft. Sir, this young fellowes mother could, whereupon she grew round wombed, and had indeed sir a sonne for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed, do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it being so proper.

Gloft. But I haue sir a sonne by order of law, some yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, thogh this knaue came something sawcely into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman, *Edmund*?

Bast. No my lord.

Gloft.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Gloſt. My lord of *Kent*, remember him heereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the king is comming.

Sound a fennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, then Lear, then the dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gleſter*.

Gloſt. I ſhall my liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great riualls in our youngſt daughters loue,
Long in our court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor.

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Cor. What shall *Cordelia* do, loue and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, euen from this line to this,
With shady forrests, and wide skirted meads,
We make thee lady, to thine and *Albanies* issue,
Be this perpetuall. What saies our second daughter?
Our deereft *Regan*, wife to *Cornwall*, speake.

Reg. Sir I am made of the selfe-same mettall that my sister is
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
I finde she names my very deed of loue, onely shee came short.
That I professe my selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sence possesse,
And finde I am alone felicitate in your deere highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, and yet not so, since I am sure
My loue's more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No lesse in space, validity, and pleasure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*; but now our ioy,
Although the last, not least in our deere loue,
What can you say to win a third, more opulent
Then your sisters.

Cor. Nothing my lord.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my
mouth, I loue your maiesty according to my bond, not more
nor lesse.

Lear. Go too, go too, mend your speech a little,
Least it may marre your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,

I returne those duties backe as are right fit,

Obey you, loue you, and most honour you,

Why haue my sisters husbands, if they say they loue you all,

Haply

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Haply when I shall wed, that lord whose hand
Must take my plight, shall carry halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, sure I shall neuer
Marry like my sisters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. I good my lord.

Lear. So young and so vtender?

Cor. So young my lord, and true.

Lear. Well let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the sacred radience of the sunne,
The mistresse of *Heccat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the orbes,
From whom we do exsist and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation
Messes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pittied and releued,
As thou my some-time daughter.

Kent. Good my liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not betweene the dragon and his
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kinde nursery, hence and auoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace as heere I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Aibany*,
With my two daughters dower digest this third,
Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:
I do inuest you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects

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That troope with maiesty, our selfe by monthly course
With reseruatiō of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
The name and all the additions to a king,
The sway, reuenue, execution of the rest,
Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my king,
Loued as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my praies.

Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannedly, when *Lear* is mad,
What wilt thou do old man, think'st thou that duty
Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flattery bowes,
To plainnesse honours bound, when maiesty stoops to folly,
Reuerse thy doome, and in thy best consideration
Check this hideous rashnesse, answer my life,
My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reuerbs no hollownesse.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it,
Thy safety being the motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*—

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, king thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear.

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Lear. Vassall, recreant.

Kent. Do, kill thy physition,
And the fee bestow vpon the foule disease,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
From my throat, Ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me, on thy allegiance heare me ;
Since thou hast fought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durst neuer yet ; and with straid pride,
To come betweene our sentence and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potency make good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome ; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death, away.
By *Iupiter* this shall not be reuokt.

Kent. Why fare thee well king, since thou wilt appeare,
Friendship liues hence, and banishment is here ;
The gods to their protection take the maid,
That rightly thinkes, and hath most iustly said,
And your large speeches may your deeds approue,
That good effects may spring from words of loue :
Thus *Kent*, O princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course in a country new.

Enter France and Burgundy with Gloucester.

Glo. Heer's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord or *Burgundy*, we first addresse towards you
Who with a king hath riuall'd for our daughter,
What in the least will you require in present
Dower with her, or cease your quest of loue ?

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Burg. Roiall maiesty, I craue no more then what
Your highnesse offered, nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*, when she was deare to vs,
We did hold her so, but now her price is fallen;
Sir, there she stands, if ought within that little
Seeming substance, or all of it with our displeasure peece't,
And nothing else may fitly like your grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Burg. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you with those infirmities she owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curse. and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.

Burg. Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp,
On such conditions.

Lear. Then leaue her sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great king,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange, that she that euen but now
Was your best obiect, the argument of your praise,
Balme of your age, most best, most deere'st,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing
So monstrous, to dismantle so many foulds of fauour,
Sure her offence must be of such vnnaturall degree,
That monsters it, or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint, which to beleue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could neuer plaint in me.

Cord.

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Cord. I yet beseech your maiesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I well intend,
Ile do't before I speake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No vncleane action or dishonoured step
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Go to, goe to, better thou hadst not been borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardinesse in nature,
That often leaues the history vnspoke that it intends to do,
My lord of *Burgundy*, what say you to the lady?
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with respects that stand
Aloofe from the entire point, will you haue her?
She is her selfe and dower.

Burg. Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion
Which yourselfe propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the hand, dutchesse of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne.

Burg. I am forry then you haue so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cord. Peace be with *Burgundy*, since that respects
Of fortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife.

Fran. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most loued despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues heere I seize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect,
My loue should kindle to enflam'd respect,

Thy

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Thy dowrelesse daughter king, throwne to thy chance,
Is queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France* :
Not all the dukes in watrish *Burgundy*,
Shall buy this vnpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farwell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde
Thou lovest heere, a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no such daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon : come noble
Burgundy. *Exit Lear and Burgundy*.

Fran. Bid farwell to your sisters.

Cord. The iewels of our father,
With washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a sister am most loth to call your faults
As they are named, vse well our father,
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place ;
So farwell to you both.

Gonerill. Prescribe not vs our duties.

Regan. Let your study be to content your lord,
Who hath receiu'd you at fortunes almes,
You haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time shall vnfold what pleated cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at last shame them derides :
Well may you prosper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*.

Exit France and Cord.

Con. Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.

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H

Reg.

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Reg. That's most certaine, and with you, next month with vs.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the obseruation we haue made of it hath not beene little; he alwaies loued our sister most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her off, appeares too grosse.

Reg. Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but slenderly knowne himselfe.

Gono. The best and foundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke to receiue frō his age, not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vn-ruly waiwardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconstant stars are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* banishment.

Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking between *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our father cary authority with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend vs.

Regan. We shall further thinke on't.

Gon. We must do something, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bastard solus.

Bast. Thou nature art my goddesse, to thy law my seruices are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome, and permit the curiosity of nations to deprive me, for that I am some 12. or 14. moone-shines lag of a brother: why bastard? wherefore base, when my demeritions are as well compact, my minde as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue, why brand they vs with base, base bastardy? who in the lusty stealth of nature, take more composition and fierce quality, then doth within a stale dull lied bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene
sleepe

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sleepe and wake ; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land, our fathers loue is to the bastard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate : well my legitimate, if this letter speed, and my inuention thrue, *Edmund* the base shall tooth'legitimate : I grow, I prosper, now gods stand vp for bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. *Kent* banisht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the king gone to night, subscrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done vpon the gad ; *Edmund*, how now, what newes ?

Bast. So please your lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that letter ?

Bast. I know no newes, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading ?

Bast. Nothing my lord.

Glo. No, what needs then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing had not such need to hide itselfe, lets see, come if it be nothing I shal not need spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for so much as I haue perused, I finde it not fit for your liking.

Glo. Giue me the letter sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderstand them, are too blame.

Glo. Lets see, lets see.

Bast. I hope for my brothers iustification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my vertue. *A letter.*

Glo. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnesse cannot relish them, I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swaies not as it hath

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power, but as it is suffered, come to mee, that of this I may speake more; if our father would sleepe till I wakt him, you should enioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conspiracy, slept till I wakt him, you should enioy halfe his reuenew: my sonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me my lord, there's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the casement of my closet.

Gloft. You know the carrafter to be your brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst sweare it were his, but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Gloft. Is it his?

Bast. It is his hand my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloft. Hath he neuer heeretofore founded you in this businesse?

Bast. Neuer my lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that sonnes at perfit age, and fathers declining, his father should be as ward to the sonne, and the sonne mannage the reuenew.

Gloft. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorrid villaine, vnnaturall detested bruitish villaine, worse then bruitish, go sir seeke him; I, apprehend him, abhominable villaine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know my lord, if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can de-riue from him better testimony of this intent, you shal runne a certaine course, where if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, and shake in peeces the heart of his obedience,

I dare

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I dare pawne downe my life for him, hee hath wrote this to feele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo ?

Baſt. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular aſſurance haue your ſatiſfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loues him: heauen and earth ! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, winde me into him, I pray you frame your buſines after your owne wiſedome, I wold vnſtate myſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Gl. Theſe late eclipses in the ſunne and moone, portend no good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature findes itſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects, loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in cities mutinies, in countries diſcords, pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father ; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully ; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt ; ſtrange, ſtrange !

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſunne, the moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theues, and treacherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc't obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an ad-

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mirable euasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of stars: my father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuity was vnder *Vrsa maior*, so that it followes I am rough and lecherous; fut, I should haue beene that I am, had the maidenlest starre of the firmament twinckled on my bastardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

and out he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like them of *Bedlam*; O these eclipses do portend these diuisions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Doe you busie your selfe about that?

Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalnesse betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient armies, diuisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needlesse diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin in a sectary astronomieall?

Bast. Come, come, when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethinke yourselfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heate of his displeasure, which

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at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarce allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Bast. That's my feare brother, I aduise you to the best, goe arm'd, I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you, I haue told you what I haue seen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Exit Edgar.

Bast. I do serue you in this businesse:

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie, I see the businesse,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Enter Gonorill and a Gentleman.

Gin. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flashest into one grosse crime or other,
That sets vs all at ods. Ile not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraids vs
On euery trifle when he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke.
If you come slacke of former seruices,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Gent. Hee's comming madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, you and your fellow-seruants, Ide haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let him to our sister, whose minde and mine I know in

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that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that still would manage those authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and must be vsed with checkes as flatteries, when they are seene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, Ile write straight to my sister to hold my very course; goe prepare for dinner.

Exit.

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that ful issue for which I raiz'd my likenesse; now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd, thy master whom thou louest, shall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? what wouldst thou with vs?

Kent. I doe professe to bee no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truely that wil put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear.

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Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent. No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet: dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you sirra, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you.

Lear. What saies the fellow there? call the clat-pole backe, where's my foole? ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now, where's that mungrell?

Kent. He saies my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Seruant.

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Seruant. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, hee would not.

Lear. He would not ?

Seruant. My lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement, your highnesse is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the duke himselfe also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, saist thou so ?

Seruant. I beseech you pardon me my lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your highnesse is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purport of vkindnes ; I will look further into it, but wher's this foole ? I haue not seene him this two daies.

Seruant. Since my young ladies going into *France* sir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my foole ; O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir ?

Stew. My ladies father.

Lear. My ladies father, my lords knaue, you whorson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my lord, I beseech you pardon me,

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me you rascall ?

Stew. Ile not be strucke my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent.

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Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canst not smile as the winde sits, thou't catch colde shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two of his daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it vnckle; haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, let lesse then thou throwest, leaue thy drink and thy whore,
and

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and keepe in a doore, and thou shalt haue more, then two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed lawyer, you gaue me nothing for it ; can you make no vse of nothing vncle ?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeuue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Dost thou know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a sweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That lord that counsaileth thee to giue away thy land, Come place him heere by me, do thou for him stand, The sweete and bitter foole will presently appeare, The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me foole boy ?

Foole. Al thy other titles thou hast giuen away, that thou wast borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my lord.

Foole. No faith, lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part on't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all foole to my selfe, they'll be snatching ; giue me an egge nunckle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be ?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge : when thou clouest thy crowne in the middle, and gauest away both parts, thou borest thy asse on thy back ore the dirt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away ; if I speak like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles

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Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare,
For wise men are growne foppish,
They know not how their wits do weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs sirra?

Foole. I haue vsed it nuncle, euer since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gauest them the rod, and putst downe thine owne breeches, then they for sudden ioy did weep, and I for sorrow sung, that such a king should play bo pcepe, and goe the fooles among: prethee nuncle keepe a schoole-master that can teach thy foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. If you lie, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and sometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kinde of thinge then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit a both sides, and left nothing in the middle; heere comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that frontlet on,
Me-thinkes you are too much alate i'th frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no neede to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing; yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps neither crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a should pescod.

Gon. Not onely fir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but
other of your insolent retinue do hourelly carpe and quarrell,
breaking

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breaking forth in ranke and (not to be endured riots) sir, I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull by what your selfe too late haue spoke and done, that you protect this course, and put on by your allowance, which if you should, the fault would not scape censure, nor the redresse sleepe, which in the tender of a wholesome weal, might in their working do you that offence, that else were shame, that then necessity must call discrete proceedings.

Foole. For you throw nuncle, the hedge-sparrow fed the cockow so long, that it had it head bit off beitt young, so out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter.

Gonorill. Come sir, I would you would make vse of that good wisedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away these dispositions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an asse know when the cart drawes the horse, whoop *Jug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? why this is not *Lear*; doth *Lear* walke thus? speake thus? where are his eies, either his notion, weaknesse, or his discernings are lethergy, sleeping or waking; ha! sure tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* shadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of foueraignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false perswaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Le. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come sir, this admiration is much of the fauour of other your new pranks; I do beseech you vnderstand my purposes aright, as you are old and reuerend, you should be wise, heere doe you keep one hundred knights and squires, men so disordered, so deboyst and bold, that this our court infected

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infected with their manners, shewes like a riotous inne, epicurisme and lust make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace, the shame it selfe doth speake for instant remedy, bee thou desired by her, that else will take the thing she begs, a little to disquantity your traine, and the remainder that shall still depend, to be such men as may besort your age, and know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknesse and diuels! saddle my horses, call my graine together, degenerate bastard, ile not trouble thee; yet haue I left a daughter.

Gou. You strike my people, and your disordered rabble, make seruants of their betters.

Enter Duke.

Lear. We that too late repent's vs; O sir, are you come? Is it your will that we prepare any horses, ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a childe; then the sea-monster, detested kite, thou lessen my traine and men of choise and rarest parts, that all particulars of duty know, and in the most exact regard, support the worshippes of their name, O most small fault, how vgly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue, and added to the gall; ô *Lear, Lear!* beate at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deare iudgment out, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. My lord, I am guiltlesse as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be so my lord, harke nature, heare deere goddess, suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend to make this creature fruitfull, into her wombe conuey sterility, dry vp in her the organs of encrease, and from her derogate body neuer spring a babe to honor her; if she must teem, create her childe of spleen, that it may liue and be a thourt disuatur'd

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tur'd torment to her, let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that shee may feele, how sharper then a serpents tooth it is, to haue a thanklesse childe, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his disposition haue that scope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot teares that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs vpon the vtender woundings of a fathers curse, peruse euery fence about the olde fond eies, be-weepe this cause againe, ile plucke you out, and you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kinde and comfortable, when she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l fley thy woluish visage, thou shalt finde that ile resume the shape, which thou doest thinke I haue cast off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

Exit.

Gon. Do you marke that my lord?

Duke. I cannot be so partiall *Gonorill* to the great losse I beare you.

Gon. Come sir, no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your master.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter, should sure to the slaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, so the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oswald*, ho.

Oswald.

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Oswald. Heere madam.

Gon. What, haue you writ this letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto adde such reasons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gone, and after your returne——now my lord, this mildie gentlenesse and course of yours though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more alapt want of wisedome, then praise for harmfull mildnesse.

Duke. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell, Striuing to better ought, we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Duke. Well, well, the euent.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Glocester* with these letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not speedie, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my lord, till I haue deliuered your letter.

Exit.

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit shall nere go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other daughter will vse thee kindly, for though she is as like this, as a crabbe is like an apple, yet I can, what I can tell.

Lear. Why what canst thou tell my boy?

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I

Foole.

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Foole. Shee'l taste as like this, as a crab doth to a crab ; thou canst not tell why ones nose stands in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keep his eyes on either side his nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong !

Foole. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell.

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neyther ; but I can tell why a snayle has a house.

Lear. Why ?

Foole. Why to put his head in, not to giue it away vnto his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature, so kinde a father ; bee my horses ready ?

Foole. Thy asses are gone about them ; the reason why the seuen starres are no more then seuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes, thou wouldst make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce ; monster, ingratitude !

Foole. If thou wert my foole nunckle, Ide haue thee beaten for being olde before thy time.

Lear. How's that ?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue beene olde, before thou hadst beene wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad sweete heauen ! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not bee mad ; are the horses ready ?

Seruant. Ready my lord.

Lear. Come boy.

Exit.

Foole. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, except things be cut shorter.

Exit.

Enter

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Enter Bastard, and Curan meetes him.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan*.

Curan. And you sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the duke of *Cornwall* and his dutcheffe will be here with him to night.

Bast. How comes that?

Curan. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whisperd ones, for there are yet but eare-buffing arguments.

Bast. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well sir. *Exit.*

Bast. The duke be here to night! the better best, this weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse, my father hath set guard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a queisie question, which

Enter Edgar,

must aske breefenesse and fortune help; brother a word, discead brother I say, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not spoken against the duke of *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h haste, and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing saide vpon his party against the duke of *Albaney*, aduise your—

Edg. I am sure on't not a word.

Bastard. I heare my father comming, pardon me in crauing, I must draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defende your selfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, fight heere, heere, flie brother flie, torches, torches, so far-well; some bloud drawne on me would beget opinion of my more fierce endeuor, I haue seene drunkards do more then this in sport; father, father, stop, stop, no helpe?

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Enter Gloucester.

Gloſt. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine ?

Baſt. Heere ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe ſword out, warbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the moone to ſtand his auſpicious miſtris.

Gloſt. But where is he ?

Baſt. Looke ſir, I bleed.

Gloſt. Where is the villaine, *Edmund* ?

Baſt. Fled this way ſir, when by no meanes he could—

Gloſt. Purſue him, go after, by no meanes, what ?

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murder of your lordſhip, but that I tolde him the reuengiue Gods, againſt paracides did all their thunders bend, ſpoke with how many ſould and ſtrong a bond the child was bound to the father ; ſir, in a ſine, ſeeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood to his vnaturall purpoſe, with fell motion with his prepared ſword, he charges home my vnprouided body, launcht mine arme ; but when he ſaw my beſt alarumd ſpirits bold in the quarrels right, roud to the encounter, or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made, but ſodainly he fled.

Gloſt. Let him ſlie farre, not in this land ſhall he remaine vncaught and found ; diſpatch, the noble duke my maſter, my worthy arch and patron comes to night, by his authority I will proclaime it, that he which findes him ſhall deſerue our thanks, bringing the murderous caytiſſe to the ſtake, he that conceales him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to diſcouer him ; he replied, Thou vnpoſſeſſing baſtard, doſt thou thinke, if I would ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words faith'd ? no : what I ſhould deny, as this I would, I, though thou didſt produce my very character, ide turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned

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damm'd pretence, and thou must make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death were pregnant and potentiall-spurres to make thee seeke it.

Gloſt. Strong and fastened villaine, would he deny his letter? I neuer got him: harke, the dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes; all ports ile barre, the villaine shall not scape, the duke must grant me that: besides, his picture I will send far and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land, (loyall and naturall boy) ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, since I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard strange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short which can pursue the offender; how dost my lord?

Gloſt. Madam, my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godson seeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I lady, lady, shame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,

Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue these——and waste of this his reuenues:

I haue this present cuening from my sister

Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourne at my house, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, assure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue shewne your father a child-like office.

Bast. Twas my duty fir.

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Gloſt. He did betray his praſtiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued ?

Gloſt. I my good lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feared of doing
harme, make your owne purpoſe how in my ſtrength you
pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience doth
this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours, na-
tures of ſuch deep truſt, we ſhall much need, you we firſt
ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truely, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſite you ?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning dark eide night,
Occaſions noble *Gloceſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue uſe of your aduice,
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of defences, which I beſt thought it fit,
To anſwer from our hand, the ſeuerall meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow your needfull counſell
To our buſineſſe, which craues the inſtant uſe. *Exit.*

Glo. I ſerue you madam, your graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe ?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we ſet our horſes ?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipfbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreson glasse-gazing superfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting slaue, one that would'ft be a baud in way of good seruice, and art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least sillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'ft varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me, is it two daies agoe since I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the king? draw you rogue, for though it be night the moone shines, ile make a fop of the moone-shine a' you, draw you whoreson cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring letters against the king, and take vanity the puppets part, against the royaltie of her father, draw you rogue, or ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue, stand rogue, stand you neate slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloucester, the Duke and Dutchesse.

Bast. How now, what's the matter?

Ken. With you Goodman boy, and you please come, he fleask you, come on yong master.

Gloft. Weapons, armes, what's the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the king.

Duke. What's your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a taylor made thee.

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a taylour make a man.

Kent. I, a taylour sir, a stone-cutter, or a painter could not haue made him so ill, though he had bene but two houres at the trade.

Gloft. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffian sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson zed, thou vnneccessary letter, my lord if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnbolted villaine into mortar, and daube the wals of a iaques with him; spare my gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should weare a sword,
That weares no honesty, such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats oft bite those cords in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their lords rebell,

Bring

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Bring oile to stir, snow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your epelipticke visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a foole?
Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* plaine,
Ide send you cackling home to *Camulet*.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloster. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and such a knaue.

Duke. Why dost thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene prais'd
For bluntnesse, doth affect a saucie ruffines,
And constraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he must be plaine,
He must speake truth, and they will take it so,
If not hee's plaine, these kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainnesse harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty filly ducking
Observants, that stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aspect.
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
In flitkering *Phæbus* front.

Duke. What meanst thou by this?

Kent.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you discommend so much ; I know sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, thogh I should win your displeasure to entreate me to it.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him ?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleased the king his master Very late to strike at me vpon his misconstruction, When he coniunct and flattering his displeasure Tript me behinde, being downe, insulted, raild, And put vpon him such a deale of man, that That worthied him, got praises of the king, For him attempting who was selfe subdued, And in the flechuent of this dread exploit, Drew on me heere againe.

Kent. None of these roges and cowards but *Aiax* is their

Duke. Bring forth the stockes ho ? (foole.
You stubborne miscreant knaue, you vnreuerent bragart, Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too olde to learne, call not your stockes for me, I serue the king, on whose imployments I was sent to you, You should do small respect, shew too bold malice Against the grace and person of my master, Stopping his messenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the stockes ; as I haue life and honour, There shall he sit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why madam, if I were your fathers dog, you could not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the same nature,
Our sister speakes off, come, bring away the stockes.

Glo.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo,
His fault is much, and the good king his maſter
Will checke him for't; your purpoſd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common trefpaſſes are puniſht with,
The king muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her gentleman abuſed, aſſaulted
For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my lord, away.

Exit.

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Exit.

Kent. Good king, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
That out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme ſunne.

Approach thou beacon to this vnder globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormous ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heavy eies not to behold

This

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

This shamefull lodging; fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele.

He sleeps.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. I heare my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escapt the hunt, no port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance
Dost not attend my taking while I may scape,
I will preserue my selfe, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, else all my haire with knots,
And with presented nakednes out-face
The winde, and persecution of the skie,
The country giues me prooffe and president
Of *Bedlam* beggers, who with roring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,
Pins, wooden prickes, nailes, sprigs of rosemary,
And with this horrible obiekt from low seruice,
Poore pelting villages, sheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, sometime with praiers
Enforce their charity, poore *Turlygood*, poore *Tom*,
That's something yet, *Edgar* I nothing am.

Exit.

Enter King, and a Knight.

Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from hence,
And not send backe my messenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was
No purpose of his remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee noble master.

Lear. How, mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Foole.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he weares crewell garters,
Horfes are tide by the heeles, dogs and beares
By the necke, munkies by the loines, and men
By the legs, when a man's ouer-lusty at legs,
Then he weares wooden neather-stockes.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to
set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, your sonne and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I sweare no, they durst not do it,
They would not, could not do it, tis worse then murder,
To do vpon respect such violent out-rage,
Resolue me with all modest haste, which way
Thou maist deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnesse letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a recking poste,
Stewd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth,
From *Gonerill* his mistris, salutations,
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leisure
Of their answer, gaue me cold looks,
And meeting heere the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poisoned mine,

Being

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Being the very fellow that of late
Displaid so sawcily against your highnesse:
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew,
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother fwels vp toward my heart,
Historica passio downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earle sir within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the king comes with so small a
traine?

Foole. If thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that question,
thou hadst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an ant, to teach thee
ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses,
are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose
among a hundred, but can smell him that's stincking; let goe
thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it
breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that
goes vp the hil, let him draw thee after, when a wise man
giues thee better counsell, giue mee mine againe, I would
have none but knaues follow it, since a foole giues it.

*That sir that serues for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the foole will stay,
And let the wise man flie:*

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

*The knave turnes foole that runnes away,
The foole no knave perdy.*

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Glocester.

Lear. Deny to speake with me? th'are sicke, th'are weary,
They traueled hard to night, meare iustice,
I the images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch me a better answer.

Gloft. My deare lord, you know the fiery quality of the
duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne course.

Lear. Veengeance, death, plague, confusion, what fiery
quality; why *Glocester, Glocester*, ide speake with the duke
of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Gloft. I my good lord.

(father

Lear. The king would speake with *Cornwall*, the deare
Would with his daughter speake, commands her seruice,
Fiery duke, tell the hot duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our selues, when nature being opprest,
Commands the minde to suffer with the body; ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit, for the sound man,
Death on my state, wherefore should he sit here?
This acte perswades me, that this remotion of the duke and her
Is practise, onely giue me my seruant forth;
Tell the duke and's wife, Ile speake with them
Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry sleepe to death.

Gloft.

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Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart ! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it nunckle, as the cockney did to the eeles, when ſhe put them vp i'th paſte aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath cox-combs with a ſlicke, and cryed downe wantons, downe ; twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both,

Duke. Haile to your grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your highneſſe.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reaſon I haue to thinke ſo ; if thou ſhouldeſt not be glad, I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe, Sepulchring an adultereſſe, yea, are you free ? Some other time for that, beloued *Regan*, Thy ſiſter is naught, ô *Regan* ſhe hath tied Sharpe tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere. I can ſcarſe ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleene, Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope You leſſe know how to value her deſert, Then ſhe to ſlacke her duty.

Lear. My curſes on her.

Reg. O ſir, you are olde, Nature on you ſtands on the very verge of her confine, You ſhould be ruled and led by ſome diſcretion, That diſcernes your ſtate better then you your ſelfe, Therefore I pray, that to our ſiſter you do make returne, Say you haue wrongd her ſir.

Lear. Aſke her forgiueneſſe,
Do you marke how this becomes the houſe ?

Deare

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
Age is vnnecessary, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good sir no more, these are vnslightly tricks,
Returne you to my sister.

Lear. No *Regan*.
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt backe vpon me, stroke me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like vpon the very heart,
All the stor'd vengeance of heauen fall on her ingratefull top,
Strike her young bones, you taking aires with lamnesse.

Duke. Fie, fie sir.

Lear. You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eies, infect her beauty,
You fen suckt fogs, drawne by the powerfull sunne,
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods, so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood——

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse,
The tender hested nature shall not giue thee ore
To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do comfort and
not burn

Tis not in thee to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my comming in, thou better knowest
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of curtesie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, hast thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i'th stocks?

Duke. What trumpets that?

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Enter

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Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't my sisters, this approues her letters,
That she would soone be here, is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slaue, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my sight.

Duke. What meanes your grace?

Enter Gonorill.

Gon. Who stricke my seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didst know ant.

Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you sweet sway allow
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage tearmes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?

Duke. I set him there, but his owne disorders
Deferu'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You; did you?

Reg. I pray you father being weake, seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and sojourne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear.

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Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men dismiss?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity of the ayre,
To be a comrade with the wolfe and owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life afoote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groome.

Gen. At your choise sir.

Lear. Now I prethee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my childe, farwell,
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a byle,
A plague-sore, an imbossed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue care to my sister, for those
That mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
But she knowes what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

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Reg. I dare auouch it fir, what fifty followers,
Is it not well? what should you need of more,
Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amity, tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my lord, receiue attendance
From those that she calls seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my lord? if then they chancst to slacke you,
We could controule them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but five and twenty, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reseruatiō to be followed
With such a number, what, must I come to you
With five and twenty, *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seeme well-fauour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst,
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her loue.

Gon. Heare me my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?

Regan. What needs one?

Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Mans life's as cheap as beasts ; thou art a lady,
If onely to go warme were gorgious,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgious wearest,
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these daughters hearts
Against their father, foole me not too much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth ; you thinke ile weepe,
No, ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,
But this heart shall breake in a thousand flowes
Ere ile weepe ; ô foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Glocester, Kent, and Foole.

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestowed.

Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

Duke. So I am purposed, where is my lord of *Glocester* ?

Enter Glocester.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage, and will I know not whether,

Reg. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himselfe.

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Gon. My lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke, the night comes on, and the bleake windes
Do sorely ruffell, for many miles about there's not a bush.

Reg. O fir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their schoole-masters, shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abused, wisedome bids feare.

Duke. Shut vp your doores my lord, 'tis a wilde night,
My *Regan* counsels well, come out ath storme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.

Kent. What's heere beside foule weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.

Kent. I know you, where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
Bids the winde blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters bone the maine,
That things might change or cease, teares his white haire,
Which the impetuous blasts with eieleffe rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to out-scorne,
The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne beare would couch,
The lyon, and the belly pinched wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart strooke iniuries.

Kent

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuision,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this scatterd kingdom, who already wise in our negligence
Haue secret fee in some of our best ports,
And are at point to shew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build so farre,
To make your speed to *Douer*, you shall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iust report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plaine;
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance,
Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purse and take
What it containes, if you shall see *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you shall, shew her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this storme,
I will go seeke the king.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the king,
He this way, you that, he that first lights
On him, hollow the other.

Exeunt.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow winde and cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
Your carterickes, and hircanios spout till you haue drencht
The steeples, drownd the cockes, you sulphurous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolts, sing my white head,
And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat
The thicke rotundity of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all germaines spill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O nunckle, court holy water in a dry house
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good nunckle in, and aske thy daughters blessing,
Here's a night pitties neyther wise man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I talke not you, you elements with vnkindnesse,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall your horrible
Pleasure, here I stand your slaue, a poore, infirme, weake, and
Despised old man, but yet I call you seruile
Ministers, that haue with two pernicious daughters ioyn'd
Your high engendered battell gainst a head so old and white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good
head-peece, the codpeece that will house before the head, has
any the head and he shall lowse, so beggers marry many, the
man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make, shall
haue a corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake, for there
was neuer yet faire woman, but she made mouthes in a glasse.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Enter.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry heere's grace' and a codpis, that's a wiseman and a foole.

Kent. Alasse sir, sit you heere?

Things that loue night, loue not such nights as these;
The wrathfull skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, such sheetes of fire,
Such bursts of horrid thunder, such grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee
Vndiulged crimes, vnwhipt of iustice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,
Caytiffe in peeces shake, that vnder couert
And conuenient seeming, hast practised on mans life,
Close pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry these dreadfull summoners grace,
I am a man more find against their sinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my lord, hard by here
is a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tem-
pest, repose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard
then is the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now de-
manding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force
their scantied curtesie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?
I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,

The

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The art of our necessities is strange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That sorrowes yet for thee,

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde
and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for
the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houeil.

Enter Glocester, and the bastard with lights.

Gloft. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund* I like not this
Vnnaturall dealing, when I desired their leaue
That I might pittie him, they tooke from me
The vse of mine owne house, chargd me on paine
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
Entreate for him, nor any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall, (the dukes,

Gloft. Go too, say you nothing, there's a diuision betwixt
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these iniuries
The king now beares, will be reuenged home ;
There's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the king, I will seeke him,
And priuily relecue him ; go you and maintaine talke
With the duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued ; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone
To bed, though I die for it, as no lesse is threatned me,
The king my old master must be releued, there is
Some strange thing toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Bast. This courtesie forbid thee, shall the duke instantly
And of that letter to, this seemes a faire deseruing, (know,
And

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And must draw to me that which my father loses, no lesse
Then all, then yonger rises, when the old do fall.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my lord, good my lord enter, the
tirrany of the open night's too ruffe for nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my lord enter.

Lear. Thou thinkst tis much, that this crulentious storme
Inuades us to the skin, so tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt, thou wouldst shun a beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meete the beare i'th mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempest in my minde,
Doth from my fences take all feeling else,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will punish sure;
No I will weepe no more; in such a night as this!
O *Regan, Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnesse lies,
Let me shunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy selfe, seeke thy owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittilesse night,
How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,

Your

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Your loopt and windowed raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take physicke pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heauens more iust.

Foole. Come not in here nunckle, here's a spirit, helpe me,
help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirit, he sayes his name is poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw?
come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the
sharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed
and warme thee.

Lear. Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art
thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whom the foule
fiend hath led through fire, and throgh foord, and whirl-
poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has laide kniues vnder his
pillow, and halters in his pue, set ratbane by his pottage,
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse ouer
four incht bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traitor,
blesse thy fine wits, *Toms* a cold, blesse thee from whirle-
windes, starre-bluffing, and taking, do poore *Tom* some cha-
rity, whom the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him
now, and there, and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this passe,
Couldst thou saue nothing? didst thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he referued a blanket, else wee had beene all
shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters sir.

Lear.

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Lear. Death traitor, nothing could haue subdued nature,
To such a lownesse, but his vkinde daughters,
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh,
Iudicious punishment, twas this flesh
Begot those pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pillicock fate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Fooles. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles and mad-
men.

Edg. Take heed of the foule fiend, obey thy parents, keepe
thy words iustly, sweare not, commit not with mans sworne
spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array; *Toms* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou beene?

Edg. A seruingman, proud in heart and minde, that curlde
my haire, wore gloues in my cap, serued the lust of my mistris
heart; and did the acte of darknesse with her, swore as many
oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweete face of
heauen, one that slept in the contriuing of lust, and wak't to
do it, wine loued I deeply, dice dearely, and in woman, out
paramord the *Turke*, false of heart, light of eare, bloudy of
hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolfe in greedinesse, dog
in madnesse, lyon in prey, let not the creeking of shooes, nor
the rustlings of filkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe
thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen
from lenders booke, and desie the foule fiend, still through
the hathorne blowes the colde winde, hay no on ny, dolphin
my boy, my boy, cease let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to answer
with thy vncovered body this extremity of the skies; is man
no more but this? consider him well, thou owest the worne
no filke, the beast no hide, the sheep no wooll, the cat no
perfume, he's three ones are sophisticated, thou art the thing
it selfe, vnaccommodated man is no more but such a poore
bare

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bare forked animal as thou art, off, off you leadings, come on be true.

Foole. Prithee nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to swim in, now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old lechers heart, a small sparke, all the rest in body colde, looke here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester.

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sirberdegibit*, he begins at curfue, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, the pinqueuer the eye, and makes the hart lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Whose there? what ist you seeke?

Gloft. What are you there? your names.

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eates the swimming frog, the toade, the toade pold, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the fruite of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, Eates coudung for falllets, swallowes the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinkes the greene mantle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to his backe, fixe shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to weare.

But mice and rats, and such small deere,

Hath beene *Toms* food for seuen long yeare.

Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloft. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darknes is a gentleman, *modo* hee's called, and ma hu——

Gloft.

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Gloft. Our flesh and bloud is growne so vilde my lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a colde.

Gloft. Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer to obey in al your daughters hard commands, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this philosopher ;
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord take his offer, go into the house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this most learned *Theban* ; what is your study ?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my lord, his wits begin to vnsettle.

Gloft. Canst thou blame him ?

His daughters seeke his death. O that good *Kent*,

He said it would be thus, poore banisht man,

Thou saist the king growes mad, ile tell thee friend,

I am almost mad myselfe ; I had a sonne

Now out-lawed from my bloud, he fought my life

But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend,

No father his sonne dearer, truth to tell thee,

The greefe has craz'd my wits.

What a night's this ? I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. *Tom's* a cold.

Gloft. In fellow there, into th' houell, keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way my lord.

Lear. With him I will keepe still, with my philosopher.

Kent.

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Kent. Good my lord sooth him, let him take the fellow,

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra come on, go along with vs.

Lear. Come good *Athenian*.

Gloſt. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childe *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was still fye, fo, and fum,
I smell the bloud of a *Britiſh* man.

Enter Cornwall and Baſtard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus
giues way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers
euil diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death, but a prouoking
merit, ſet a worke by a reproveable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to
bee iuſt? this is the letter he ſpoke off, which approues him
an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens,
that his treason were, or not I the deteſter.

Corn. Go with me to the ditches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue
mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloceſter*,
ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our
apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the king, it will ſtuffe his
ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyalty,
thogh the conflict be fore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a
dearer father in my loue.

Exit.

Enter

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Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloster. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the gods deserue your kindnesse.

Edg. Fretereto cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknesse, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prethee nunckle tell me, whether a mad man may bee a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A king, a king, to haue a thousand with red burning spits come hissing in vpon them.

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe.

Foole. Hee's mad that trusts in the tamenesse of a wolfe, a horses health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraigne them straight,
Come sit thou heere most learned iustice,
Thou sapient sir, sit heere, now you shee foxes——

Edg. Looke where he stands and glars, wantst thou eies at triall madam, come ore the broome *Bessy* to me.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and she must not speak,
Why she dares not come ouer to thee.

Edg. The foule fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale, hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring,

Croke not blacke angell, I haue no food for thee.

Kent. How do you sir? stand you not so amaz'd, will you lie downe and rest vpon the cushions?

Lear. Ile see their triall first, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of iustice take thy place, and thou his yoke-fellow of equity, bench by his side, you are o'th commission, sit you too.

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Ed. Let us deale iustly, sleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard, thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her first, tis *Gonorill*, I here take my oath before this honourable assembly she kickt the poore king her father.

Foole. Come hither mistresse, is your name *Gonorill*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Foole. Cry you mercy, I tooke you for a ioynt stoole.

Lear. And heres another whose warpt lookes proclaime
What store her heart is made an, stop her there,
Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place,
False iusticer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Blesse thy fine wits.

Kent. O pittie sir, where is the patience now.
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They'l marre my counterfeting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-hart, see they barke at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs.
Be thy mouth or blacke or white, tooth that poisons if it bite,
mastine, gray-hound, mungrel, grim-hound, or spannell,
brach or him, bobtaile tike, or trundle-taile, *Tom* will make
them weepe and waile. For with throwing thus my head,
dogs leape the hatch, and all are fled, loodla doodla, come
march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom*
thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds
about her,

Hart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnesse?
You sir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,

Only

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Onely I do not like the fashion of your garment ; you'l say
They are *Persian* attire, but let them be changed.

Kent. Now good my lord lie here a while.

Lear. Make no noife, make no noife, draw the curtaines,
fo, fo, fo, wee'l go to fupper in the morning, fo, fo, fo.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. Come hither friend, where is the king my mafter ?

Kent. Here fir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Gloft. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes,
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him,
There is a litter ready, lay him in it, and driue towards
Douer, friend,
Where thou shalt meete both welcome and protection ; take
vp thy mafter.

If thou shouldst dally halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, stand in affured losse,
Take vp to keepe, and follow me that will to some prouifio,
Giue thee quicke conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature fleepes,
This rest might yet haue balmed thy broken finewes,
Which if conuenience will not allow, stand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy mafter, thou must not stay behinde.

Gloft. Come, come, away. *Exit.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely thinke our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, most i'th minde,
Leauing free things and happy shoues behinde,
But then the minde much sufferance doth ore-skip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship :
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow ;

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He childed as I fatherd, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noises, and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iust prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the king,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonorill, and Bastard.

Corn. Poste speedily to my lord your husband, shew him
this letter.

The army of *France* is landed, seeke out the villaine *Glocester*.

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my displeasure, *Edmund* keepe you our
sister company. The reuenge we are bound to take vpon
your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding, aduise
the duke where you are going to a most festuant preparation,
wee are bound to the like.

Our poste shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs;

Farwell deare sister, farwell my lord of *Glocester*.

How now, wheres the king?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lord of *Glocester* hath conueyed him hence,
Some fine or fixe and thirty of his knights hot questrits after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the lords de-
pendants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boast
to haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farwell sweete lord and sister.

Exit Gon. and Bast.

Corn. *Edmund* farwell: go seeke the traitor *Glocester*,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,

Though

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Though we may not passe vpon his life
Without the forme of iustice, yet our power
Shall do a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controule ; who's there, the traitor ?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingratefull fox tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Gloſt. What meanes your graces, good my friends consider,
You are my gueſts, do me no foule play friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy traitor !

Gloſt. Vnmercifull lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire binde him, villaine thou ſhalt find—

Gloſt. By the kinde gods tis moſt ignobly done, to plucke
me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor. (ſtrō my chin,

Gloſt. Naughty lady, theſe haires which thou doſt rauish
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt ;
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruſſell thus, what will you do ?

Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France* ?

Reg. Be ſimple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the traitors
lately footed in the kingdome ?

Reg. To whoſe hands haue you ſent the lunaticke king,
ſpeak ?

Gloſt. I haue a letter gueſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one that's of aneutrall heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the king ?

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Gloft. To *Douer*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer*? wast thou not charg'd at perill—

Corn. Wherefore to *Douer*? let him first answer that.

Gloft. I am tide tot'h stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer* sir?

Gloft. Because I would not see thy cruell nayles
Plucke out his poore olde eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his aurynted flesh rash borish phangs,
The sea with such a storme of his lou'd head
In hell blacke night endur'd, would haue laid vp
And quencht the steeled fires, yet poore old heart,
He holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time,
Thou shouldst haue said, good porter turn the key,
All cruels else subscrib'd, but I shall see
The winged vengeance ouertake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon those eies of thine, Ile set my foote.

Gloft. He that will thinke to liue till he be old——
Giue me some helpe, ô cruell, ô ye gods!

Reg. One side will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you see vengeance——

Seruant. Hold your hand my lord,
I haue seru'd you euer since I was a childe, (hold)
But better seruice haue I neuer done you, then now to bid you

Reg. How now you dog.

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin, ide shake it
on this quarrell, what do you meane?

Corn. My villaine.

Draw and fight.

Ser. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy sword, a pefant stand vp thus.

She takes a sword, and runs at him behinde.

Seruant.

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Seruant. Oh I am slaine my lord, yet haue you one eye left
to see some mischiefe on him, oh ! *He dies.*

Corn. Least it see more, preuent it, out vilde ielly,
Where is thy luster now ?

Gloft. All darke and comfortles, wheres my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the sparkes of nature, to quit this horrid
acte.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it
was hee that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is
too good to pittie thee.

Gloft. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abused,
Kinde gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his
way to *Douer*, how ist my lord ? how looke you ?

Corn. I haue receiued a hurt, follow me lady,
Turne out that eyelesse villaine, throw this slaue vpon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednesse I do,
If this man come to good.

2 Seruant. If she liue long, and in the end meet the old
course of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 Ser. Let's follow the old earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogiſh madnesse
Allows it selfe to any thing.

2 Ser. Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges
to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiected thing of fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter,
Who's here, my father poorely led, world, world, o world !
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloster led by an olde man.

Old man. O my good lord, I haue bene your tenant, and
your fathers tenant this fourescore——

Gloft. Away, get thee away, good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alacke sir, you cannot see your way.

Gloft. I haue no way, and therefore want no eies,
I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis seene
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Prooue our commodities ; ah deare sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
Ide say I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now, who's there ?

Edg. O gods, who ist can say I am at the worst,
I am worfe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worfe I may be yet, the worst is not,
As long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old man. Fellow where goest ?

Gloft. Is it a begger man ?

Old man. Mad man and begger too.

Gloft. He has some reason, else he could not beg,
In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

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Was then scarce friends with him, I haue heard more since,
As flies are to'th wanton boyes, are we to'th gods,
They bit vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? bad is the trade that must play
the foole to sorrow, angring it selfe and others; blesse thee
master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my lord.

Glo. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way to *Douer*, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.

Glo. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
Above the rest, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a colde, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Douer*?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Five fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* prince of dumbnesse,
Mabu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of mobing,
And *Mohing* who since possiesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee master.

Glo.

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Glo. Here take this purse, thou whom the heavens plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heavens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excessse,
And each man haue enough: dost thou know *Douer*?

Edg. I master.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare,
With something rich about me,
From that place shall I no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* shall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

Gon. Welcome my lord, I maruaile our milde husband
Not met vs on the way: now, where's your master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd; I tolde
him of the army that was landed, he smiled at it, I told him
you were coming, his answer was, the worse; of *Glosters*
treachery, and of the loyall seruice of his sonne, when I en-
formd him, then he cald me sot, and told me I had turnd
the wrong side out, what hee should most desire, seemes plea-
sant to him, what like offense.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not vndertake, heel not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer, our wishes on the way

May

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May proue effects, backe *Edmund* to my brother,
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers,
 I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
 Into my husbands hands; this trusty seruant
 Shall passe between vs, ere long you are like to heare
 If you dare venter in your owne behalfe
 A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
 Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake,
 Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre;
 Conceine, and faryewell.

Bast. Yours in the rankes of death.

Gon. My most deare *Gloster*, to thee womans seruices are
 My foote vsurpes my head. (due,

Stew. Madame, heere comes my lord. *Exit Steward.*

Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the
 Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition, (winde
 That nature which contemnes it origin,
 Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
 She that her selfe will flouer and disbranch
 From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
 Filth fauour but themselves, what haue you done?
 Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reuerence the head-lugd beare would licke;
 Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so beneflitted,

IF

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If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the
deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That bearest a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eie deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fooles, do these villains
pity

Who are punish't ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* spreads his banners in our noiselesse
Land, with plumed helme thy slaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alacke, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe diuell, proper deformity seemes not in
the fiend, so horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-couerd thing, for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fittesse
To let these hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to dislecate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry your man-hood now——

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good lord, the duke of *Cornwall*s dead, slaine
by his seruant, going to put out the other eie of *Gloster*.

Alb. *Glosters* eyes?

Gent. A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the acte, bending his sword
To his great master, who thereat enraged,

Flew

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Flew on him, and amongst them feld him dead,
But not without that harmfull stroke,
Which since hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are aboute your iustices,
That these our neather crimes so speedily can venge.
But oh poor *Glocester*, lost he his other eye?

Gent. Both, both my lord, this letter madam craues a
speedy answer, tis from your sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Glocester* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
He reade and answer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eies?

Gent. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Gent. I my good lord, twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.

Alb. *Glocester*, I liue to thanke thee for the loue
Thou shewedst the king, and to reuenge thy eyes;
Come hether friend, tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of *France* is so suddenly gone backe,
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since
his comming foorth is thought of, which imports to the king-
dom, so much feare and danger that his personall returne was
most required and necessary.

Kent.

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Kent. Who hath he left behinde him, generall?

Gent. The marshall of *France*, monsieur *La Far*.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstration of griefe?

Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheekes, it seemd she was a queen ore her passion,
Who most rebell-like, fought to be king ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and sorrow streame,
Who should expresse her goodliest, you haue seene
Sun-shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way, those happy smilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, seeme not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from diamonds dropt; in brieft,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloued,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question?

Gent. Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of ladies sisters;

Kent. father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,
Let pittie not be beleu'd, there she shooke

- The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moistened her, then away she started,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent. It is the stars, the stars aboue vs, gouern our conditions,
Else one selfe mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues; you spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king returnd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent.

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Kent. Well fir, the poore distressed *Lear's* ith towne,
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to
see his daughter.

Gent. Why good fir?

Kent. A foueraigne shame so elbowes him, his own vn-
kindnes

That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To forraine casualties, gaue her deare rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting his minde
So venomously, that burning shame detaines him from *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alacke poore gentleman.

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornwals* powers you heard not?

Gent. Tis so they are afoote.

Kent. Well fir, ile bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him, some deare cause
Will in concealement wrap me vp a while,
When I am knowne aright you shall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Exit.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor, and others.

Cor. Alacke tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent sea, singing aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weeds,
With hor-docks, hemlocke, nettles, coockow-flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weeds that grow
in our sustaining, corne, a century is sent foorth,
Search euery acre in the high growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wisedome do
In the restoring his bereaued sence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Doct.

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Doct. There is meanes madame,
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord. All blest secrets, all you vnpublisht vertues of the
earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouernd rage dissolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Newes madam, the *British* powers are marching
hetherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands
In expectation of them, ô deare father,
It is thy businesse that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes insite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and see him.

Exit.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set foorth?

Stew. I madam.

Reg. Himselfe in person?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your sister's the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No madam.

Reg. What might import my sisters letter to him?

Stew. I know not lady.

Reg.

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Reg. Faith he is posted hence on a serious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Glocesters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arrines he moues
All hearts against vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pittie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to descrie the strength of the army.

Stew. I must needs after him with my letters.

Reg. Our troope sets forth to morrow, stay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not madam, my lady charg'd my dutie in
this businesse.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you
Transport her purposes by word, belike
Something, I know not what, Ile loue thee much,
Let me vnseale the letter.

Stew. Madam Ide rather——

Reg. I know your lady does not loue her husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere
She gaue strange aliads, and most speaking lookes
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I madam.

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding, for I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand,
Then for your ladies: you may gather more,
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this,
And when your mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisedome to her, so farewell,
If you do chance to heare of that blinde traitor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

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Stew. Would I could meet him madam, I would shew
What lady I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exit.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glo. When shall we come to'th top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe it vp now, looke how we labour?

Glo. Me thinkes the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible sleepe: hearke, do you heare the sea?

Glo. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eies anguish.

Glo. So may it be indeed,
Methinkes thy voice is altered, and thou speakst
With better phrase and matter then thou didst.

Edg. Yare much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on sir, here's the place, stand still, how fearful
And dizey tis to cast ones eyes so low:

The crows and choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head:
The fishermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like mice; and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminisht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the vnumbred idle peebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is so hie Ile looke no more
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg.

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Edg. Giue me your hand : you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge ; for all beneath the moone
Would I not leape vpright.

Glo. Let go my hand :
Heere friend's another purse, in it a iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee : go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I doe trifle thus with his dispaire, tis done to
cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods,
This world I do renounce, and in your fights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelesse wils,
My snuffe and loathed part of nature should
Burne it selfe out : if *Edgar* live, O blesse,
Now fellow fare thee well.

He kneels

Edg. Gon sir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceite
may rob the treasury of life, when life it selfe yeelds to the
theft : had he bene where he thought, by this thought had
bene past : alieue or dead ? ho you sir, heare you sir, speake,
thus might hee passe indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you sir ?

Glo. Away, and let me dye.

He falls

Edg. Hadst thou bene ought but gosmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating,
Thou hadst shiuerd like an egge, but thou dost breath,
Hast heavy substance, bleedst not, speakst, art sound :
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle, speake yet againe.

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Glo. But haue I fallen or no ?

Edg. From the dread summons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight ; the shrill gorg'd larke so farre
Cannot be seene or heard, do but looke vp.

Glo. Alacke, I haue no eyes :
Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefite
To end it selfe by death ? Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme :
Vp, so, how feele you your legges ? you stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is aboue all strangenesse :
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glo. A poore vnfortunate begger.

Edg. As I stood heere below, methought his eyes
Were too full moones ; a had a thousand noses,
Hornes, welkt and waued like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father
Thinke that the cleereft gods, who made their honors
Of mens impossibilities, haue preferued thee.

Glo. I do remember now, henceforth Ile beare
Affliction till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye : that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man : often would he say
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts : but who comes
heere,
The safer sense will nere accommodate his maister thus.

Enter

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Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the king himselfe.

Edg. O thou fide piercing sight.

Lear. Nature is above art in that respect, ther's your presse-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a mouse; peace, peace, this tosted cheefe will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a gyant, bring vp the browne bills. O well slowne birde in the ayre. Hagh, giue the word.

Edg. Sweet margerum.

Lear. Passe.

Gls. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to say I and no to all I saide: I and no too was no good diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-prooffe.

Gloft. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not the king?

Lear. I, euery inch a king: when I do stare see how the subiect quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, adulterie? thou shalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the small goulded flye do letcher in my sight; let copulation thrine. For *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot luxury, pell mell, for I want souldiers. Behold yon simpring dame, whose face between her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the head, heare of pleasures

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name to fiew, nor the foyled horffe goes toot with a more riotous appetite: downe from the wafte they are centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, theres hell, theres darkneffe, theres the fulphury pit, burning, fcaiding, ftench, confumation, fie, fie, fie, pah, pah: giue mee an ounce of ciner, good apothecary, to fweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Glo O let me kiffe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firft, it fmels of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd peece of nature, this great world fhould weare out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well enough, doft thou fquint on me: no, -do thy worft blinde *Cupid*, Ile not loue: read thou that challenge, marke the penning on't.

Glo. Were all the letters funs I could not fee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, and my hart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the cafe of eyes.

Lear. O ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head nor money in your purfe? your eyes are in a heauy cafe, your purffe in a light; yet you fee how this world goes?

Glo. I fee it feelingly.

Lea. What art mad? a man may fee how the world goes with no eyes. Looke with thy eares, fee how yon iuftice railes vppon yon fimple theefe: hearke in thy eare, handy dandy, which is the theefe, which is the iuftice. Thou haft feene a farmers dogge barke at a begger.

Glo. I fir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou mightft behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, fo bad in office. Thou rafcall beadle hold thy bloody hand; why doft

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dost thou lash that whore? strip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly lusts to vse her in that kind for which thou whipst her. The vsurer hangs the cozener, through tattered ragges small vices do appeare, robes and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glasse eyes, and like a scuruy politician, seeme to see the things thou doest not; no, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reason in madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloster*, thou must be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowst the first time that we smel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great stage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate stratagem to shoot a troope of horse with fell, and when I haue stole vpon these sonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs.

Lear. No rescue, what a prisoner? I am eene the naturall foole of fortune: vse me well, you shall haue a ransom. Let me haue a chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No seconds, all my selfe: why this would make a man of salt to vse his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying autumnes dust.

Gent. Good sir.

Lear. I will dye brauely like a bridegroome, — What, I will bee iouiall: come, come, I am a king my masters, know you that?

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay if you get it you shall get it with running.

Exit King running.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

Gent. Sir speed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar, euery ones heares That can distinguish sense.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent. Neere and on speed for't, the maine desceries, Stands on the houely thoughts

Edg. I thanke you sir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the queene on special cause is heere, His army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you sir.

Exit.

Glo. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe, To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glo. Now good sir what are you.

Edg. A most poore man, made lame by fortunes blowes, Who by the art of knowne and feeling sorrowes Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand, Ile leade you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks, the bounty and the benizon of heauen to boot, to boot.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize, most happy; that eyles head of thine was first framed flesh to raise my fortunes. Thou most vnhappy traitor, briefly thy selfe remember, the sword is out that must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore bolde pezant darst thou support a publicht traytor, hence least the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go sir without cagion.

Stew. Let go slaue, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman goe your gate, let poore volke passe: and chud haue beene zwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue bene zo long by a vortnight: nay come not neere the olde man, keepe out cheuore ye, or ile try whether your costard or my bat be the harder, chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill.

They fight.

Edg. Chil pick your teeth zir, come no matter for your soines.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me, villaine take my purse:
If euer thou wilt thrue, bury my body,
And giue the letters which thou findest about me
To Edmund earle of *Gloster*, seeke him out, vpon
The *British* party: ô vntimely death! death.

He dyes.

Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy mistris,
As badnesse would desire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, rest you, lets see his pockets,
These letters that he speakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely sorry he had no other deathsmen.
Let vs see, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,

To

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

*Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred,
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: if he returne the conqueror,
Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife (so I would say) and your affectionate seruant,
Cordell

Edg. O vndistinguisht space of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother: heere in the sands
Thee Ile rake vp, the post vnsanctified
Of murderous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper strike the sight
Of the death practis'd duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and businesse I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad, how stiffe is my vilde sense,
That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrowes, better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be fenced from my greefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

A drumme afarre off

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten drum.
Come father Ile bestow you with a friend.

Exit.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I live and worke to match thy goodnesse,
My life will be too short, and euery measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd madam is ore-paid,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories of those worser houres,
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon me deere madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meet.

Cor. Then be it so : my lord how does the king.

Doct. Madam sleepest still.

Cor. O you kinde gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature,
The vntun'd and hurrying senses, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed father.

Doct. So please your maiesty we may wake the king
He hath slept long.

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
In sway of your owne will : is he array'd ?

Doct. I madam, in the beauienesse of his sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Good madam be by when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere : louder the musicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Restoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,

And

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

And let this kisse repaire those violent harmes
That my two sisters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere princeesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pittie of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring windes,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quicke crosse lightning, to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme? mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maiesty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a foule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Yare a spirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light
I am mightily abus'd; I should ene dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands, let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me sir,
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,
No sir, you must not kneele.

Lear.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me :

I am a very foolish fond olde man,
Fourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly,
I feare I am not perfect in my minde.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull : for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments : nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do no laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this lady
To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet ? yes faith : I pray weepe not,
If you haue poison for me I will drinke it :
I know you do not loue me, for your sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong,
You haue some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in *France* ?

Kent. In your owne kingdome sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Deët. Be comforted good madame, the great rage you see
is cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the
time hee has lost ; desire him to goe in, trouble him no more
ill further settling.

Cor. Wilt please your highnesse walke ?

Lear. You must beare with me :

Pray now forget and forgiue,
I am olde and foolish.

Exeunt.

Manet Kent and Gentleman.

Gen. Holds it true sir that the duke of *Cornwall* was so
slaine ?

Kent. Most certaine sir.

Gent.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As tis said, the bastard sonne of *Gloster*.

Gent. They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne, is with the earle of *Kent* in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody, fare you well
sir.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Bast. Know of the duke if his last purpose holde,
Or whether since he is aduised by ought
To change the course, he is full of alteration
And selfe-reprouing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. Tis to be doubted madam.

Reg. Now sweet lord,
You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you :
Tell me truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my sister ?

Bast. I honour'd loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forefended place ?

Bast. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct
And bosom'd with her, as farre as we call hers.

Bast. No by mine honor madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her,
Deere my lord, be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare me not, she and the duke her husband.

Enter

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with troopes.

Gon. I had rather loose the battell
Then that sister should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very louing sister well be-met,
'For this I heare the king is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I neuer yet was valiant : for this businesse
It toucheth vs, as *France* inuades our land
Not holds the king, with others whom I feare,
Most iust and heauy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.

Regan. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together gainst the enemy,
For these domesticke doore particulars,
Are not to question heere.

Alb. Let vs then determine
With the ancient of warre on our proceedings.

Bast. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister youle go with vs ?

Gon. No.

Reg. Tis most conuenient, pray you go with vs.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

Exit.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your grace had speech with one so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. He ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell, ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet founde
For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a champion, that will prooue
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,

Your

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
Fortune loue you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it,
When time shall serue let but the herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe.

Exit.

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will looke ore the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Hard is the guesse of their great strength and forces
By diligēt discouery, but your hast is now vrgd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these sisters haue I sworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the sting are of the adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being aliue. Now then wee'l vse
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuise
His speedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Alarum. *Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia
with her Father in her hand.*

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Heere father take, the shadow of this bush.

For

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Exit.

Glo. Grace go with you sir.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? men must endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeness is all come on.

Exit.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Bast. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst:
For thee oppressed king am I cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like birds i'th cage:
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiuenesse: so weell liue,
And pray, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues
Talke of court newes, and weel talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins: whose in, whose out;
And take vpon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: and weel weare out

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

In a walld prifon, packes and fests of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by the moone,

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon fuch facrifices my *Cordelia*

The gods themfelues throw incense. Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs shall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good shall deuoure em, fleach and fell,
Ere they shall make vs weepe? weelee fee em ftarue firft.

Exit.

Bast. Come hither captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prifon, (thee,
One ftep I haue aduancft thee, if thou doft as this inftituts
Thou doft make thy way to noble fortunes:
Know thou this, that men are as the time is;
To be tender minded does not become a fword,
Thy great employment will not beare queftion,
Either fay thou do't, or thriue by other meanes.

Cap. Ile doot my lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy when thou haft done,
Marke I fay inftantly, and carry it fo
As I haue fet it downe.

Cap. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dried oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue shewne to day your valiant ftaine,
And fortune led you well: you haue the captiues
That were the opposites of this dayes ftife:
We do require then of you fo to vfe them,
As we fhall finde their merits, and our fafety
May equally determine.

Bast.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the olde and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more,
To plucke the common blossomes of his side,
And turne our imprest launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your session at this time: we sweate and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feelee their sharpenesse.
The question of *Gordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure should haue been demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.

Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your aduancement.

Reg. In my right by me inuested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you so, lookt but a
squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomacke. Generall,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My lord and master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him then?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine lord.

Alb. Halfe blooded fellow, yes.

Bast. Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall treason; and in thine attaint,
This gilded serpent: for your claime faire sister,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
Tis she is subcontracted to her lord,
And I her husband contradict the banes.
If you will marry, make your loue to me,
My lady is bespoken. Thou art arm'd *Gloster*,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge, Ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, ô sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust poyson.

Bast. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lyes,
Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald ho.

Bast. A herald ho, a herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy foldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their discharge.

Reg. This sicknesse growes vpon me.

Alb.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
Come hither herald, let the trumpet sound, and read out this.

Cap. Sound trumpet.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoast of the
army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, supposed earle of *Glo-*
cester, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appeare at the
thirde sound of the trumpet : he is bold in his defence.

Bas. Sound. Againe.

Enter Edgar at the third sound, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this call o'th trumpet ?

Her. What are you ? your name and quality ?
And why you answer this present summons ?

Edg. O know my name is lost by treasons tooth :
Bare-gnawne and canker-bit,
Where is the aduersary I come to cope with all ?

Alb. What is that aduersary ?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* earle of *Gloster* ?

Bas. Himselfe, what sayst thou to him ?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart, thy arme
May do thee iustice, heere is mine :
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor, sword, and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor :
False to the gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor : say thou no,

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,
Is bent to proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake thou lyeſt.

Bast. In wiſedome I ſhould aſke thy name,
But ſince thy outſide lookes ſo faire and warlike,
And that thy being ſome ſay of breeding breathes,
By right of knight-hood I diſdaine and ſpurne,
With the hell hatedly ore-turn'd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarſely bruife,
This ſword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way.
Where they ſhall reſt for euer, trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him.

Gon. This is meere praſtiſe *Gloſter*, by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to offer an vnknowne oppoſite,
Thou art not vanquiſht, but couſned and beguild.

Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper ſhall I ſtop
it: thou worſe then any thing, reade thine own euill. Nay,
no tearing lady, I perceine you know't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who ſhall
araigne me for it.

Alb. Monſter, knowſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſke me not what I know. *Exit Gonorill.*

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.

Bast. What you haue charg'd me with, that haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou that haſt this for-
tune on me? if thou beeſt noble, I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou haſt wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers ſonne,
The gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vertues
Make inſtruments to ſcourge vs: the darke and vitious place
Where he thee got, coſt him his eyes.

Bast.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Bast. Thou hast spoken truth,
The wheele is come full circkled, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A royall noblenesse, I must embrace thee,
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince I know it.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my lord,
Lift a breefe tale, and when tis told,
O that my heart would burst. The bloody proclamation
To escape that followed me so neere,
(O our liues sweetnesse, that with the paine of death
Would hourelly dye, rather then dye at once)
Taught me to shift into a mad-mans rags,
To assume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd:
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begd for him, sau'd him from dispaire.
Neuer (O father) reueald my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I askt his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alacke too weake the conflict to support,
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mooued me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be any more more wofull, hold it in.
For I am almost readie to dissolue.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Edg. This would haue seem'd a period to such
As loue not sorrow, but another to amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who hauling seene me in my worst estate,
Shund my abhord society : but then finding
Who twas that so indur'd, with his strong armes
He fastened on my necke, and bellowd out
As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
His greefe grew puisant, and the strings of life
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him traunst.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. *Kent* sir, the banisht *Kent*, who in disguise,
Followed his enemy king, and did him seruice
Improper for a slaue.

Enter one with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Helpe, helpe.

Alb. What kinde of helpe ? what meanes that bloody knife?

Gent. Its hot, it smokes, it came euen from the heart of—

Alb. Who man ? speake.

Gent. Your lady sir, your lady ; and her sister
By her is poyson'd : she has confest it.

Basl. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies be they aliue or dead :
This iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches not with pity.

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes *Kent* sir.

Alb.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow
The complement that very manners vrages.

Kent. I am come to bid my king and master aye good night.
Is he not heere?

Alb. Great things of vs forgot. Speake *Edmund*, where's
the king, and wher's *Cordelia*? seest thou this obiekt *Kent*?

The bodies of Gonorill and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alacke, why thus.

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd: the one the other poifond
for my sake, and after slewe her selfe.

Alb. Euen so, couer their faces.

Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do despight of
my owne nature. Quickly send, bee briefe, into the castle
for my writ, tis on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*: nay,
send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my lord? who hath the office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Bast. Well thought on, take my sword, giue it the captaine.

Alb. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath commission from thy wife and me, to hang
Cordelia in the prison, and to lay the blame vpon her own
despaire.

Alb. The gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his Armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of
stones,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke: O, she is gone for euer.

I know when one is dead, and when one liues,

Shees dead as earth: lend me a looking-glasse.

If that her breath will mist and staine the stone, she then liues.

Kent.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Kent. Is this the promise end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues, if it be so, it is a chance
that do's redeeme all sorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent. A my good master.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murderous traitors all, I might
haue saued her, now shees gone for euer: *Cordelia*; *Cordelia*,
stay a litle. What ist thou sayst? her voice was euer soft,
gentle and low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the flauie
that was a hanging thee.

Cap. Tis true my lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha seene the day, that with my
biting fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now,
and these same crosses spoile me. Who are you? mine eyes
are none o'th best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag'd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. A're not you *Kent*?

Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant
Caius?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hether,

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters haue fore-doom'd themselues,
And desperately are dead.

Lear.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR.

Lear. So I thinke too.

Alb. He knowes not what he fees, and vaine it is
That we present vs to him.

Edgar. Very bootlesse.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. *Edmund* is dead my lord.

Alb. Thats but a trifle heere : you lords and noble friends,
know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall
be applied : for vs we will resigne during the life of this old
maiesty to him our absolute power, you to your rights with
boote, and such addition as your honors haue more then me-
rited, al friends shall taste the wages of their vertue, and all
foes the cup of their deseruings : O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd : no, no life, why
should a dog, a horse, a rat haue life, and thou no breath at
all ? O thou wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer : pray
vndo this button ; thanke you sir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg. He faints, my lord, my lord.

Lear. Breake heart, I prethe breake.

Edg. Looke vp my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
He hates him much, that would vpon the wracke
Of this tough world stretch him out longer.

Edg. O he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is to generall woe : friends of my foule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the good state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
My master calls, and I must not say no.

Duke. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say :
The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. St. John, at the

Printers Office, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

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The Firſt and Second P A R T
O F T H E
Troubleſome R A I G N E of
John King of England.

W I T H T H E
Diſcouerie of King *R I C H A R D*
Cordelions baſe Sonne

(Vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*.)

A L S O,

The Death of King *Iohn* at *Swinſtead Abbey*.
As they were (ſundry times) lately acted
by the Queenes MAIESTIES Players.

Written by W. Sh.



Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *Iohn*
Helme, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Saint*
Dunſtons Church-yard in *Fleetſtreet*. 1611.

✂ The Author seems to have been so thoroughly dissatisfied with this Play as to have written it almost entirely anew, reserving only a few of the Lines and the Conduct of several Scenes. It is said to have been originally published in 1591 for *Sampson Clarke*. The Edition publish'd in 1622 is no more than a Copy from this, for there is none more ancient than that in the Folio 1623, of the Play as it was afterwards alter'd by *Shakespeare*.

Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Notes, affirms the old Play to have been written by *Shakespeare* and *Rowley*, but I find no mention of the Name of the latter before either of the Editions.

T H E
Troublesome R A I G N E of
K I N G I O H N.

*Enter K. Iohn, Queene Elinor his Mother, William Marshall,
Earle of Pembroke, the Earles of Essex and of Salisbury.*

Queen Elianor.

B Arons of *England*, and my noble lords ;
Though God and fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* scourge of infidells,
And clad this land in stole of dismall hew :
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A king that may in rule and vertue both
Succcede his brother in his emperie.

K. Iohn. My gracious mother queene, and barons all ;
Though farre vnworthy of so high a place,
As is the throne of mighty *Englands* king :
Yet *Iohn* your lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a crowne.
My lord of *Pembroke* and lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the lord *Chattilion* to our presence ;
That we may know what *Philip* king of *Fraunce*
(By his ambassadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor. Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weighty embassade doth tend :

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say, my sonne, I haue not misde my aime.

Enter Chattilion and the two Earles.

John. My lord *Chattilion*, welcome into England:
How fares our brother *Philip* king of *Fraunce*?

Chat. His highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

John. And spare not man, wee are preparte to heare.

Chat. *Philip*, by the grace of God most christian king of
France, hauing taken into his gardain and protection *Arthur*
D. of *Brittaine* sonne and heire to *Ieffrey* thine elder brother,
requireth in the behalfe of the saide *Arthur*, the kingdome of
England, with the lordship of *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*,
Maine: and I attend thine answer.

John. A small request: belike hee makes account,
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a king to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chat. Is this thine answer?

John. It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chat. Then king of *England*, in my masters name,
And in prince *Arthur* duke of *Brittaines* name,
I doe desie thee as an enemye,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

2. *Elinor.* My lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I queene *Elinor* (his grandmother)

Vpon

OF KING IOHN.

Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his armes,
Whereto his head-strong mother prickes him so :
Her pride we know, and know her for a dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the king of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his vncke here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat. This shall I do, and thus I take my leaue.

John. *Pembrooke*, conuey him safely to the sea,
But not in haste : for as we are aduise,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Aniow*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*.

Exit Chat.

Enter the Shriue and whiffers the Earle of Salis. in the care.

Sal. Please it your maiesty, here is the shriue of *Northamptonshire*, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeal'd to your maiestie, beseeching your highnesse for speciall cause to heare them.

John. Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,
Goe *Salisbury* and make prouision,
We meane with speed to passe the sea to *France*. *Exit Sal.*
Say shriue, what are these men, what haue they done ?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale ?

Shriue. Please it your maiesty, these two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing, haue broken your highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of lawe, or order of iustice, and vnlawfully assembled theselues in mutinous maner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your highnes : and here I *Thomas Nidigate* shriue of *Northamptonshire* do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

John. My lord of *Essex*, wil thoffenders to stand forth,
and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex. Gentlemen, it is the kings pleasure that you discover
your griefs, and doubt not but you shal haue iustice.

Phil. Please it your M. the wrong is mine : yet will I abide
all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the shame-
full slander of my parents, the dishonor of my self, and the
bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert. Then, by my prince his leaue, shall *Robert* speake.
And tell your maiestie what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vknowne vnto your grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of knighthood in the field,
At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way :
His name sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew every yeare :
And this (my lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Philip. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge* ?

John. Fond youth, to trouble these our princely cares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case :
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne ?

Robert. Please it your grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too : yet in such fort,
As he can make no title to the land,

John.

OF KING IOHN.

John. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire :
Explaine this darke Ænigma.

Robert. I grant (my lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And here my mother stands to prooue him so :
But I (my lord) can prooue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

John. Prooue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

2. Elin. Vngracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

Mother. My gracious lord, and you thrice reuerend dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eies,
And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart :
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing found
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth murtherate the bowells of my soule.

John. Lady, stand vp, be patient for a while :
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother ?

Philipp. Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now ;
But for the honour of so braue a man,
Whom hee accuseth with adulterie :

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Heere I beseech your grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

Robert. Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall prefence here
To be a bastard to king *Richards* selfe,
Sonne to your grace, and brother to your maiestie.
Thus bluntly, and

Eliau. Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy fire. But forward with thy prooffe.

Robert. The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your highnesse and these noble lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eies to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the king.
First, when my father was embassadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The king lay often at my fathers house;
And all the realme suspected what befell:
And at my fathers backe-returne agen
My mother was deliuered, as tis sed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely prefence shall confesse,
He is no other but king *Richards* sonne.
Then gracious lord, rest he king *Richards* sonne,
And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

Iohn. Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say?

Robert. I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

Iohn. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy fire
My brother often lodged in his house:
And what of that? base groome to flaunder him,
That honoured his embassador so much,

OF KING IOHN.

In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next.

Q. *Elin.* Thou saist she teemde sixe weekes before her time,
Why good sir squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

John. And where thou saist, he looketh like the king,
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert. Then good my lord, be you indiffrent iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.

Q. *Elinor.* Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *omne simile non est idem*?
Or haue read in. Harke yee good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise.

Shee lay with sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
king *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed in
this fashion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right: king *John*, as thou art king,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

John. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canst thou challenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irreuocable, as I am king of *England*.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife:
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Robert. My lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood
That shee will loose?
Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe?
It may not be my lord. Why should it be?

John. Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom.
Effex, first aske the mother thrice who was his fire?

Effex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was father to thy sonne *Philip*?

Mother. Please it your maiesty, sir *Rob. Fauconbridge*.

Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

John. Aske *Philip* whose sonne he is.

Effex. *Philip*, who was thy father?

Philip. Mas my lord, and that's a question: and you had
not taken some paines with her before, I should haue desired
you to aske my mother.

John. Say, who was thy father?

Philip. Faith (my lord) to answere you, sure hee is my fa-
ther that was neereft my mother when I was begotten, and
him I thinke to be sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John. *Effex*, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.

Robert. Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?

Effex. *Philip* speake I say, who was thy father?

John. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Elleanor. *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip. *Philippus atavis ædite Regibus.*

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient kings?

Quo me rapit tempestas?

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?

Or whence proceede these fumes of maiestie?

Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho sound,

That

His

OF KING IOHN.

That *Philip* is the sonne vnto a king :
 The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
 Whistle in consort I am *Richaras* sonne :
 The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
 Records *Philippus Regius filius* :
 Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
 Filling the aire with glorie of my birth :
 Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, eccho, all
 Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* sonne.
 Fond man ! ah whither art thou carried ?
 How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heauen ?
 Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
 Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,
 These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge* :
 And well they may ; for why this mounting minde
 Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.
 Why how now ? knowest thou where thou art ?
 And knowest thou who expects thine answer here ?
 Wilt thou vpon a franticke madding vaine
 Goe loofe thy land, and say thy selfe base borne ?
 No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy fire,
 What ere thou thinkst, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

John. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy father was.

Philip. Please it your maiestie, sir *Robert*
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes :

It will not out, I cannot for my life
 Say I am sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
 Let land and liuing goe, tis honors fire
 That makes me sweare king *Richard* was my fire.
 Base to a king addes title of more state,
 Than knights begotten, though legittimate.
 Please it your grace, I am king *Richards* sonne.

Robert. *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
 His saltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Mo. What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?

Philip. *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.

John. Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Elia. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?

Ph. Madame, I am bold to make my self your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your highnesse hath:
And with this prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, honor is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a fire.

Eli. *Philip*, I think thou knewst thy grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine vncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble mind.

John. *Philip* kneele downe, that thou maist thoroughly
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs, (know
Rise vp sir *Richard Plantaginet* king *Richards* sonne.

Philip. Grant heauens that *Philip* once may shew himselfe
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or basest glorie of a bastards name.

John. Now gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be ruler of my realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The pope and popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.

Thus

OF KING IOHN.

Thus forward lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. *Exeunt.*

Manet Philip and his Mother.

Philip. Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much leasure
as the hearing of a matter that I lōg to impart to you.

Mother. What's the matter *Philip*? I thinke your suit in
secrer, tends to some money matter, which you suppose
burnes in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow,
But such a suit, as might some other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then madam thus, your ladieship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What so I doe, or wheresoever I am,
I cannot chafe the slaunder from my thoughts.
If it be true, resolue me of my fire,
For pardon madam, if I thinke amisse.
Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtlesse was as braue a man.
To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*,
Mistrusting fielly *Merop* for his fire,
Straining a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?
Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your affects?

Thou

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Thou moou'st me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Phil. Nay lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit driues dutie hence awhile :
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of nature like the fire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.
Can nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent ?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine :
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of Steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him ?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge vs both one countrey borne.
This madam, this, hath droue me from my selfe :
And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolute me not.

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou doest require.

Phil. Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else shee dies : Ile not infringe my vow.

Moth. Vnhappy taske : must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die ?
Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,

OF KING IOHN.

Or take from him a while his hearings vse.

Why with I so, vnhappy as I am?

The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,

I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.

Moth. And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.

Phil. Come madame come, you need not be so loath,

The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.

Is not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,

To be so old, and cannot write my name.

Good mother resolue me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours losse by purchasse of thy selfe,

My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,

All maid and stained by youths vnruly sway.

And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,

Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,

To moue by loue, or massacre by death.

To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.

The mightinesse of him that courted me,

Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,

That something may extenuate the guilt.

But let it not aduantage me so much :

Vpbraid me rather with the *Romane* dame,

That shed her blood to wash away her shame.

Why stand I to expostulate the crime

With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?

When to conclude two words may tell the tale,

That *Philips* father was a princes sonne,

Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror he,

For honours losse left me with child of thee :

Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,

For faire king *Richard* was thy noble father.

Phil.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee ioy,
My sire a king, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Mary* Ile not sell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes.

Exeunt.

Enter Philip the French king, and Lewis, Limoges, Constance, and her sonne Arthur.

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the *Albion* territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant siege:
Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces ioyned for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the west,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnresisted shooke
Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forset of my fame to chaunce.

Const. May be that *Iohn* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arth. Ah mother, possession of a crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,

For

OF KING IOHN.

For present vantage would aduenture farre.
 The world can witnesse, in his brothers time,
 He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne:
 Then must it follow as a doubtfull point,
 That hee'l resigne the rule vnto his nephew.
 I rather thinke the menace of the world
 Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,
 And sooner would he scorne *Europa's* power,
 Than loose the smallest title he enjoyes;
 For questionlesse he is an *Englishman*.

Lewis. Why are the *English* peerelesse in compare?
 Braue caualiers as ere that island bred,
 Haue liu'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
 Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cause:
England is *England*, yeelding good and bad,
 And *John* of *England* is as other *Johns*.
 Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
 Praise thou the *French* that helpe thee in this need.

Lymog. The *Englishman* hath little cause I trowe,
 To spend good speeches on so proud a foe.
 Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
 Who when he liu'd outrou'd his brother *John*:
 But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
 Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
 But newes comes now, here's the embassadour.

Enter Chattilion.

K. Phil. And in good time, welcome my lord *Chattilion*:
 What newes? will *John* accord to our command?

Chat. Be I not brieft to tell your highnesse all,
 He will approach to interrupt my tale:
 For one selfe bottome brought vs both to *France*.
 He on his part will trie the chance of warre,

And

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demands.
The mother queene shee taketh on amaine
Gainst lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with grandames care,
To leaue his mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn*, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
More circumstance the season intercepts:
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne.

K. Phil. This bitter winde must nip some-bodies spring:
Sodaine and brieft, why so, is haruest weather.
But say *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chat. Of England, Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salisburie*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a bastard of the kings deceast,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolute.
Then is there with them *Elinor* mother queene,
And *Blanch* her neece, daughter to the king of *Spaine*:
These are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter Iohn and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K. Phil. Me seemeth *Iohn*, an ouer-daring spirit
Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my confines with thy armed troupes.
I rather lookt for some submisse reply
Touching the claime thy nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

K. Iohn. For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,
I list not pleade my title with my tongue.

Not

OF KING IOHN.

Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *France* or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchase of my right,
The towne of *Angiers*: which thou dost begirt
In the behalfe of lady *Constance* sonne,
Whereto nor he nor she can lay iust claime.

Constance. Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,
And head-strong vsurpation put apart,
Arthur my sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
Is soueraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Q. *Elinor*. Misgouernd gossip, staine to this resort,
Occasion of these vndecided iarres,
I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
Thy sonne hath naught to do with that he claimes.
For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by discent.

Con. A will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerseer,
And proud dame *Elinor* sole executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur. But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The law intends such testaments as void,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht.

Q. *Elinor*. Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee
To soare with perill after *Icarus*, (wings
And trust me yongling for the fathers sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Constance. Beshrew you else how pittifull you are,
Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such grandames and such grieffe,
That minister a poyson for pure loue.

But

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be vs'd too well?
I there's the grieve, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a princes raigne.

Q. Elia. Impatient, franticke, common slaunderer,
Immodest dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy sonne,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue done.

K. Phil. But here's no prooffe that shews your sonne a king.

K. I. What wants, my sword shal more at large set down

Lew. But that may breake before the truth be known.

Bast. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lym. Good words sir fauce, your betters are in place.

Bast. Not you sir doughtie, with your lyons case.

Blanch. Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle be-
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd. long'd:

Lym. Me thinks that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.

Bast. What words are these? how do my sinews shake?

My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,

A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,

This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,

Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:

How doth *Alecio* whisper in mine eares?

Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,

Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument

Thy fathers triumph ore the sauages,

Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing
slaue,

What mak'st thou with the trophie of a king?

Sham'st thou not coyrestrell, loathsome dunghill swad,

To grace thy carkasse with an ornament

Too

OF KING JOHN.

Too pretious for a monarkes couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the presence of my soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,
Twise will I not reuiew the mornings rise,
Till I haue torne that trophie from thy backe,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.

Lyn. Nay soft sir bastard, hearts are not split so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.

Blan. Wel may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That wins this hide to weare a ladies fauour.

Bast. Ill may I thrue, and nothing brooke with me,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
And to the purpose for the cause you come.
Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.
So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength:
A tyrants practise to inuest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
Am come before this city of *Angiers*,
To barre all other false supposed claime,
From whence, or howsoere the error springs.

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P

And

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

And in his quarrell on my princely word,
He fight it out vnto the latest man.

John. Know king of *France*, I will not be commanded
By any power or prince in *Christendome*,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,
More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou see me parley with the towne,
And heare them offer me allegiance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I see it,
And when I see it, He soone change it.

They summon the towne, the citizens appeare vpon the walls.

K. John. You men of *Angiors*, and as I take it my loiall
subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on
my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am
perswaded you are not. In few words, our brothers soune,
backt with the king of *France*, haue beleagred your towne
vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence wherof
I your liege lord haue brought our power to fence you from
the vsurper, to free your intended seruitude, and vterly to
supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest. Say then,
who keepe you the towne for?

Citizen. For our lawfull king.

John. I was no lesse perswaded: then in gods name open
your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen. And it please your highnes we comptroll not your
title, neither will wee rashly admit your entrance: if you be
lawfull king, with all obedience we keep it to your vse, if
not king, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without
more considerate triall: wee answere not as men lawlesse, but
to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

John. I shall not come in then?

Citizen. No my lord, till we know more.

K. Phil.

OF KING IOHN.

K. Phil. Then heare me speak in the behalfe of *Arthur* son of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *John*, his title manifest, with out contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of *England*, with *Angiers*, and diuers townes on this side the sea: wil you acknowledge him your liege lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertain you with all fauors, as befeemeth a king to his subiects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the peril of your contēpt, whē his title is proued by the sword.

Citiz. We answer as before, till you haue proued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our soueraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Phil. Then *John* I desie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and cousin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battel make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. John. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. *The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skin.*

Bast. And art thou gone! misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.

Morpheus leaue here thy silent eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale threatening mors.
Affright him euery minute with stearne lookes,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

And so in frensie let the peasant die.
Here is the ranfome that allaies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne :
With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*.

Exit.

Enter the Kings Heraulds with trumpets to the wals of Angiers : they summon the towne.

Eng. Her. *John* by the grace of God king of *England*, lord of *Ireland*, *Aniou*, *Toraine*, &c. demandeth once again of you his subiects of *Angiers*, if you wil quietly surrender vp the towne into his hands ?

Fr. Herold. *Philip* by the grace of God king of *France*, demandeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* duke of *Brittaine*, if you will surrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vse of the said *Arthur*.

Citizens. Herrolds go tell the two victorious princes, that we the poore inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parley of their maiesties.

Herolds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene Elianor, Blanch, Bastard, Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salisbury, Constance, and Arthur Duke of Brittain.

John. Herold, what answer doe the townsmen send ?

Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* king of *France* ?

Eng. Her. The townsmen on the wals accept your grace.

Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your maiesty.

John. You cittizens of *Angiers*, haue your eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our *English* bowes
Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull *French* ?
And haue you wisely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the *English* king ?

Phil.

OF KING IOHN.

Phil. Their losse in yeelding to the *English* king.

But *John*, they saw from out their highest towers
The cheualiers of *France* and crosse-bow-shot
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.

John. Why *Philip*, though thou braust it fore the wals,
Thy conscience knowes that *John* hath wonne the field.

Phi. What ere my conscience knowes, thy army feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Bastard. *Philip* indeed hath got the lions case,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* disgrace.
Base duke to flie and leaue such spoiles behind :
But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.
It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the wind,
That throwes out emptie vessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth sayle away.

Philip 'tis thine : and fore this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first aduenture I atchieu'd,
And first exploite your grace did me enioyne :
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.

Blanch. *Philip* I take it, and I thee command
To weare the fame as earst thy father did :
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
Tincourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arth. Ye cittizens of *Angiers* are ye mute ?
Arthur or *John*, say which shall be your king ?

Cittizen. We care not which, if once we knew the right
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Bast. Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie kings,
As are the kings of *England* and of *France*,

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

He would aduise your graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these cittizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The towne once wonne, then strue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citti. Kings, princes, lords, and knights assembled here,
The cittizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your maiestie to heare them speake :
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

Iohn. Phil. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Cittiz. Then thus : whereas the young and lusty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths :
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the state.
But how my lords, how shold your strengths be knit ?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies :
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To liue in princely league and amitie :
Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the *Dolphin* and the heire of *France*,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the king of *Spaine*,
Neece to K. *Iohn*, the louely lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his sister *Elianor*.
With her in marriage will her vnkle giue
Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.

OF KING IOHN.

The kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur* duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euery way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elian. Sonne *John*, follow this motion, as thou louest
thy mother.

Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis shall haue my neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of *France*.

John. Brother of *France*, you heare the citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Const. Why *John*, what canst thou giue vnto thy neece,
Thou hast no foote of land but *Arthurs* right?

Lew. Bir lady citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damsel is the lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Const. What kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now lords? accursed citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall planet at thy birth-day raig'n'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Ladie, and duke of *Brittaine*, know you both,
The king of *France* respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princesse of *Spaine*, could you affect my sonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Bast. Swounds madam, take an *English* gentleman;
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue moou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of *English* land.

Q *Elian.* Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policie compound this strife.

Bastar. If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke *Frenchman* take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an *English* horne.

Iohn. Ladie, what answer make you to the K. of *France*?
Can you affect the *Dolphin* for your lord?

Blanch. I thanke the king that likes of me so well,
To make me bride vnto so great a prince:
But giue me leaue my lord to pause on this,
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q *Elinor.* Sonne *Iohn*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *France*,
Do you confer a while about the dower,
And I will schoole my modest neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

Constance. I, theres the wretch that brocheth all this ill,
Why flie I not vpon the bedlams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur. Sweet mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my grandam haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

Phil. Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my sonne in marriage with thy neece?

Iohn.

OF KING IOHN.

John. First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*,
To be so great as may content a king :
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demand.

Phil. Then I demand *Volquesson*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poiters and *Aniou*, these fiue prouinces,
Which thou as king of *England* holdst in *France* :
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bast. No lesse then fiue such prouinces at once ?

John. Mother what shal I do ? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our *English* blood :
And shall I giue it all away at once ?

Q. Elin. *John* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the residue sans icopardie

John. *Philip*, bring forth thy sonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do giue with her
From me and my successors *English* kings,
Volquesson, *Poiters*, *Aniou*, *Torain*, *Main*,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now cittizens, how like you of this match ?

Citiz. We ioy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewis. *Lewis* with *Blanch* shall euer liue content.
But now king *John*, what say you to the duke ?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Phil. K. *John*, be good vnto thy nephew here,
And giue him somewhat that shall please you best.

John. *Arthur*, although thou troublest *Englands* peace
Yet here I giue thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich cittie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elin. And if thou seeke to please thine vncle *John*,
Shalt see my sonne how I will make of thee.

John.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Iohn. Now euery thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in *S. Maries* chappell presently
Shall be performed ere this presence part.

Exeunt.

Manent Constance and Arthur.

Art. Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments
Adde no redresse to salve our awkward haps,
If heauens haue concluded these euent,
To small auaille is bitter pensiuenesse :
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our releefe.

Const. Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree ?

Arth. Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
Rather then helps, heape vp more worke for woes.

Const. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge :
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whose periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the skie with mis-belcefe.
He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride :
But now black-spotted periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her louely neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these louers : ill betide the match.

And

OF KING IOHN.

And as they shoulde thee from out thine owne,
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares :
 So heau'ns crosse them with a thriftlesse course,
 Is all the blood yspilt on either part,
 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
 Growne to a lone-game and a bridall feast ?
 And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes ?
 Poore helpelesse boy, hopelesse and helpelesse too,
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoake at all.
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 Why lookst thou pale ? the colour flies thy face :
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
 And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 Least worser wrack ensue our male-content.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King of England, the King of France, Arthur,
 Bastard, Lewis, Lymoges, Constance, Blanch, Chattillion,
 Pembroke, Salisburie, and Elianor.*

John. This is the day, the long-desired day,
 Wherein the realmes of *England* and of *France*
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
 Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,
 From whose sweet bridall such a concord springs,
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Const. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

Phil. Vnhappie peace, that tyes thee from reuenge,
 Roaze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to see
 The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
 Kings, princes, and ye peeres of either realmes,
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale

That

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

That carries me in furie to a deede
Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone (O kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Prostrate vpon his knee : which knee shall cleaue
Vnto the superficies of the earth,
Till *France* and *England* grant this glorious boone.

John. Speake *Philip*, *England* grants thee thy request.

Phil. And *France* confirms what ere is in his power.

Bast. Then duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
Too base a ranfome for my fathers life.

Princes, I craue the combate with the duke
That braues it in dishonour of my fire.

Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse

The princely promise that reuiues my soule,

Whereat me thinkes I see his sinewes shake :

This is the boone (dread lords) which granted once

Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ;

Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.

Lym. Base bastard, misbegotten of a king,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites

With brawles and tumults to a dukes disgrace ;

Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,

With one so faire vnequall to my selfe.

Bast. A fine excuse, kings if you will be kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combate it.

John. *Philip*, we cannot force the duke to fight,

Being a subiect vnto neither realme :

But tell me *Austria*, if an *English* duke

Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

Lym. Else let the world account the *Austrich* duke
The greatest coward liuing on the earth.

John. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *John* wil keep his word,
Kneele down, in sight of *Philip* king of *France*,

And

HISTORY OF KING JOHN.

And all these princely lords assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I do inuest thee duke :
So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto *Austria*.

Lym. K. *John*, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'st mine honour : and that thou mai'st see
How much I scorne thy new made duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compel'd :
And so farewell sir duke of lowe degree,
He finde a time to match you for this geare.

Exit.

John. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Bast. I cannot liue vnlesse his life be mine.

Q. *Elia.* Thy forwardnes this day hath ioy'd my soule,
And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. *Phil.* Lordings let's in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Card. Stay king of *France*, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *John*, that I *Pandulph* cardinall of *Millaine*, and legate from the sea of *Rome*, demand of thee in the name of our holy father the *Pope Innocent*, why thou do'st (contrary to the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father the Pope) disturb the quiet of the church, and disanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his holinesse hath elected archbishop of *Canterburie* : this in his holinesse name I demand of thee ?

John. And what hast thou or the Pope thy master to do to demand of me, how I imploy mine own ? know sir priest, as I honor the church and holy church-men, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master
so

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

So from me, and say, *John of England* said it, that neuer an *Italian* priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or polling peny out of *England*; but as I am king, so will I raigne next vnder God, supream head both ouer spiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headlesse.

K. Phil. What *K. John*, know you what you say, thus to blaipheme against our holy father the Pope?

Ioh. Philip, though thou and all the princes of *Christendome* suffer themselues to be abus'd by a prelates slavery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee king of *England*, let him win it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Card. John, this is thine answer?

Iohn. What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, legate from the apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his successor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery of thy subiects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenesse of sinne to those of them whatsoeuer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

Ioh. So sir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God blesse me and my land, let the pope and his shanelings curse and spare not.

Card. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip K.* of *Fraunce*, and all the kings and princes of *Christendome*, to make warre vpon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing made with an hereticke; howe lai'st thou *Philip*, do'st thou obey?

Ioh.

OF KING IOHN.

Ioh. Brother of *France*, what say you to the cardinall?

Phil. I say, I am fory for your maiestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the church of *Rome*.

Ioh. And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

Phil. What should I say? I must obey the pope.

Ioh. Obey the pope, and breake your oath to God?

Phil. The legate hath absolu'd me of mine oath:
Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

Ioh. Why *Philip*, I defie the pope and thee,
Faile as thou art, and periur'd king of *France*,
Vnworthy man to be accounted king.

Giu'st thou thy sword into a prelates hands?

Pandulph, where I of abbots, monkes, and friers

Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my wars,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels,

And in despight Ile send them to the pope.

Mother come you with me, and for the rest

That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,

Confusion light vpon their damned foules.

Come lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good.

Phil. And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shalt see
How *France* will fight for *Rome* and *Romish* rites.

Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,

Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead

The K. of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.

Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see

What *Philip* K. of *France* will doe for thee.

Blanch. And will your grace vpon your wedding day
Forfake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?

Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me.

Lew. Sweet heart content thee, and wee shall agree.

Phil. Follow my lords, lord Cardinall lead the way,
Drums shall be musicke to this wedding day.

Exeunt.

Ex-

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, and kills him.

Bast. Thus hath K. Richards son performd his vowes,
And offred *Austria's* blood for his sacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing soule.
Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,
I haue deseru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a prey to euery rav'ning fowle :
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine ensignes vnderneath his feet,
So doe I tread upon thy cursed selfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food.

Exit.

Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewis, having taken *Q*
Eliador prisoner.

Const. Thus hath the god of kings with conquering arme
Dispearst the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy countries peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

Q Elinor. Contemptuous dame, vnreuerent dutches thou,
To braue so great a queene as *Eliador*,
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie *English* kings ?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir boy,
To set your grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to *John* your vnclie and your king.

Const. T'is not thy words proud queene shall carry it.

Elin. Nor yet thy threatens proud dame shal daunt my mind.

Exit.

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VOL. II

OF KING IOHN.

Arth. Sweete grandam, and good mother leaue these
braules.

Elian. Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

Const. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur. Good mother, weigh it is queene *Elinor*.
Though she be captiue, vse her like her selfe.
Sweet grandame beare with what my mother sayes,
Your highnesse shall be vsed honourably.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my lord, duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, *K. Iohn* relyes his men,
And giues the fight afresh : and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, t'is time to looke about.

Eli. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold ?

Const. No *Elinor* my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to leade both *Iohn* and thee as slaues :
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field.

Exeunt.

Excursions. *Elianor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur* is taken
prisoner. *Exeunt.* Sound victory.

*Enter Iohn, Elianor, and Arthur prisoner, Bastard, Pem-
brooke, Salisbury, and Hubert de Burgh.*

Iohn. Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right :
Arthur thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee :
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
Into the gardance of thine vncle *Iohn*,
Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a prince.

VOL. II.

Q

Arthur.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Arthur. Vncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.

Might hath preuaïld, not right, for I am king
Of *England*, though thou weare the diademe.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, soone shall wee teach him to forget
These prowd presumptions, and to know himselfe.

Iohn. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.

But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.

Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ranfacke the abbeis, cloysters, priories,
Conuert their coine vnto my souldiers vse :
And whatsoere he be within my land,
That goes to *Rome* for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the state,
And suffer as an enemy to *England*.

Mother, wee leane you here beyond the seas,
As regent of our prouinces in *France*,
While we to *England* take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy prisoner : *Hubert* keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy soueraignes crowne.
But in his death consists thy soueraignes blisse :
Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hubert. Frolicke yong prince, thogh I your keeper be,
Yet shall your keeper liue at your command.

Arthur. As please my God, so shall become of me.

Q. Elin.

OF KING IOHN.

Q. Elian. My sonne, to *England*, I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

Bastard. Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To diue into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make some sport among the smooth skind nunnes,
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen friers.

John. To *England* lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme your selues against the *Roman* pride. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of France, Lewes his sonne, Cardinall Pandolph Legate, and Constance.

Philip. What, euery man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droope ye lords of *France*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warrelike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Lymoges* escapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue serude our losse.
Braue *Austria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

Card. His soule is safe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath dispensd his finnes,
The blessed saints haue heard our orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst *English* heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother church.

Enter Constance alone.

Philip. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet vntold.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Deepe sorrow throbbeeth mis-befalne eueuts,
Out with it ladie, that our act may end
A full catastrophe of sad laments.

Constance. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap:
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares preuent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of *Troy*:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elmors proud brat hath rob'd me of my sonne.

Lewis. Haue patience madame, this is chance of warre:
He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Const. Be it ne'r so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, go with me,
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. *Exeunt.*

Card. Now *Lewis*, thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to *Englands* crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *John*,
The Pope says I, and so is *Albion* thine.

Lewis. Thanks my lord legat for your good conceit,
T'is best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip leading a friar, charging him shew where the
Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat *Franciscan*, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the abbots treasure lies, or die.

Friar. *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie?
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And

OF KING IOHN.

And heare vs for S. *Charitie*, oppressed with austeritie.

In nomini domini, make I my homily,

Gentle gentilitie griene not the cleargie.

Phil. Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,

Nere trust me for a groat

If this wast girdle hang thee not

That girdeth in thy coat.

Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,

When vp the gallowes climbing,

Say *Philip* he had words enough,

To put you downe with riming.

Fr. O pardon, *O parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,

Shall shield thee from night-spels, and dreaming of diue.

If thou wilt forgieue me, and neuer more griene me,

With fasting and praying, and Haile *Marie* saying,

From blacke purgatorie, a penance right fory:

Frier *Thomas* will warme you,

It shall neuer harme you.

Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,

Sir, hang vp this lozell.

2 *Fr.* For charitie I beg his life,

Saint *Francis* chiefest frier,

The best in all our couent sir,

To keepe a vintners fire.

O strangle not the good old man,

My hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by

Vnto the priors chest.

Phil. I, faist thou so, and if thou wilt the frier is at liberty,

If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company.

Fr. Come hither, this is the chest, thogh simple to behold,

That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in gold.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

My self wil warrant ful so much, I know the abbots store,
He pawn my life there is no lesse, to haue what ere is more.

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shal
come,

But if there want of full so much, thy necke shall pay the
summe.

Breake vp the coffer, frier.

Frier. Oh I am vndone, faire *Alice* the nunne
Hath tooke vp her rest in the abbots chest.

Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.

Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.

Philip. What haue we here, a holy nunne? so keepe me
God in health,

A smooth facde nunne (for aught I know) is al the abbots
wealth.

Is this the nunries chastitie?

Beshrew me but I thinke

They go as oft to venery as niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry frier and pandar too, yee shamelesse chaunc
crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,
at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'l take the paine to pay you home,
and teach you to dissemble.

Nunne. O spare the frier *Anthony*,
a better neuer was

To sing a dirige solemnelly,
or reade a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,
I know an ancient nunne,

That

OF KING IOHN.

That hath a hoord these seuen yeeres,
did neuer see the sunne ;
And that is yours, and what is ours,
so fauour now be showne,
You shall commaund as commonly,
as if it were your owne.

Frier. Your honour excepted.

Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip. From all faue from friers.

Nunne. Good sir, doe not thinke so.

Philip. I thinke and see so :

Why how camst thou here ?

Frier. To hide her from lay men.

Nunne. Tis true sir, for feare.

Philip. For feare of the laitie : a pitiful dred
When a nunne flies for succour to a fat friers bed.
But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chest that you spoke of where lies so much mony.

Nun. Faire sir, within this presse, of plate and mony is
The valew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you know it.

Phi. Come on sir frier, picke the locke, this geere doth
cotton hanfome,
That couetousnesse so cunningly must pay the lechers ransome.
What is in the hoord ?

Frier. *Frier Laurence* my lord, now holy water helpe vs,
Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs :

Hand credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus
In the presse of a nunne we are all vndone,
And brought to discrecence if thou be frier *Laurence*.

Frier. *Amer vincit omnia*, so *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a frier whose fancie soon burneth,
Because he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Philip. How goes this geere? the friers chest filld with a
fausen nunne.

The nunne again lockes frier vp,
to keepe him from the sunne.

Belike the presse is purgatorie,
or penance passing grieuous:

The friers chest a hell for nunnnes!
how doe these dolts deceiue vs?

Is this the labour of their liues, to feede and liue at ease?
To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please.

He mend the fault or fault my aime,
if I doe misse amending,

Tis better burne the cloysters downe,
than leaue them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your euill?

Nun. I crie *peccauit, parce me,*
good sir I was beguil'd.

Fr. Absolue sir for charitie,
shee would bee reconcil'd.

Phil. And so I shall, sirs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
goe hang them vp for hurting them,
Haste them to execution.

Fr. Laurence. *O tempus edax rerum,*
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *etatis,*
At threescore welneere, to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me domine, siuis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.

OF KING IOHN.

To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling, for my liues sparing.

Enter Peter a prophet, with people.

Pet. Hoe, who is here? *S. Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.

Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not ouer hie,

For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy. God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our
house a Sunday.

Pet. My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwel,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boy. I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheefe for your labor :
my sifter prayes yee to come home, and tell her how many
husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.

Peter. My masters, stay at the townes end for me. Ile
come to you all anone : I must dispatch some busines with a
sister, and then Ile reade your fortunes.

Philip. How now, a prophet ! sir prophet whence are ye ?

Peter. I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as
others, by the world : what I am I know, and what thou
wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be answered : if
not, enquire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue, that
deludes the people with blinde prophecies : you are hee I look
for, you shal away with me : bring away all the rable, and
you frier *Laurence*, remember your raunfome a hundred
pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest ; come on
sir prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a prophets re-
wards.

Exeunt.

Enter

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Enter Hubert de Burgh with three men.

Hubert. My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the king had made choice of some other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a king commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default: therefore in brieft, leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduventure: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God saue the king, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in his chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants. We goe, though loath.

Exeunt.

Hubert. My lord, will it please your honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur. Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me curteous keeper if thou can,
How long the king will haue me tarrie heere.

Hubert. I know not prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedome, and God saue the king.

They issue forth.

Arthur. Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reauue a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert. So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

Arth.

OF KING IOHN.

Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hubert. Patience yong lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard :
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
Ifaint to tell, deepe sorrow is the found.

Arthur. What, must I die?

Hubert. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most vnluckie fate :
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur. Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare :
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Aet it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hubert. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I aet the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that
presently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put
out the eies of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur. Ah monstrous damned man ! his very breath in-
fects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniustice, that the miscreant

Liues

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert* ! makes he thee his instrument,
To found the trump that causeth hell triumph ?
Heauen weepes, the saints do shed celestiaall teares,
They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience, mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell ;
Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensurreth satan chieftaine of thy soule :
Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eies priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy :
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke :
A cause internall, and eternall too.
Aduise' thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
To loose saluation for a kings reward.

Hubert. My lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the kings commaund.

Arthur. Yet God commaunds whose power reacheth further
That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert. But that same essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur. I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

Hubert. But that appeale my lord concernes not me.

Arthur. Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert. I, if my foueraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur. His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

Hubert.

OF KING IOHN.

Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur. Yes where in forme of law in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert. My lord, my lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more grieve, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subiects liues on kings commands depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.

You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent :
Send forth the terror of your mouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view :
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vpbraide them with this damned enterprife,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reauue me of my sight :
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.

Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the tyrants feasting day.

Hubert. I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist :
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named :
My king commaunds, that warrant sets me free :
But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
That great commaunder countercheckes my charge,

He

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
 Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
 Cheere thee yong lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
 Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
 Ile to the king, and say his will is done,
 And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
 Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
 To blinde those lampes that nature polliht so.

Arthur. *Hubert*, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
 Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
 I took my eiesight by thy curtesie,
 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
 But now procrastination may offend
 The issue that thy kindnesse vndertakes :
 Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst.

Exeunt.

Enter K. *John*, *Essex*, *Salisbury*, *Penbrooke*.

John. Now warlike followers, resteth aught vndone
 That may impeach vs of fond oversight ?
 The *French* haue felt the temper of our swords,
 Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
 Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
 For buckling with so great an ouermatch,
 The arch prowde titled priest of *Italy*,
 That calls himselfe grand vicar under God,
 Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
 Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
 To ease their soules in painefull purgatorie,
 That haue miscarried in these bloody warres.
 Heard you not lords when first his holinesse
 Had tidings of our small account of him,
 How with a taunt vaunting upon his toes,
 He vrgde a reason why the *Englisb* asse
 Disdained the blessed ordinance of *Rome* ?

The

OF KING IOHN.

The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the kings that earst haue borne the load,
The flauish weight of that controlling priest:
Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
I grieve to thinke how kings in ages past
(Simply deuoted to the sea of *Rome*)
Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.
But now for confirmation of our state,
Sith we haue proind the more than needfull braunch
That did oppresse the true well-growing stocke,
It resteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclained and inuested king.

Pemb. My liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause
Your citie streets haue ecchoed to the care,
God saue the king, God saue our soueraigne *Iohn*,
Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre
Your highnesse not deposde from regall state,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.

Iohn. *Pembrooke*, performe what I haue bid thee do,
Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
Essex goe in, and lordings all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anone.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip what newes, how do the abbots chefts?
Are friers fatter than the nunnes are faire?
What cheere with church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office took effect?

Phil. My lord, I haue performd your highnes charge:
The ease-bred abbots, and the bare foote friers,

The

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

The monks, the priors, and holy cloystred nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my lord in wealth,
Till I had tithde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your highnesse sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

John. Why so, now sorts it *Philip* as it should :
This small intrusion into abbey trunks,
Will make the popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones fore the springs approach :
But yet as harmelesse and without effect,
As is the eccho of a cannons cracke
Dischargde against the battlements of heauen.
But what newes else befell there *Philip* ?

Bast. Strange newes my lord : within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a prophet new sprung vp,
Whose diuination volleis wonders forth :
To him the commons throng with countrey gifts,
He sets a date vnto the beldames death,
Prescribes how long the virgins state shall last,
Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth :
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a register of all the destinies.

Ioh. Thou telst me maruels, would thou hadst brought the
We might haue questiond him of things to come.

Bastard. My lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wist,
And brought the prophet with me to the court,
He staies my lord but at the presence doore :
Pleaseth your highnesse, I will call him in.

Iohn.

OF KING IOHN.

Iohn. Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anone,
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

*Enter the nobles and crowne King Iohn, and then cry God
saue the king.*

Iohn. Lordings and friends supporters of our state,
Admire not at this vnaccustomed course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inuested king,
Your fealtie sworne as liegemen to our state :
Once since that time ambitious weedes haue sprung
To staine the beauty of our garden plot :
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made sunne-shine chase the storme.
After the which, to trie your constancie,
That now I see is worthy of your names,
We crau'd once more your helps for to inuest vs
Into the right that enuy sought to wracke.
Once was I not deposde, your former choice ;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded king ?
Your cheered action to install me so,
Inters assured witnesse of your lones,
And binds me ouer in a kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thanks the while, thanks lordings to you all :
Aske me and vse me, trie me and finde me yours.

Effex. A boone my lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your highnesse bids vs aske :
Please it you grant, you make your promise good,

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R

With

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

With lesser losse than one superfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

Iohn. My word is past, receiue your boone my lords,
What may it be? aske it, and it is yours.

Eff. We craue my lord, to please the commons with
The libertie of lady *Constance* sonne:
Whose durance darkeneth your highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Dismiss him thence, your highnesse needs not feare,
Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our king.

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good:
For simple people muse you keepe him close.

Ioh. Your words haue searcht the center of my thoughts,
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your consents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this?
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

There the fiue moones appeare.

Bast. See, see my lord, strange apparitions,
Glancing mine eie to see the diadem
Plac'd by the bishops on your highnesse head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine-like
Displaid it selfe, I suddainely espied
Fiue moones reflecting, as you see them now:
Euen in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
Can they appeare, holding the course you see.

Ioh. What might portend these apparitions,
Vnusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terrors to the world:
Beleeue me lords, the object feares me much.

Philip

OF KING IOHN.

Philip thou toldst me of a wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex. Before the ruines of *Ierusalem*,
Such meteors were the ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Bastard with the prophet.

John. Is this the man ?

Bast. It is my lord.

John. Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
That calculat'st of many things to come :
Who by a power repleat with heavenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy makers will.
If same be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these fiue moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see
Thy diuination take a true effect,
He honour thee above all earthly men.

Pet. The skie wherein these moones haue residence,
Presenteth *Rome* the great metropolis,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure prouinces,
To wit, *Spainie*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *France*,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding *Rome*,
And stand in feare to tempt the prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this island *Albion*,

R 2

Who

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Who gins to scorne the sea and seat of *Rome*,
And seekes to shunne the edicts of the pope :
This shoves the heauen, and this I doe auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.

Ioh. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the pope.
But for they chance in our meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime ?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said :
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere ascension day
Haue brought the sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of crowne, estate, and royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossess't.

Ioh. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies :
If it be true, die for thy tidings price ;
If false, for fearing me with vain suppose :
Hence with the witch, hels damned secretarie.
Locke him vp sure : for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the wizard shall not liue.
Before ascension day : who should be cause hereof ?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie serues to maime my selfe,
The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring vp,
I and my promise past for his deliu'rie :
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The brat shall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembroke and *Effex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare :
Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,

I loue

OF KING IOHN.

I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your highnesse strict command,
Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

Ioh. Why so, then he may feele the crown, but neuer see

Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the extream paine, (ir.
Within one houre gaue he vp the ghost.

Ioh. What is he dead?

Hub. He is my lord.

Ioh. Then with him dies my cares.

Essex. Now ioy betide thy foule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex. What haue you done my lord? was euer heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?

Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.

Vnkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,

To clip the beautie of so sweete a flower.

What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,

When kinsman dies without impeach of cause,

As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,

The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth.

Exeunt.

Ioh. And are you gone? the diuell be your guide:

Proud rebels as ye are, to braue me so:

Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.

Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,

That shall haue passage through your trayt'rous throats.

But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,

Lest time preuent the issue of thy reach.

Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

But while he liu'd, the danger was the more ;
 His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
 But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
 Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
 To whom the diuell owes an open shame :
 His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
 His death a frame to pull my building downe.
 My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
 Who liuing aimed shrewdly at my roome :
 But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
 Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
 And in my conscience lou'd me as their liege,
 In whose defence they would haue pawn'd their liues.
 But now they shun me as a serpents sting,
 A tragyke tyrant, sterne and pitileffe,
 And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
 But butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer.
 What planet gouern'd my natiuitie,
 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
 So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest ?
 Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
 Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care :
 Curst be my birth-day, curst ten times the wombe
 That yeelded me aliue into the world.
 Art thou there villaine, furies haunt thee still,
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why here's my lord your highnes hand and seale,
 Charging on liues regard to do the deed.

Iohn. Ah dull conceited pesant, knowst thou not
 It was a damned execrable deed ?
 Shewst me a seale ? oh villaine, both our soules

Have

OF KING IOHN.

Haue folde their freedome to the thrall of hell
Vnder the warrant of that cursed seale.
Hence villaine, hang thyselfe, and say in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hubert. My lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heauens health send Sathan packing hence
That instigates your highnesse to despaire.
If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth :
He liues my lord, the sweetest youth alieue,
In health, with eie sight, not a haire amisse.
This heart took vigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.

Ioan. What, liues he ! then sweete hope come home agen,
Chafe hence despaire, the purueyor for hell.
Hye *Hubert* tell these tidings to my lords
That throb in passions for yong *Arthurs* death :
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reueald
The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my selfe, the ioyfullst man alieue
To storie out this new supposed crime.

Exeunt.

The End of the First Part.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

TH E changelesse purpose of determinde fate
Giues period to our care, or hearts content,
When beau'ns fixt time for this or that bath end:
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie preuent
The doome ordained in their secret will.

Gentles, we left King Iohn repleate with blisse
That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine;
And Hubert posting to returne those lords,
Who deem'd him dead, and parted discontent:
Arthur himselfe begins our latter aet,
Our aet of outrage, desprate furie, death;
Whercin fond rashnesse murdreth first a prince,
And monkish falsenesse poyfneth last a king,
First scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,
And last concludes Iohns fatall tragedie.

The Second Part of the
Troublesome R A I G N E of
K I N G I O H N.

C O N T A I N I N G

The Entrance of LEWIS the *French* Kings Sonne:

W I T H T H E

Poysoning of King IOHN by a Monke.

Enter yong Arthur on the walls.

N O W help good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extremes :
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolute,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next :
Better desist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I ? nay, rather death than so :
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
He venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

*He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from his
his traunce, speakes thus ;*

Hoe, who is nigh ? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother ? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus ? speake hoe, where are you gone ?

Ay

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.
Sweete *Jesu* saue my soule, forgieue my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When shee shall heare my tragycke ouerthrowe.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunke,
I die I die, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee.

He diet.

Enter Pembroke, Salisburie, Essex.

Essex. My lords of *Pembroke* and of *Salisburie*,
We must be carefull in our policie,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer find the princes graue.

Pemb. My lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? lo lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the mornings blush,
Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

Salisb. O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex. Leauē childish teares braue lords of *England*,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobs would helpe, or sorows serue the turne,
My heart should volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootelesse were't to breath as many sighes
As might ecclipse the brightest sommers funne,

Here

OF KING JOHN.

Here rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
Giue hand and heart, and *Englishmen* to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wrēake vs of these harmes.

Pemb. The best aduice : but who comes posting here ?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble lords, I speake vnto you all,
The king entreats your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me,
For executing of his strict command.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death :
He craues your company my lords in haste,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,
Who is in health vnder my custody.

Essex. In health base villaine, were't not I leaue the crime
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs,
Here should'st thou perish on my rapiers point.
Call'st thou this health ? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hub. My lords, but heare me speake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong prince aliue,
Maugre the hastie edict of the king,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place :
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

Sal. Hence traytor hence, thy counsell is herein.

Exit Hu.

Some

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Some in this place appointed by the king,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Effex. How say you lords, shal we with speed dispatch
Vnder our hands a packet into *France*,
To bid the *Dolphin* enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.
Besides, the Pope, on peril of his curse,
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from *Rome*,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make vs all perseuer in this deed.

Pemb. My lord of *Effex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salisb. And *Salisbury* will not gaine say the same:
But aide that course as farre forth as he can.

Effex. Then each of vs send straight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterprife:
And let vs all yclad in palmers weed,
The tenth of *April* at *S. Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise.
Meane while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his months mind, and his obsequies
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb. The tenth of *April* at *S. Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Effex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence.

Exeunt.
Enter

OF KING IOHN.

Enter K. Iohn, with two or three, and the prophet.

Ioh. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery obiekt these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies this pratling prophet threats.
Tis come indeed : ah were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.
The diall tels me, it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the sunne from our meridian,
Vnto the moonest circle of th' *Antipodes*,
As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall prophecies,
Should with the prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*

Peter, vnsway thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of *England* here I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter King *Iohn*, although the time I haue prescrib'd
Be but twelue houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* shall not be king as heretofore.

Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so soone,
To set a king beside his regall seat?
My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,

Onely

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Onely my barons storme at *Arthurs* death,
But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
Were he dispatch'd vnto his longest home,
Then were the king secure of thousand foes.

Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my lords?

Hub. Hard newes my lord, *Arthur* the louely prince,
Seeking to escape ouer the castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the curfed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.

Ioh. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words
hang the prophet.

Away with *Peter*, villain out of my sight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.
Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I strined for a crowne,
I could haue well afforded to thine age,
Long life, and happinesse to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

Ioh. *Philip* what newes with thee?

Bast. The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

Ioh. There let him hang, and be the rauens food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in spite of prophecies.
But whats the tydings from the popelings now?
What say the monkes and priests to our proceedings?
Or where's the barons that so suddainely
Did leaue the king vpon a false surmise?

Bast.

OF KING JOHN.

Bast. The prelates storme and thirst for sharp reuenge:
But please your maiestie, were that the worst,
Is little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out by carefull speed,
Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.

Ioh. More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly say,
Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
To giue my crowne away to *Rome* or *France*;
Or will they each of them become a king?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bast. Not worse my lord, but euery whit as bad.
The nobles haue elected *Lewis* king,
In right of lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected euery houre,
The nobles, commons, clergie, all estates,
Incited chiefly by the cardinall,
Pandulph that lies here legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to see their new elected king.
And for vndoubted prooffe, see here my liege,
Letters to me from your nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder shew of fained holinesse,
Appoint their meeting at *S. Edmunds Burie*.
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The ouerthrowe and downefall of your state.

Ioh. Why so it must be: one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of passionate effects.
Why shines the funne to fauour this confort?
Why doe the winds not break their brazen gates,
And scatter all these periur'd complices,
With all their counsels, and their damned drifts?
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,

There's

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them ;
 The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
 Conspire with those confederates my decay.
 Then hell for me, if any power be there,
 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,
 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
 These traytors : oh that name is too good for them,
 And death is easie : is there nothing worse,
 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew ?
 What saist thou *Philip* ? why assists thou not ?

Bast. These curses (good my lord) fit not the season :
 Help must descend from heauen against this treason ?

Ioh. Nay thou wilt proue a traytor with the rest,
 Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Bast. I would be loath to leane your highnesse thus,
 Yet you command, and I, though grien'd, will goe.

Ioh. Ah *Philip*, whither go'st thou ? come againe.

Bast. My lord, these motions are as passions of a mad man.

Ioh. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
 My heart is maz'd, my fences all foredone.
 And *John* of *England* now is quite vndone.
 Was euer king as I oppress'd with cares ?
 Dame *Elianor* my noble mother queene,
 My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
 Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
 And I am interdicted by the pope,
 All churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,
 And for the pleasure of the *Romish* priest,
 The seruice of the highest is neglected,
 The multitude (a beast of many heads)
 Doe wish confusion to their soueraigne :
 The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
 Assemble powers to beate mine empire downe,

And

OF KING JOHN.

And more than this, elect a forrein king.
 O England, wert thou euer miserable,
 King *John* of England sees thee miserable :
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui.
Philip, as thou hast euer lou'd thy king,
 So show it now : post to *S. Edmunds Burie*,
 Dissemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
 Confound their diuellish plots, and damn'd deuises.
 Though *John* be faultie, yet let subiects beare,
 He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
 A mother though shee were vnnaturall,
 Is better than the kindest step-dame is :
 Let neuer *Englisbman* trust forraine rule.
 Then *Philip* shew thy fealty to thy king,
 And mongst the nobles plead thou for the king.

Bast. I goe my lord : see how he is distraught,
 This is the curst priest of *Italy*
 Hath heap'd these mischiefes on this haplesse land.
 Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullies* eloquence,
 Then might'st thou hope to plead with good successe.

Exit.

Ioh. And art thou gone ? successe may follow thee :
 Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to thy king.
 Sirra, in haste goe greet the cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the legat from the Pope.
 Say that the king desires to speake with him.
 Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maist resolue :
 And if thou wilt continue *Englands* king,
 Then cast about to keepe thy diadem ;
 For life and land, and all is leueld at.
 The pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cause,
 He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

From due obedience to their soueraigne :
 He animates the nobles in their warres,
 He giues away the crowne to *Philips sonne*,
 And pardons all that seeke to murder thee :
 And thus blind zeale is still predominant.
 Then *John* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
 But finely to dissemble with the pope :
 That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salve
 To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.
 Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
 T'abolish pope, and poperie from thy realme :
 But in thy seate, if I may guesse at all,
 A king shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
 Peace *John*, here comes the legate of the pope,
 Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou sai'st,
 Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now *John*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
 That do'st oppugne against thy mother church :
 Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe ?

John. Thou man of God, vicegerent for the pope,
 The holy vicar of *S. Peters* church,
 Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
 And doe submit me to the sea of *Rome*,
 And vow for penance of my high offence,
 To take on me the holy crosse of Christ,
 And carry armes in holy christian warres.

Pand. No *John*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
 Cannot deceiue the legate of the pope,
 Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee :
 Thy crowne and kingdome both are tane away,
 And thou art curst without redemption.

John

OF KING IOHN.

John. Accurst, indeede to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission,
Vnsheathe thy sword, and sleie the misprowd priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie king :
No *John*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For priests and women must be flattered.
Yet holy father thou thy selfe dost know,
No time too late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *John* doth sweare to do
The vttermost what euer thou demaundst.

Faulconbridge. *John*, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rewe and pittie thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of *Rome*
Thy crowne and diadem, then shall the pope
Defend thee from th'inuasion of thy foes.
And where his holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the king.

John. From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
Or giue my crowne for penance vnto *Rome* :
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, shall I giue my crowne with this right hand ?
No: with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
What newes with thee ?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your maiestie, there is descried on the coast of *Kent*
an hundred sayle of ships, which of all men is thought to be
the *French* fleet, vnder the conduct of the *Dolphin*, so that it

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

puts the countrey in a mutiny, so they send to your grace for succour.

K. Ioh. How now lord Cardinal, what's your best aduise?
These mutinies must be allaid in time,
By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O Iohn, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when kings are griued so,
The vulgar sort worke princes ouerthrowe.

Card. K. Iohn, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the church,
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

Ioh. On *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My realme shall flourish, and my crowne in peace.

*Enter the nobles, Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe,
Clare, with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet *S. Edmund* holy faint in heauen,
Whose shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
Infuze a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procur'd.

Bewch. The *L. Fitz Water*, *L. Percie*, and *L. Rosse*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.

Essex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord *Eustauce*, *Vesey*, lord *Cressy*, and lord *Mowbray*,
Appointed meeting at *S. Edmunds* shrine.

Pemb.

OF KING IOHN.

Pemb. Vntill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy christian acts,
That venture for the purchasse of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex. Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with swift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.

Pemb. With swift vnwoonted gate, see what a thing is
zeale,
That spurs them on with seruence to this shrine,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent :
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That sweat in body by the minds disease :
Hap and harts-ease braue lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Philip, &c.

Amen my lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a christian cause.

Essex. Cheerely repli'd braue branch of kingly stocke,
A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
But silence lords, attend our commings cause :
The seruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On strong instinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,
To ease our neckes of seruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barren in conceipt,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane ?
But lest enigma's shadow shining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
The effect of this resort importeth this,
To root and cleane extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,
 If any here that loues him, and I aske,
 What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,
 Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
 First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment:
 For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,
 Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
 But were this all, the diuell should be sau'd,
 But this the least of many thousand faults,
 That circumstance with leisure might display.
 Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
 Which now in presence, but for some great cause
 Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
 But shall I close the period with an act
 Abhorring in the eares of christian men,
 His cousins death, that sweet vnguiltie child,
 Vntimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
 Here are my proofes, as cleere as grauel brooke,
 And on the same I further must inferre,
 That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
 Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
 To shew the which, is yet to be describ'd.
 My lord of *Pembrooke*, shewe what is behinde,
 Onely I say, that were there nothing else
 To mooue vs, but the popes most dreadfull curse,
 Whereof we are assured, if we faile,
 It were enough to instigate vs all,
 With earnestnesse of sprite, to seeke a meane
 To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my lord of *Effex* told his tale,
 Which I auerre for most substantiall truth,
 And more to make the matter to our minde,
 I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,

Hath

OF KING IOHN.

Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our *Englisb* crowne.
Short tale to make, the sea apostolike,
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.
If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the vsurpers roome :
This is the cause of all our presence here,
That on the holy altar we protest,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
What say you lords ?

Salis. As *Pembrooke* saith, affirmeth *Salisburie* :
Faure *Lewis* of *France* that spoused lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled strength
To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne :
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inuest him as we may deuise,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants stead :
And so the warrant on the altar fworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bast. My lord of *Salisburie*, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beseeme in such a waightie worke,
But what my conscience and my duty will,
I purpose to impart.
For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade :
For any priuate causes that you haue,
Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a king in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, *K. Iohn* was innocent,

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

He desperate was the deathsmā to himselfe,
 Which you, to make a colour to your crime, unjustly do im-
 pute to his default,
 But wher fel traitorisme hath residēce,
 There wants no words to set despight on worke.
 I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
 To wrest such petty wrongs in tearms of right,
 Against a king annointed by the lord.
 Why *Salsburie*, admit the wrongs are true,
 Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
 And rob the heauens of their proper power,
 Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.
 And doth a pope, a priest, a man of pride,
 Giue charters for the liues of lawfull kings?
 What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
 But such as giue to man, and take from God?
 I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
 There's not a man that dies in your beleeefe,
 But fels his soule perpetually to paine.
 Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, please hell,
 Make hauocke of the welfare of your soules,
 For here I leaue you in the sight of heauen,
 A troope of traytors, food for hellish fiends;
 If you desist, then follow me as friends,
 If not, then doe your worst, as hatefull traytors.
 For *Lewis* his right, alasse tis too too lame,
 A senslesse claime, if truth be titles friend.
 In brieft, if this be cause of our resort,
 Our pilgrimage is to the diuels shrine.
 I came not lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
 Nor will I counsell in so bad a cause:
 Please you returne, we goe againe as friends,
 If not, I to my king, and you where traytors please

Exit.
Percie.

OF KING IOHN.

Percie. A hot yong man, and so my lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better lost than found.

Pemb. What say you lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare vpon the altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to *Le.* and enemy to *Iohn*?
Every man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord.

Wel then, euery man to armes to meet the king,
Who is already before *London*.

Enter Messenger.

Pemb. What newes herauld?

The right christian prince my master, *Lewis* of *France*, is
at hand, comming to visit your honours, directed hither by
the right honourable *Richard* earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with
your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his highnesse?

Mes. Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewis, earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lew. Faire lords of *England*, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and firme wel-willers of his weale
At whose request, from plentie flowing *France*,
Crossing the ocean with a southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your fauours profferd him.
But worlds braue men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured boundes,

With

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
 Your citie *Rochester*, with great applause,
 By some diuine instinct laid armes aside:
 And from the hollow holes of *Thamesis*,
 Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive la Roy*.
 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
 To *Troynouant*, your faire metropolis,
 With lucke came *Lewis*, to shew his troupes of *France*,
 Wauing our ensignes with the dallying winds,
 The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
 Where after some assault, and small defence,
 Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
 Within the compasse of their high built wals,
 Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish.
 Thus fortune (lords) acts to your forwardnesse,
 Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieve:
 And may I liue but to requite you all,
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

Salif. Welcom the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
 The soueraigne medicine for our quicke recure,
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
 Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
 Without the which, as sheepe without their heird,
 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
 No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
 We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lew. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
 A holy knot of catholike consent.
 I cannot name you lordings, man by man,
 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,
 In generall I promise faithfull loue:

Lord

OF KING JOHN.

Lord Bigot brought me to S. Edmunds shrine,
Giuing me warrant of a christian oath,
That this assembly came deuoted here,
To sweare according as your packets show'd,
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
I need not doubt the suretie of your wils,
Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
The townes haue yeelded on their own accords:
Yet for a fashon, not for misbeleefe,
My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare
Your oath vpon the holy altar sworne,
And after march, to end our commings cause.

Sais. That we intend no other than good truth,
All that are present of this holy league,
For confirmation of our better trust,
In presence of his highnesse, sweare with me,
The sequel that my selfe shall vtter here.

I Thomas Plantaginet, earle of Salisburie, sweare vpon the
altar, and by the holy army of saints, homage and allegiance
to the right christian prince Lewis of France, as true and
rightfull king to England, Cornewall, and Wales, and to their
territories: in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy altar
sweare all forwardnesse.

All the Eng. Lo. sweare.

As the noble earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lew. I rest assured on your holy oath,
And on this altar in like sort I sweare
Loue to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils vnto the full.
And since I am at this religious shrine,
My good wel-willers giue vs leaue a while,
To vse some orizons our selues apart,
To all the holy company of heauen,
That they will smile vpon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Sais.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Sal. We leaue your highnesse to your good intent

Exeunt lords of England.

Lew. Now vicount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
Trust me these traytors to their soueraigne state,
Are not to be beleeu'd in any fort.

Meloun. Indeed my lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the rebels gainst their natie king,
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
If euer opportunitie incite them so:
For once forsworne, and neuer after found,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lew. Well *Meloun*, wel, let's smoothe with thē awhile,
Vntill we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'l vse them as a pretious poyson,
To vndertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lo. Tis policy (my lord) to baite our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much weight:
But when your highnesse needeth them no more.
Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede
They prooue to you as to their naturall king.

Melun. Trust mee my lord, right well haue you aduise,
Venome for vse, but neuer for a sport
Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.
Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall:
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewes. That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same altar, and by heauens power,
Theres not an *Englisb* traitor of them all,
Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire *Englands* king,
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:

Nor

OF KING JOHN.

Nor shall their heires inioy their seigniories,
But perish by their parents foule amisse.
This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me.

The French lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
A smile of *Fraunce* will feed an *Englisb* foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
But in the heart like traitors as they are.

Enter the English lords.

Now famous followers, chiefetaines of the world,
Haue we sollicitd with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the tyrant from his chieftest hold:
And when our labours haue a prosprou end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolu'd, braue followers let vs hence.

Enter K. Iohn, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many priests with them.

Thus *Iohn*, thou art absolv'd from all thy sinnes,
And freed by order from our fathers curse.
Receiue thy crowne againe, with this prouiso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

Iohn. I holde the same as tenant to the pope,
And thanke your holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.

Philp. A proper iest, when kings must stoop to friers,
Need hath no law, when friers must be kings.

Enter

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Enter a messenger

Mess. Please it your maiestie, the prince of *France*,
With all the nobles of your graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they set their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Douer* castle, which is hard besieg'd.

Pan. Feare not king *John*, thy kingdome is the popes,
And they shall know his holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

*Drums and trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Salisbury,
Essex, Pembroke, and all the nobles from Fraunce and
England.*

Lewes. *Pandulph*, as gaue his holinesse in charge,
So hath the *Dolphin* mustred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this land.
But ill becomes your grace lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with *John* that is accurst.

Pand. *Lewes* of *France*, victorior conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my lord, K. *John* is now absolu'd,
The Pope is pleasde, the land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the pope would wish thee doe.

Lewes. But all's not done that *Lewes* came to do,
Why *Pandulph*, hath king *Philip* sent his sonne
And beene at such excessiue charge in warres,

To

OF KING IOHN.

To be dismiss'd with words? king *John* shall know,
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

Pand. *Lewes*, I charge thee and thy complices
 Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,
 That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
 And yeeld vp *London* and the neighbour townes
 That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Melun. Lord Cardinall, by *Lewes* princely leaue,
 It can be nought but vsurpation
 In thee, the pope, and all the church of *Rome*,
 Thus to insult on kings of *Christendome*,
 Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
 Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
 This must not be: prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
 Let pope and popelings curse their bellies full.

Bast. My lord of *Melun*, what title had the prince
 To *England* and the crowne of *Albion*,
 But such a title as the pope confirm'd:
 The prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the pope,
 Then must the *Dolphin* cease, sith he hath ceast:
 But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
 If you my lords and barons of the land
 Will leaue the *French*, and cleaue vnto our king.
 For shame yee peeres of *England* suffer not
 Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:
 But with resolu'd thoughts beate backe the *French*,
 And free the land from yoke of seruitude.

Salisbury. *Philip*, not so, lord *Lewes* is our king,
 And wee will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
 I curse the prince and all that take his part,

And

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

And excommunicate the rebell peeres
As traitors to the king and to the pope.

Lew. Pandulph, our swords shall blesse our selues agen :
Prepare thee *John*, lords follow me your king. *Exeunt.*

John. Accursed *John*, the diuell owes thee shame,
Resisting *Rome*, or yeelding to the pope, all's one.
The diuell take the pope, the peeres, and *Fraunce* :
Shame be my share for yeelding to the priest.

Pand. Comfort thy selfe king *John*, the cardnall goes
Vpon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*

Bastard. Comfort my lord, and curse the cardinall,
Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
To answer *Lewes* with a lustie shocke :
The *Englisb* archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push :
Good cheere my lord, king *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the *Englisbmen* at armes.

John. *Philip* I know not how to answer thee :
But let vs hence, to answer *Lewes* pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun with English lords.

Mel. O I am slaine, nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me : for what I say
Concerns the peeres of *England*, and their state.
Listen, braue lords, a fearefull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prison house ?
Lifes charter (lordings) lasteth not an houre :
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue physicke to a sickely soule.

O peeres

OF KING IOHN.

O peeres of *England*, know you what you do?
 There's but a haire that funders you from harme,
 The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
 And simply you runne doating to your deaths.
 But lest I die, and leaue my tale vntolde,
 With silence slaughtering so braue a crew.
 This I auerre, if *Lewes* winne the day,
 There's not an *Englisbman* that lifts his hand
 Against king *John* to plant the heire of *France*,
 But is already damnd to cruell death.
 I heard it vow'd; my selfe amongst the rest
 Swore on the altar aide to this edict.
 Two causes lords, makes me display this drift,
 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
 That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt:
 The other on a naturall instinct,
 For that my grandfire was an *Englisbman*.
 Misdoubt not lords the truth of my discourse,
 No frensie, nor no brainsicke idle fit,
 But well aduise, and wotting what I say,
 Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
 That nothing is discovered but a truth.
 Tis time to flie, submit your selues to *John*,
 The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,
 Lift vp your swords, turne face against the *French*,
 Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
 Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
 Your scate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,
 That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
 Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
 Preferue your lambes and beate away the wolfe.
 My soule hath said, contritions penitence
 Laies hold on mans redemption for my sinne.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Farewell my lords ; witnesse my faith when we are met in
heauen,

And for my kindnesse giue me grane roome here.

My soule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Salf. Now ioy betide thy soule well-meāhing man,
How now my lords, what cooling carde is this ?

A greater griefe growes now than earst hath beene.

What counsell giue you, shall we stay and die ?

Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the king.

Pemb. My heart misgaue this sad accursed newes :

What haue we done ? fie lords, what frensie moued

Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce* ?

If we perseuer, we are sure to die :

If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salsb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,

That made vs wretched with his dying tale,

And stand not wayling on our present harmes,

As women wont : but seeke our harmes redresse.

As for my selfe, I will in haste be gone :

And kneele for pardon to our soueraigne *Iohn*.

Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,

Than to the *French* that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter king Iohn carried betweene two lords.

Iohn. Set downe, set downe the loade not woorth your
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe : (paine,

Sickely and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,

The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it :

It loathes I liue, I liue and loathe my selfe.

Who pities me ? to whom haue I beene kinde ?

But to a few ; a few will pitie me.

Why die I not ? death scornes so vilde a prey.

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.

F sue

OF KING IOHN.

I ſue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neere the neere,
Ymixt with death, bidding I wot not where.

Phil. How fares my lord, that he is carried thus?
Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befallne,
Made ſuch impreſſion of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiect moouing more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty king,
Borne by his lords in ſuch diſtreſſed ſtate.

Iob. What newes with thee? if bad, report it ſtraight:
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phil. Such as it is, and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggrauate the reſt,
Another moane to make the meaſure full.
The braueſt bow-man had not yet ſent forth
Two arrowes from the quiver at his ſide,
But that a rumor went throughout our campe,
That *Iohn* was fled, the king had left the field.
At laſt the rumor ſcal'd theſe cares of mine,
Who rather choſe as ſacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominious ſcandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of *Troy*
His weary followers againſt the *Mermidons*,
Crying aloud, *S. George*, the day is ours.
But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the lambe before the greedie wolfe,
So heartleſſe fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, my ſelfe amongſt the reſt,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had ſhadowed all the earth,

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
And fenc'd vs from the furie of the *French*,
As *Io* from the iealous *Iuno*s eie,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Passing the washes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And swallowed vp the most of all our men,
My selfe vpon a galloway right free, well pac'd,
Out stript the foulds that followed waue by waue,
I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

John. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any so infortunate,
The right idea of a cursed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to *Sminstead*, tell me, do you know?
Present vnto the abbot word of my repaire.
My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnlesse this feuer leaue me.

Philip. Good cheere my lord, the abbey is at hand,
Behold my lord, the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the abbot and certaine monkes.

Abb. All health and happines to our foueraigne lord the
king.

John. Nor health nor happines hath *John* at all.
Say abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abbot. Such welcome as our abbey can afford,
Your maiestie shall be assured of.

Philip. The king thou see'st is weake and very faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his grace?

Abb.

OF KING IOHN.

Abb. Good store my lord, of that you need not feare,
For *Lincolneshire*, and these our abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

John. *Philip*, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
Nor king nor lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,
The friers fasten on it strait :
But let vs in to taste of their repast,
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to such abbey groomes.

Exeunt.

Manet the monke.

Monke. Is this the king that neuer lou'd a frier ?
Is this the man that doth contemne the pope ?
Is this the man that rob'd the holy church ?
And yet will flie vnto a friory ?
Is this the king that aymes at abbeis lands ?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie vnto a friorie ?
Accurst be *Swinstead* abbey, abbot, friers,
Monkes, nunnes, and clarks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked *John* escape alieue away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
And be canonized for a holy faint :
To please the world with a deseruing worke,
Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,
And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the king ?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke. What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe ?

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Abbot. What, at thy *Mumpsimus*? away,
And seeke some meanes for to pastime the king.

Monke. Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot. Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke. Ile poyson him, and it shall ne'r be knowne,
And then shall I be chiefeft of my house.

Abbot. If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the monke is mad,
And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Mon. My L. I cry your lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot. Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou
shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

Monke. I murder you! God shield from such a thought.

Abbot. If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

Monke. I will not hurt your lordship good my lord: but if
you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs
all.

Abbot. Wilt thou not hurt me holy monke? say on.

Monke. You know my lord, the king is in our house.

Abbot. True.

Monke. You know likewise the king abhorres a frier.

Abbot. True.

Monke. And he that loues not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot. Thou saist true.

Monke. Then the king is our enemy.

Abbot. True.

Mon. Why then should we not kil our enemy, and the
king being our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.

Abbot. O blessed monke! I see God moues thy minde to
free this land from tyrants slavery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Mon.

OF KING IOHN.

Mon. Who dare? why I my lord dare do the deed,
He free my countrey and the church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a king.

Abbot. *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolu'd,
I will absolue thee here from all thy sinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our friers shall singe a masse for *Thomas* soule.

Mon. God and *S. Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my lord I goe about my worke.

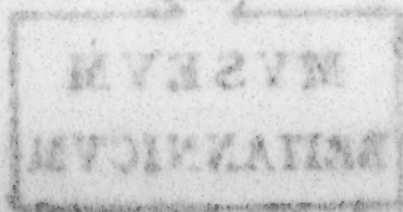
Exeunt.

Enter Lewes and his armie.

Lewes. Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Lodowike*,
The *Englisbmen* as danted at our sight,
Fall as the fowle before the eagles eies,
Onely two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vex me with vnrest.
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my soule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
The other griefe, I that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* castle should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus* *Hectors* sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *John*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We haue the face of all the *Englisb* lords,
What then remaines but ouerrunne the land?
Be resolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune serue as shee begins,
The poorest pefant of the realme of *France*
Shal be a master ore an *Englisb* lord.

T 4

Enter



THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Enter a messenger.

Lewes. Fellow, what newes?

Mess. Pleaseth your grace, the earle of *Salisbury*, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodaine fled with all their powers, to ioine with *John*, to driue thee backe againe.

Enter another messenger.

Messen. *Lewes* my lord, why standst thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
Containing twenty thousand souldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callis* in vnluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another messenger.

Lewes. More newes? say on.

Messen. *John* (my lord) with all his scattered troupes,
Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As *Pharaoh* earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* washes all were ouerwhelmed,
The barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes. Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

Messenger. Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *John* and all his forces are consumde.
The lesse thou needst the aid of *Englisb* earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy nauies wracke,
And follow times aduantage with successe.

Lewes. Braue *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewes*, who will leade you on

To



OF KING IOHN.

To chase the barons power that wants a head,
For *John* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* king.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of *Fraunce* will send vs fresh supplies.

Excunt.

Enter two friers laying a cloth.

Frier. Dispatch, dispatch, the king desires to eate,
Would a might eate his last for the loue he bears to church
men.

Frier. I am of thy mind too, and so it should be and we
might be our owne caruers.

I maruell why they dine here in the orchard.

Frier. I know not, nor I care not. The king comes.

John. Come on lord *Abbot*, shall we sit together?

Abbot. Pleaseth your grace sit downe.

John. Take your places firs, no pomp in penury, all beg-
gers and friends may come, where necessitie keepes the house,
cortesie is barr'd the table, sit downe *Philip*.

Bast. My lord, I am loth to allude so much to the pro-
verb, honors change maners: a king is king, though fortune
do her worst, and we as dutifull in despite of her frown, as
if your highnes were now in the highest tipe of dignitie.

John. Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dig-
nity, you'l marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow.

What cheere lord *Abbot*, me thinks ye frown like an host that
knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning;

Abbot. No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this
cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your ma-
iestie.

Bast. I thinke rather, my lord *Abbot*, you remember my
last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and
the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to
shew he hath not forgot me.

Abb.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Abb. Not so my lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maiesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke. Waffell my liege, and as a poore monke may say, welcome to *Swinstead*.

Iohn. Begin monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a king.

Monke. As much health to your highnesse as to mine owne heart.

Iohn. I pledge thee kind monke.

Monke. The merriest draught that euer was drunke in *England*.

Am I not too bold with your highnesse ?

Iohn. Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any prooffe : why so it workes.

Iohn. Stay *Philip*, where's the monke ?

Bastard. He is dead my lord.

Iohn. Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Ba. What cheere my liege ? your collor gins to change.

Iohn. So doth my life : O *Philip*, I am poison'd.

The monke, the diuell, the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a king from raigne.

Bast. This abbot hath an interest in this act.

At all aduentures take thou that from me.

There lie the abbot, abbey, lubber, diuell.

March with the monke vnto the gates of hell.

How fares my lord ?

Iohn. *Philip*, some drinke, oh for the frozen *Alpes*,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seuen-fold hote.
To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with faint resist

The

OF KING IOHN.

The fierce inuade of him that conquers kings,
Helpe God, O paine! die *Iohn*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous finnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a graue,
My legges disdaine the carriage of a king.

Bast. A good my liege, with patience conquer grieve,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

Iohn. Me thinks I see a catalogue of sinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heauen.
Me thinks the diuell whispers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I must be damn'd for *Arthurs* sodaine death,
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God
That will forgine the number of my finnes.
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse?
What haue I lou'd, but wracke of others weale?
Where haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well?
How, what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,
That tended not to some notorious ill.
My life replete with rage and tyrannie,
Craves little pittie for so strange a death.
Or, who will say that *Iohn* decausde too soone?
Who will not say, he rather liu'd too long.
Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
And shame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the *French*,
And didd not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bast.

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Bast. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on *Christ*, who is your latest friend.

John. My tongue doth falter : *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *John* did yeeld vnto the priest of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his haue prospered on the earth :
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I crie vnto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall build the lord a house,
Or roote these locusts from the face of earth :
But if my dying heart deceiue me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treads downe the strumpets pride,
That sits vpon the chaire of *Babylon*.

Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of *Jesu* *John* doth die.

Bastard. See how he strives for life, vnhappy lord,
Whose bowels are diuided in themselves.
This is the fruit of poperie, when true kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by monkes and friers.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace, the barons of the land,
Which all this while bare armes against the king,
Conducted by the legate of the Pope,
Together with the prince his highnesse sonne,
Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the king.

Bast. Your sonne, my lord, young *Henry* craues to see
Your maiestie, and brings with him beside
The barons that revolted from your grace.

O piercing

OF KING IOHN.

O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile: lift vp your selfe my lord,
And see the prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the barons with daggers in their hands.

Prince. O let me see my father ere he die:
O vncle, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poyfned by a damned monke?
Ah he is dead, father, sweet father speake.

Bastard. His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph. Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying king,
With sight of these his nobles kneeling here.
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence.
Then good my lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

Salis. We humbly thanke your royall maiestie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her king:
And in the sight of *Iohn* our soueraigne lord,
In spite of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers sted.

Henry. Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke on mee.

Legat. K. *Iohn*, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diest the seruant of the lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
Thou diedst the seruant of our sauiour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy foule: what noife is this?

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Help lords, the *Dolphin* maketh hitherward
With ensignes of defiance in the winde,

And

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders will commaund.

Bast. Let's arme our selues in yong K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.

Legate. *Philip* not so, but I will to the prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Bast. Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.

King. Sweet vncke, if thou loue thy foueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinstead* abbey stand,
But pull the house about the friers eares :
For they haue kill'd my father and my king.

Exeunt.

A parley founded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, &c.

Pand. *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry* *Englands* king
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathlesse trunk in presence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his fathers roome.

Henry. *Lewes*, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answere; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword :
I tell thee *Delphin*, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the barons cleaue vnto their king,
And what thou hast in *England* they did get.

Lewes. *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefeft enimie to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.

Pat

OF KING IOHN.

But *Salsbury*, and you barons of the realme,
This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* altare lately fware.

Salf. Nor did the oath your highnesse there did take
Agree with honour of the prince of *Fraunce*.

Bast. My lord, what answer make you to the king?

Dolphin. Faith *Philip* this I say: it bootes not me,
Nor any prince, nor power of *Christendome*
To seeke to win this iland *Albion*,
Vnlesse he haue a partie in the realme
By treason for to help him in his warres.
The peeres which were the partie on my side,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the realme.

Henry. On what conditions will your highnes yeeld?

Lew. That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Bast. Then kings and princes, let these broils haue end,
And at more leifure talke vpon the league.
Meane while to *Worster* let vs beare the king,
And there interre his bodie, as befeemes.
But first, in sight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawfull king.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are closed with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within it selfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her state.
Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to *Fraunce*,
For neuer *Frenchman* got of *Englisb* ground.

The

THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE, &c.

The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worster* we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your foueraigne
With obsequies of honour to his graue:
If *Englands* peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor pope, nor *France*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

F I N I S.

At Londo
fold at

The TRAGEDIE of
King Richard the Second:

W I T H

New Additions of the Parliament Sceane,

A N D T H E

Deposing of King *R I C H A R D*.

As it hath been lately acted by the
Kinges MAIESTIES Seruants, at
the *Globe*.

By WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.



At *London*, printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be
sold at his Shop in *Paules Church-yard*, at the
Signe of the *Foxe*. 1615.

✍ This Play has been collated with the first Edition printed in 1598 for *Andrew Wise*, and with another in 1634 for *John Norton*: There is an intermediate Edition in 1608 *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, but I have not been so lucky as to meet with it.

The Division of the Acts and Scenes is taken entirely from the Edition in 1634, before which time none appears to have been made.

The TRAGEDIE of
King RICHARD the Second.

*Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other nobles
and attendants*.*

King Richard.

OLDE Iohn of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeal
Which then our leisure would not let vs here,
Against the duke of Norfolke, *Tho: Mow* †.

Gaunt. I haue my liege.

King. Tell me moreouer hast thou founded him
If he appeale the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger scene in him,
Aimde at your highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused freely speake:
His stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happie daies befall
My gracious soueraigne, my most louing liege,

* *Actus primus. Scena prima.* † *Thomas Mowbray.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde *in* † immortall title to your crowne.

King. We thanke you both : yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Coosin of *Hereford*, what dost thou obiekt
Against the duke of *Norfolke Thomas Mowbray* ?

Bul. First (heauen be the record to § my speech)
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other milbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to *this* || princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turne to thee ;
And marke my greeting well : for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.
Thou art a traitour, and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue *
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglier seeme the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name stufte I thy throate.
And wish (so please my foucraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawne sword may proue.

Mow. Let not my *cold* * words here accuse my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine :
The blood is hot that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht and nought at all to say.

† an § of || his * coole

Fust

RICHARD THE SECOND.

First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbs me,
 From giuing reynes and spurs to my free speech,
 Which *else* † would post vntill it had returnd
 These tearmes of treason *doubled* * downe his throat;
 Setting aside his high bloods royalty:
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I doe defie him, and spit at him;
 Call him a slaunderous coward and a villaine:
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
 And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
 Euen to the frozen ridges of the *Alpes*,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where euer *English* man durst set his foote.
 Meane time, let this defend my *loyaltie* ‡,
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a king,
 And lay aside my high bloods royaltie;
 Which feare, not reutrence makes *thee* § to except.
 If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
 As to take vp mine honors pawne, then stoope:
 By that, and all the *rites* || of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
 What I haue *spoke*, or what thou †† canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 He answere thee in any faire degree:
 Or chiuallrous designe of knightly triall.
 And when I mount *aliue* §§, aliue may I not light,
 If I be traitour, or vniustly fight.

† *once* * *doubly* ‡ *royalty* § *me* || *rights* †† *spoken or shew* §§ *aliue omitted*
 U 3 King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. What doth our cosin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall prooue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiud eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings, for your highnesse souldiours:
The which he hath detaind for leawd imployments,
Like a false traitour and iniurious villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or heere, or else where, to the furthest verge
That euer was surueyed by *Englisb* eye,
That all the treasons *for* * these eightene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray*, their first head and spring:
Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the duke of *Glosters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduerfaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood.
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and cares;
Where he *my* * brother; nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but *my* * fathers brothers sonne,
Now by † scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect *Mowbray*, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Callice*,
Disburst I to his highnesse souldiers;
The other part referu'd I, by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For *Glocesters* death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once *did I* § lay an ambush for your life;
A trespassse that doth vexee my griued soule:
Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeald,
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour;
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe *the* †† gage,

* our † by my § I did †† my

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Vpon this ouerweening traitors foote,
To prooue my felfe a loyall gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chambred in *your* † bosome:
In hast whereof, most hartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we prescribe, though no phisition:
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision:
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our doctors say, this is no *month* § to bleed:
Good vnckle, let this end where it begunne;
Weele calme the duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, shall become my age:
Throw downe (my sonne) the duke of *Norfolks* gage.

King. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My felfe I throw (dread foueraigne) at thy foote
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame:
The one my dutie owes; but my faire name,
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonors vse, thou shalt not haue:
I am disgrast, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierst to the soule with slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breathd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage; lions make leopards tame.

† his § time

Mow.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare lord.
The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away;
Men are but gilded loame, and † painted clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coofin, throw vp § your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O God || defend my soule from such deepe * sinne,
Shall I seeme crest-fallen in my fathers fight?
Or with pale *begger-face* §§ impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a *parlee*, †† my teeth shall teare
The flauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit in bleeding in *his* ‡ high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbraies* face|||.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your *life* ** shall answere it)
At *Countrie* vpon faint *Lambards* day:
There shall your swords and launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the victors chiuallrie.

† or § donec || heauen * soule §§ beggar-feare †† parle ‡ this
||| Exit Gaunt. ** liues

Lord

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Lord marshall, command our officers at armes,
Be readie to direct these home *all armes* *.

Exit. †

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Woodstocks* § blood,
Doth more solícite me, then your exclames,
To stirre against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
But wee our quarrell to the will of heauen ;
Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

Dutchesse. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire ?
Edwards seauen sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,
Were || seauen viols of his sacred blood,
Or seauen faire branches springing from one roote :
Some of those seauen are dried by natures course ;
Some of those branches by the destenies cut :
But *Thomas* my deare lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
One viol full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is craft, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded §§
By enuies hand, and murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall ; that selfe mould that fashioned thee,
Made him a man : and though thou liuest and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him ; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

* *armes*

† *Scena secunda.*

§ *Glosters* || *were as, where are*

§§ *faded*
Who

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Who was the modell of thy fathers life :
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is dispaire,
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtred ;
 Thou shewest the naked path-way to thy life,
 Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in meane men we intitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breastes.
 What shall I say ? to safegard thine owne life,
 The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

Gaunt. Gods * is the quarrell, for Gods* substitute,
 His deputie annoynted in his sight,
 Hath cauld his death ; the which if wrongfully,
 Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift
 An angrie arme against his minister.

Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe ?

Gaunt. To God, † the widowes champion and § defence.

Dut. Why then I will : farewell old *Gaunt*,
 Thou goest to *Couentrie*, there to behold
 Our coosin *Herford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
 O set || my husbands wrong on *Herfords* speare,
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbrayes* breast.
 Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
 Be *Mowbraies* sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
 That they may breake his foming coursers backe,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caytiffe recreant to my coosin *Herford*.
 Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife,
 With her companion, grieve must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to *Couentrie* :
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

* Heavens † Heaven § to || for

Dutch.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Dutch. Yet one word more; grieve boundeth where it falls
 Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
 I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:
 Commend me to my brother *Edmund* † *Yorke*;
 Loe this is all: nay yet depart not so,
 Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
 I shall remember more: bidd him, ah what?
 With all good speed at *Plasbie* § visite me.
 Alacke and what shall good old *Yorke* there see,
 But emptie lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,
 Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones;
 And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
 To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;
 Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
 The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*||

Enter the lord Marshall and the duke Aumerle.

Mar. My lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* armed?

Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of *Norfolke* sprightly and bold,
 Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepard, and stay
 For nothing but his maiesties approach.*

*The trumpets sound, and the king enters with his nobles: when
 they are set, enter the duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King. Marshall, demaund of yonder champion,
 The cause of his arriuall heere in armes,

† *Edward* § *Plasbie* ¶ *Scena tertia* * *Enter king, Count, Bussy,
 Bagot, Greene and others, then Moubray in armor, and Harrold.*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the kings, say who thou art,
And why thou comcest thus knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy knight-hood, and thy oath,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which *God* * defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my king, and my † succeeding issue,
Against the duke of *Herford* that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A traytor to my God, my king, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.‡

The trumpets sound, enter duke of Herford appellant in armour.

King. Marshall, aske yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated || in habiliments of warre,
And formerly §, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore comst thou hither
Before king *Richard* in his royall lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do stand in armes,
To proue by Gods ** grace, and my bodies valour

* *Heaven* † *his* ‡ *Tucket. Enter Herford and Harold* || *placed*
§ *formally* ** *Heavens*

In

THE TRAGEDIE OF

In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norfolke*,
That he is a traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, king *Richard*, and to me :
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshall, and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord marshall, let me kisse my soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his maiestie,
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The appellant in all dutie greets your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. We will descend and folde him in our armes.
Coosin of *Herford*, as thy cause is right †,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight :
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou ihead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorgde ‡ with *Mowbraies* speare :
As confident as is the falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing lord I take my leaue of you :
Of you (my noble coosin) lord *Aumerle*,
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheereely drawing breath.
Loe, as at *Englisb* feasts so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

† *just* ‡ *gorde*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Oh thou the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a * victorie aboue my head,
Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Euen in the lustie haniour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God †, in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy *aduerse* ‡ pernicious enemy,
Rowle vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocēce and faint *George* to thrive.

Mow. How euer God || or fortune cast my lotte,
There *lies* § or dies true to king *Richards* throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroled enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing foule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.
Most mightie liege, and my companion peeres,
Take from my youth the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle and as iocond as to leest,
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewell (my lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valor couched in thine eie,
Order the triall marshall, and begiane.

* at † Heaven ‡ amaz'd || Heaven § liues

Mar.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie,
Receiue thy launce, and God * defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, amen.

Mar. Go beare this launce to *Thomas D. of Norfolk,*

† *Herald.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie,
Stands heere, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,

To proue the duke of *Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,*
A traytor to his God, his king, and him.
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

† *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk,*
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin ||.

Mar. Sound trumpets, and set forth § combatants:
Stay, the king hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these dukes what we decree **.
Draw neere and list.

What with our counsell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deare blood which it hath been fostered ††:
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours sword:

* Heaven † 1 herald ‡ 2 herald § a charge sounded
§ forward ** a long flourish †† hath fostered

* An
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And the
Shall po
King.
Which I
The flie
The date
The hop
Breath I
Mow.
And all v
A dearer
As to be
Haue I de
The lang
* These
VOL. II

RICHARD THE SECOND.

* And for we thinke the eagle-winged pride,
 Of flie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
 With riual-hating enuie set on you,
 To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
 Drawes the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe,
 Which so rouzd vp with boystrous vtunde drummes,
 With harsh resoounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
 And grating shocke of wrathfull yron armes,
 Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
 And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood :
 Therefore we banish you our territories.
 You coosin *Herford*, vpon paine of life †,
 Till twice fise summers haue enricht our field,
 Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
 But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
 That sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me,
 And those his golden beames *unto* ‡ you heere lent,
 Shall point on me, and guild my banishment.

King. *Norfolke*, for thee remains a heauier doome,
 Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
 The flie slow howres shall not determinate
 The datelesse limit of thy deare exile :
 The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
 Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie sentence, my most foueraigne liege,
 And all vnlookt for from your highnesse mouth,
 A dearer merit, not so deepe a mayme,
 As to be cast foorth in the common ayre,
 Haue I deserued at your highnesse hands :
 The language I haue learnd these fortie yeares,

* These five lines are omitted in one of the Copies.

† *death*

‡ *to*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

My native *English* now I must forgoe,
 And now my tongues vse is to me no more
 Than an vnstringed violle or a harpe,
 Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie.
 Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
 Doubly *percullist* * with my teeth and lippes,
 And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
 Is made my iayler to attend on me :
 I am too old to fawne vppon a nurse,
 To farre in yeares to be a pupill now.
 What is thy sentence but speachlesse death ;
 Which robbes my tongue from breathing native breath :

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
 After our sentence, playning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
 To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
 Lay on our royall sword your banisht hands.
 Swear by the dutie that y'owe to *God* †,
 (Our part therein we banish with your selues)
 To keepe the oath that we administer :
 You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and *God* †,
 Embrace each others loue in banishment,
 Nor *neuer* || looke vpon each others face,
 Nor *neuer* § write; regreete, nor †† reconcile
 This *louing* †† tempest of your home-bred hate,
 Nor *neuer* ||| by aduised purpose meete,
 To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
 Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

* *percullist*

† *Heauen*

‡ *Heauen*

|| *euer*

§ *euer*

†† *or*

†† *lowring*

||| *euer*

Bul.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. *Norfolke*, so fare as to mineemie :

By this time, had the king permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly *the* † realme,
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*, if euer I were traytour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banisht, as from hence :
But what art thou, *God* †, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the king shall rew.
Farewell, (my liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to *England*, all the world's my way.

King. Vncle, euen in the glasse of thine eies,
I see thy griued heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares
Pluckt foure away, fixe frozen winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lies in one little word ?
Foure lagging winters, and foure wanton springs,
End in *one* || word ; such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my liege, that in regard of mee,
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile ;
But little vantage shall I reape thereby :
For ere *the* § fixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change *their* * moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed lampe, and time bewasted light

† *this*

‡ *Heauen*

|| *a*

§ *these*

* *the*

X 2

Shall

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my sonne.

King. Why vnckle, thou hast many yeares to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (king) that thou canst giue:
Shorten my daies thou canst with *fullen* † sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to tast, prooue in digestion sowre.
You *urge* ‡ me as a iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a father.

|| *Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,*
To smooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall slaunder sought & I to auoyde,
And in the sentence my owne life destroyde.
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosen farewell, and vnckle bid him so;
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go *.

Au. Coosin farewell; what presence must not know
From where you doe remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

† *Judden*

‡ *urg'd*

|| These four lines are wanting in one of the copies.

§ *ought*

* *Flourish. Exit.*

Gaunt.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is sixe winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one howre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy wearie steps
Esteeme a foyle † wherein thou art to set,
The precious iewell of thy home returne.

† *Bul.* Nay rather euery tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what || deale of world
I wander from the iewels that I loue.
Must I not serue a long apprenticeshood
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen visites,
Are to a wise man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus.
There is no vertue like necessitie:
Thinke not the king did banish thee
But thou the king, who § doth the heauier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exile thee; or suppose

† foyle † These lines are found in the first and third edition, but are omitted
in the fourth. || what a § wee

THE TRAGEDIE OF

*Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comest :
Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,
The flowers, faire ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure, or a daunce,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite
The man that mockes at it and sets it light.*

Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus* ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in *December* snow,
By thinking on fantastick summers heat ?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Give † but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer ‡ rancle more
Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

Gaunt. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then *Englands* ground farewell, sweet soile adiew,
My mother and my nurse that || beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banisht yet a true borne *Englismán*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the king with *Bushie*, &c. at one dore, and the lord
Aumerle at the other.

King. Wee did obserue, coosin *Humerle*,
How farre brought you high *Herford* on his way ?

† Gives ‡ ever || which § *Scena Quarta.* * Enter the King,
Aumerle, *Greene*, and *Bagot*.

Aum.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Aum. I brought high *Herferd*, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

King. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awakt the *sleepie* † rewme, and so by chance
Did grace *our* † hollow parting with a teare.

King. What said your coosin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell, and for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such grieve,
That *words* || seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:
Marry would the word farewell *haue* § lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewels:
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our coosins coosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our selfe and *Busbie* ††.

Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curtesie,
With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,
Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench,
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my countrey-men, my louing friends,

† *sleeping* † *your* || *word* § *had* †† *Bagot, here, and*
Greene, fourth edition.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

As were our *England* in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts,
Now for the rebels which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my liege)
Ere further leysure yeeld *them* † further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
Wee are inforſt to farme our royall realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand, if *that* ‡ come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes ||. §.

Buſh. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is grieuous * ſicke, my lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your maieſtie to viſite him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At *Elye* houſe.

King. Now put it (*God* ††) into the ||| phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lynying of his coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* warres.

† *ebe* † *they* || *fiſt and third edition* § *Buſhy what newes?* in
the fourth edition, is added to the kings ſpeech * *very* †† *beſeen* ||| *in bu*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Come gentlemen, let's all goe visite him,
Pray God † we may make hast, and come too late :

Amen.

Exeunt †.

Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breath my last,
In holsome counsell to his vnstayed youth ?

Yorke. Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie :
Where wordes are scarce, they are fieldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listened more
Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to glose.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before :
The setting sunne, and musicke *at the glose* ||,
As the last tast of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past.
Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,
As prayles of his § state : *then there* †† are found
Lasciuious meeters, to whose venom sound
The open *eare* †† of youth doth alwaies listen.
Report of fashions in proud *Italie*,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his ||| eares ?

† *heaven*

‡ *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

¶ *is the cloſe*

§ *whose*

†† *the wise*

‡‡ *ears*

||| *their*

Then

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Then * all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutinie with wittes regard.
Direct not him whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath *thou wilt* † loose.

Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a prophet new inspird,
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him ;
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last :
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Small showers last long, but sodaine stormes are short :
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe :
This royall throne of kings, this sceptred ile,
This earth of maiestie, this seate of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demie paradise,
This foretresse built by nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre ;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the siluer sea,
Which *serueues* ‡ it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moate defensue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands :
This blessed plotte, this earth, this realme, this *England*,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For christian seruice and true chiuallrie,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Iewrie*,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne :
This land of such deare soules, this deare deare land,

* *That*

† *wilt thou*

‡ *serues*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement *and* * pelting farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes; and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall *vanisht* † with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

Yorke. The king is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts being rag'de, do rage the more. ‡

Enter the king and queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble vncl *Lancaster*?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged *Gaunt*?

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping *England*, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon,
Is my strickt fast, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O || mocke my name (great king) to flatter thee.

* or † *vanish* ‡ *Enter the king, queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene, Bagot, Ros and Willoughby, fourth edition.* || 1

King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt. No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
 Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
 Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
 And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
 Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
 Of those phisitions that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crowne,
 Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head *;
 And yet *inraged* † in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
 Oh had thy grandfire with a prophets eye,
 Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes.
 From foorth thy reach he would haue layd thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
 Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
 Why coosin wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease:
 But for thy world enioying but this land,
 Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
 Land-lord of *England* art thou now *not*, nor ‡ king,
 Thy state of law is bond-slaue to the law,
 And thou ||

King. Ah § lunaticke leane-witted foole,
 Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
 Darest with thy frozen admonition

* hand

† *inraged*

‡ *and not*

|| *And--*

§ *And thou a*

Make

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Make pale our cheekes, *chasing* * the royall blood
With furie from his native residence.
Now by my seates right royall maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* sonne :

That blood already, like the pellican,

Hast thou tapt † and drunkenly *carowst* ‖ :

My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen amongst happy soules,

May be a president and witnesse good,

That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood.

Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,

And thy vkindnes be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too long withered flower.

Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee :

These words heereafter, thy tormentors be :

Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,

Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and fullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse and age in him :

He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,

As *Harry* duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true ; as *Herfords* loue, so his
As theirs, so mine, and so be as it is. *

North. My liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your ma-

King. What sayes hee ? *North.* (iestie,

* *chasing*

† *Thou hast tapt out*

‖ *carous'd*

§ *and all*

* *Enter Northumberland.*

North.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

North. Nothing, all is sayd;
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that must be banckrout so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripest fruite first falles and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* warres:
We must supplant those rough rug headed *Kernes*,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,
The plate, *coyne* *, reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our vnckle *Gaunt* did stand posselt.

Yorke. How long shall I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glocesters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue ether made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my soueraignes face:
I am the last of *the* † noble *Edwards* sonnes,
Of whom thy father prince of *Wales* was first.
In warre, was neuer lion *rage* || more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle lambe more milde
Then was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the *French*,
And not against his friendes: his noble hand

* *coyne* and † *the*, omitted || *rage*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.
Oh *Richard*! *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King. Why vncke, whats the matter?

Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleas'd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banisht *Herford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; for how art thou a king,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will ensue heereof, ther's none can tell:

But

THE TRAGEDIE OF

But by bad courfes may be vnderftood,
That their events can neuer fall out good.

Exit.

King. Go *Busbie*, to the earle of *Wiltfbire* ftraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* houfe,
To fee this bufineffe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in abfence of our felfe,
Our vnckle *Yorke*, lord gouernour of *England*;
For he is iuft, and alwaies loued vs well:
Come on our queene, to morrow muft we part,
Be merry, for our time of ftay is fhort.

*Exeunt king and queene. Manet North *.*

North. Well lords, the duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Roffe. And liuing too, for now his fonne is duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both, if iuftice had her right.

Roffe. My heart is great, but it muft breake with filence,
Er't be difburdened with a liberall tongue.

North. Nay fpeak thy mind, and let him nere fpeak more,
That fpeakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tend's that thou wouldft fpeake, to the D. of
If it be fo, out with it boldly man, *(Herford?)*
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Roffe. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Valeffe you call it good, to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

North. Now afore *God* † t'is fhame fuch wrongs are borne
In him a royall prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The king is not himfelfe, but bafely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,

* *Willoughby, and Rofs, fourth Edition.*

† *heaven*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the king feuerely prosecute
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The commons hath he *pild* * with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willoug. And dayly new exactions are deuisd,
As blancks, beneuolences, and I wot not what.

North. But what a Gods name doth become of this? †

Willo. Warres hath not wasted it; for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeilded vpon compromise,
That which his *noble* ‖ auncestors atchieud with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Rosse. The earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in farme.

Wil. The king's § growne banckrout like a broken man.

North. Reproach and desolation hangeth ouer him.

Rosse. He hath not money for these *Irish* warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate king:
But lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the winde sit fore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
Iespie life *peering* **; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

* *pild* † This line in the edition of 1598 is added to the foregoing speech.

‖ *noble* omitted

§ *king*

** *peircing*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Rosse. Be confident to speake *Northumberland*,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A bay in *Britaine* *) receiue intelligence,
That *Harry* duke of *Herford*, *Raynold L. Cobham*,
That late broke from the duke of *Exeter*
His brother archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *sir Iohn Ramston* †,
Sir Iohn Norberie, *sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines* ‡
All these well furnished by the duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our northern shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our countries § slauiſh yoke,
Impe §§ out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken †† pawne the blemisht crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our ||| ſcepters guilt §§§,
And make high maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poſt to *Rauenſpurgh*:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.

Rosse. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

Exeunt. †††

Enter the queene, Buſhie. and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your maiestie is too much ſadde,
You promiſt when you parted with the king,

* *Brittanie* † *Rainſton* ‡ *Quint* § countries omitted §§ *Impe*
†† *broking* ||| *the* §§§ *guilt* ††† *Scena Secunda.* To

RICHARD THE SECOND.

To lay aside *halfe* * -harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.

Queene. To pleaſe the king I did, to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grieſe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweete a gueſt,
As my ſweete *Richard*: yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne ſorrow ripe in fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward ſoule,
With nothing trembles, at ſome thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my lord the king.

Buſb. Each ſubſtance of a grieſe *hath* † twenty ſhadowes
Which ſhewes like grieſe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes *eyes* || glazed with blinding teares,
Denides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confuſion, eyde awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweete maieſtie,
Looking awry vpon your lords departure,
Find ſhapes of grieſe more then himſelfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious queene)
More then your lords departure weepe not, more is not ſcene,
Or if it be, tis with falſe ſorrowes *eyes* §,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heauie ſad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and ſhrinke,

Buſb. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious lady.)

* *life. ſelfe.*

† *bad*

|| *eye*

§ *eye*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Queene. Tis nothing lesse, conceite is still deriude
From some forefather grieffe, mine is not so ;
For nothing hath begot my something grieffe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reversion that I doe possesse :
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot. *

Greene. God † saue your maiestie, and well met gentlemen,
I hope the king is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queene. Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designs craue hast, *his hast* ‡ good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land,
The banisht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at *Rauenspurgh*.

Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene. Ah madam, tis too true; and that is worse :
The lord *Northumberland*, his young sonne *H. Percie*,
The lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughbie*,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.

Busb. Why haue you not proclaimed *Northumberland*
And the rest of the *reuolting* || faction, traytours?

Greene. We haue, wherevpon the earle of *Worcester*,
Hath broke his staffe, resignd his stewardship,
And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke*.

Queene. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke*, my sorrowes dismall heire :
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.

* Enter *Greene*, fourth Edition. † Heaven ‡ *his hast* omitted, fourth Edition. || *revolted*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Busb. Dispaire not madam.

Queene. Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire and be at enmitie
With *couetous* * hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false *hope lingers* † in extremitie.

Greene. Heere comes the duke of *Yorke*.

Queene. With signes of warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vnckle, for Gods sake speake comfortable words.

Yorke. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts †,
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make *him* || loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flattered him. §

Seruing. My lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yorke. He was, why so; go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on *Herfords* side,
Sirra, get thee to *Plasbie* to my sister *Glocester*,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To day I came by and called there;
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke. What i'th knaue.

* *couetous*

† *hopes lingers*

† This line omitted in the fourth Edition.

|| *his*

§ *Enter a servant, fourth Edition.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Ser. An houre before I came, the dutchesse died.

Yorke. God * for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woefull land at once ?
I know not what to doe : I would to God *
(So my vntruth *had* † not prouokt him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there *two* ‡ posts dispatcht for *Ireland* ?
How shall we doe for money for these warres ?
Come sister, coosin I would say ; pray pardon me :
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide some carts.
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ?
If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleue mee : both are my kinsmen ;
T'one || is my foueraigne, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend : t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe : come coosin,
Ile dispose of you : gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at *Barckly* § :
I should to *Plasbie* too, but time will not permit :
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fixe and seauen.

Exeunt duke and queene : manent Busnie and Greene.

Busb. The wind fits faire for newes to go for ** *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemye, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the king in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the king.

* *Heaven* † *last* ‡ *two omitted* || *Tb'one* § *Barckly castle* **

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Bag. And that is the wauering commons ; for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busb. *Wherein* * the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the king.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to *Brist.* † castle,
The earle of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Busb. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like cures, to teare vs all in peeces :
Will you goe along with vs ?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his maiestie :
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

Busb. Thats as *Yorke* thrives to beat backe *Bullingbrooke*.

Greene. Alas poore duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie :

‡ Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer,

Busb. Well, wee may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. ||

Enter Hereford : Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my lord to *Barckly* now ?

North. Beleeue me noble lord,
I am a stranger in *Glocestershire*,
These high wild § hills and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your †† faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable :

* *Therein* † *Bristol* ‡ This line with the following one is given to *Busby*,
fourth edition. § *Scena Tertia.* § wide †† *our*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

But I bethinke me what a wearie way,
 From *Rauenſpurgh* to *Cotſball* * will be found,
 In *Roffe* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
 Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
 The tediousneſſe and proceſſe of my trauell :
 But theirs is ſweetened with the hope to haue
 The preſent benefite that I poſſeſſe,
 And hope to ioy is little leſſe in ioy,
 Then hope inioyed : by this the wearie lords
 Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
 By ſight of what I haue, your noble companie.
Bul. Of much leſſe value is my company,
 Then your good words. But who comes heere ?

Enter Harry Percie.

North. It is my ſonne, young *Harrie Percie*,
 Sent from my brother *Worceſter* whenſoeuer † :
Harry, how fares your vnckle ?

Per. I had thought my lord to haue learned his health of

North. Why ? is he not with the queene ? (you

H. Per. No my good lord, he hath forſooke the court,
 Broken his ſtaffe of office, and diſperſt
 The houſhold of the king.

North. What was his reaſon ? he was not ſo reſolvd,
 When laſt we ‡ ſpake together.

H. Per. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitour ;
 But he my lord is gone to *Rauenſpurgh*,
 To offer ſeruice to the duke of *Herford*,
 And ſent me ouer by *Barchly* to diſcouer,
 What power the duke of *Yorke* had leui'd there,
 Then with directions ; to repaire to *Rauenſpurgh*.

North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Herford*, boy ?

* *Cotſbold* † *whenſoeuer* ‡ *we laſt*

RICHARD THE SECOND

H. Per. No my good lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the duke.

H. P. My gracious lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and defart.

Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be fure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends :
And as my fortune ripens with *thy* * loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this cogenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there with his men of warre ?

H. P. There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard :
And in it are the lords of *Yorke*, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble *estimation* †.

Nor. Here comes the lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, †
Bloudy with spurring, fierie red with haft.

Bul. Welcome my lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour : all my treasurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble lord.

Wil. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bul. Euermore thanks, the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty : but who comes heere ? §

Nor. It is my lord of *Barkeley*, as I guesse.

* my † *estimate* † Enter *Rosse* and *Willoughby* § Enter *Barke's*
Barck.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Barck. My lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.

Bul. My lord, my answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in *England*,
And I must find that title in your *tongue* *,
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Bark. Mistake me not my lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out :
To you my lord I come, what lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe-borne armes ?

Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person : my noble vnckle ! †

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.

Bul. My gracious vnckle !

Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no
I am no traitours vnckle ; and that word grace (vnckle, †
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane :
Why haue *those* || banisht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a § dust of *Englands* ground ?
But more then why ? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Frying her pale-facde villages with warre,
And ostentation of despised armes ?
Comst thou because th'annoyned king is hence ?
Why foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyall bosome lies his power :
Were I but now †† lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and *thy* †† selfe,
Rescued the blacke prince that young *Mars* of men,

* *some* † *Enter Yorke* † no vnckle omitted || *these* § *the* †† *now the* ††

RICHARD THE SECOND.

From forth the ranks of many thousands *French*,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the *paulsey* *, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Bul. My gracious vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke. Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my † soueraigne.

Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble vnckle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, or † me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then || father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my coosin king, be king of *England*,
It must be graunted I am duke of *Lancaster*:
You haue a sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble coosin §,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vnckle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay,
I am deniel to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all †† amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a subiect,

* *Plesby* † *thy* † *for* || *then my* § *kinsman* †† *are all omitted*

And

THE TRAGEDIE OF

And I* challenge law, atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abusde.

Rosse. It stands your grace vpon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this ;

I haue had feeling of my coosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right ;
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be :
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworne, his comming is
But for his owne ; and for the right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde :
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these armes ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left :
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the king :
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter ; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer vnckle that we will accept,
But we must winne your grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complices,

* I omitted

RICHARD THE SECOND.

The caterpillers of the common-wealth ;
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke. It may be I will go with you ; but yet Ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our countries lawes :
Nor * friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. †

Enter earle of Salisburie, and a Welch ‡ captaine.

Welch. My lord of *Salisburie*, we haue staide ten daies,
And hardly kept our countrymen together ;
And yet we heare no tidings from the king,
Therefore we will disperse our selues : farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welchman*,
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay,
The bay-trees in our countrey all are withered,
And || meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen :
The pale-fac'd moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.
The other to enioy by rage and warre.
These signes fore-run the death of kings.
Farewell, our countrimen are gone and fled,
As well assured *Richard* their king is dead.

Sal. Ah *Richard* ! with eies of heauie mind,
I see thy glorie like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest :
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes. §

* Not † *Scena Quarta.* ‡ *Welch* omitted || *The* § *Actus Tertius.*
Scena prima.

Enter

THE TRAGEDIE OF

*Enter the duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland *, Busbie
and Greene prisoners.*

Bul. Bring foorth these men.

Busbie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to wath your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths
You haue mis-led a prince, a royall king,
A happie gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappyed and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his queene and him,
Broke the *profession* † of a royall bed,
And staind the beautie of a fayre queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the king in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my *English* breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my segniories,
Disparkt my parkes, and feld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't ‡ out my impresse, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

* *Roffe, Percy, Willoughby,* with † *possession* ‡ *Rac'd*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Busb. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England*: lords farewell *.

Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bul. My lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch:
Vnckle, you say, the queene is at your house,
Goe Gods † sake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke. A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle vnckle:) come lords, away,
To fight with *Glendore* ‡ and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday.

Exeunt. ¶

Enter the king, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.

King. *Barkloughly* castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea my lord; how brook's your grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hooves:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Plies fondlie with her teares, and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my †† earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rauinous fence,
But let thy spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,

* lords farewell omitted † Heavens ‡ Glendore ¶ *Scena Secunda.*

Drums flourish and colours and soldiers. †† the

Which

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Which with vsurping steps do trample thee :
 Yeeld stinging nettles to mine enemies :
 And when they from *my* * bosome plucke a flower,
 Guard it I pray thee with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,
 Throw death vpon thy souldraignes enemies :
 Mocke not my senslesse coniuration lords :
 This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones
 Prooue armed souldiers ere her natie king
 Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my lord, that power that made you king,
 Hath power to keepe you king in spite of all ;

† *The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
 And not neglected. Else heauen would,
 And we would † not ; heauens offer, we refuse
 The proffered || meanes of succours and redresse.*

Aum. He meanes, my lord, that we are too remisse,
 Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our § securitie,
 Growes strong and great in substance and in power ††.

King. Discomfortable coosin, knowst thou not,
 That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
 Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
 Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnseene,
 In murders, and in outrage bloodie heere.
 But when from vnder his †† terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
 And darts his light §§ through euery guilty hole ;
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,
 The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
 Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues :
 So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,

* *thy* † These four lines are omitted in the fourth edition. † *will*
 || *profered* § *their* †† *friends* †† *this* §§ *lightning* Who

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
 || *Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,*
 Shall see vs rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But selfe affrighted, *trembled* * at his sinne,
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
 Can wash the balme off † from an annoynted king.
 The breath of worldly men can cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord,
 For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest
 To lift shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
 God ‡ for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay,
 A glorious angel : then if angels fight,
 Weake men must fall, for heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisb.

King. Welcome my lord : how farre off lies your power ?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farthar off, my gracious lord :
 Than this weake arme ; discomfort guides my tongue.
 And bids me speake of nothing but despaire,
 One day too late, I feare, my noble lord
 Hath clouded all *thy* § happy daies on earth,
 O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men :
 To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
 Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy state :
 For all the *Welchmen* hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Aun. Comfort, my liege, *why looks your grace so pale* **?

King. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled :

|| This line is omitted in the edition in 1634. * tremble † off omitted

‡ Heaven § my ** remember who you are.

VOL. II.

Z

And

THE TRAGEDIE OF

And till so much blood thither come againe,
 Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
 All foules that will be safe, flie from my side,
 For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my selfe, am I not king?
 Awake thou coward *, maiestie thou sleepest,
 Is not the kings name twenty † thousand names?
 Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
 At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
 Yee fauourites of a king, are we not high?
 High be our thoughts, I know my vncke *Yorke*
 Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my liege,
 Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
 The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold.
 Say, is my kingdome lost? why twas my care,
 And what losse is it to be rid of care?
 Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?
 Greater he shall not be: if he serue God,
 Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.
 Reuolt our subiects? that we cannot mend,
 They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
 Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and ‡ decay,
 The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so arm'd
 To beare the tidings of calamitie,
 Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
 Which make || the siluer riuers drown their *showers* §
 As if the world were all dissolud to teares,

* sluggard † forty ‡ losse || makes § shows

RICHARD THE SECOND.

So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele?
White *beards* * haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps
Against thy maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy crowne,
Thy very headf-men learne to bend their *browes* †,
Of double fatall *woe* ‡ against thy state.
Yea distaffe women mannage rustie billes;
Against thy seate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King. To || well, to || well thou telst a tale so ill.
Where is the earle of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Busbie*? where is *Greene*?
That they haue let the dangerousemie
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.
If we preuaile, their *heads* § shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my lord.

King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart blood warmd, that sting my heart ;
Three *Iudasses*, each one thrice worfe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace ? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their spotted soules for *this* ††.

Scro. Sweet Ioue's §§ (I see) changing : his property
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadlie hate.
Againc yncurse their foules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
Hane felt the worst of deaths destroying wound |||,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

* bears † better ‡ ever || Too § banis †† this offence
§§ lower ||| band

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Aum. Is *Busbie*, *Greene*, and the earle of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scro. Yea, all of them at *Bristow* lost their heads.

Au. Where is the duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man speake.

Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes
 Write sorrow on † the bosome of the earth.
 Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
 Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
 And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
 And that small modell of the barren earth,
 Which serues as ‡ and couer to our bones.
 For Gods † fake let vs fit vpon the ground?
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings,
 How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in warre,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
 Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,
 All murthered: for within the hollow crowne
 That rounds the mortall temples of a king,
 Keepest death his court, and there the antique sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
 Allowing him a breath, a little sceane,
 To monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
 As if this flesh which walles about our life,
 Were brasie impregnable: and humord thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walles, and farewell king.
 Couer your heads, and mocke not flesh and blood,
 With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
 Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,

† is

‡ passe

† Heavens

For

RICHARD THE SECOND.

For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Tast grieve, need friends : subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a king ?

Carl. My lord, wise-men ne're *fit* and † waile *their* † woes
But presently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
|| *And so your follies fight against your selfe :*
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight :
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidst me well ; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome :
This ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lies our vnckle with his power ?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye :
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :
Your vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your northerne castles yeelded vp,
And all your southerne gentlemen in armes
Vpon his *partie* §.

King. Thou hast sayd enough :
Beswew thee coosin which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to dispaire.

† *fit* and omitted † *their present* || omitted in the fourth edition § *section*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more,
 Goe to *Flint* castle, there ile pine away,
 A king woes slaue, shall kingly woe obey:
 That power I haue; discharge, and let them go
 To eare the land that hath some hope to grow:
 For I haue none; let no man speake againe
 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire day.*

Enter † Bull, Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
 The *Welchmen* are dispearst, and *Salisbury*
 Is gone to meete the king, who lately landed
 With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my lord
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would beseeme the lord *Northumberland*,
 To say, king *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
 When such a sacred king, should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes; onely to be brieft,
 Left I *his* ‡ title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, *should* || you haue bin so brieft
 with him

He would haue bin so *brieft* § to shorten you,
 For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bul. Mistake not (vnckle) further then you should.

* *Scena Tertia.* † *Enter with drums, colours, &c. with attendants.*
 ‡ *this* || *would* § *brieft with you*

Yorke

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Yorke. Take not (good coosin) further then you should
Least you mistake the heauens are *ouer your* * heads.

Bul. I know it vackle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their willes. But, who comes heere?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry* : what, will not this castle yeeld?

Hen. Per. The castle is *royally* † mand my lord.
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it contains no king.

H. Per. Yes (my good lord)
It doth containe a king, king *Richard* lies
With† the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisburie*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the bishop of *Carleile*.

Bul. Noble lords ‖,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient castle,
Through brasen trumpet send the breath of *parlee* §
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

H. Bul. on both his knees **, doth kisse king *Richards* hand
And sends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his †† royall person : hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power :
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted ;
If not, He vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered *Englishmen* ?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbroke*
It is, such chrimson tempest should be drencht ‖‖,

* o'er our † royally is ‡ Within || lord § parle
** Henry Bullingbroke upon his knees †† Unto his most ||| bedrench

THE TRAGEDIE OF

The fresh greene lap of faire king *Richards* land,
 My stooping dutie tenderlie shall shew.
 Go signifie as much, while here we march
 Vpon the grasseie carpet of this plaine;
 Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
 That from this castles *tattered* * battlements,
 Our faire appointments may be well perusd.
 Me thinks king *Richard* and my selfe should meete
 With no lesse terrour then the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thundring smoake,
 At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
 Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water;
 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I *raigne* †
 My water's on the earth, and not on him:
 March on, and marke king *Richard* how he lookes.

The trumpet sound. Richard appeareth on the wall. †

Bull. See, see, king *Richard* doth himselfe appeare,
 As doth the blushing discontented sunne
 From out the fierie portall of the east,
 When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
 To dimme his glorie, and to staine the *tracke* ‖
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

Tarke. Yet lookes he like a king, behold his eye,
 As bright as is the eagles, lightens forth
 Controlling majestie; *alacke* § for woe,
 That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
 To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought our selfe *the* ** lawfull king:
 And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
 To pay *their* †† awefull dutie to §§ our presence?

* *tattered* † *raigne* ‡ *Parle without, and answer within, then a flourish.*

Faer on the wallies Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury. ‖ *tr.*

§ *alacke alacke* ** *thy* †† *the* §§ *of*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
 That hath dismiss vs from our stewardship:
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
 Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
 And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
 Haue torne their foules, by turning them from vs,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends:
 Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalfe,
 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
 That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
 And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
 Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks *he stands* *)
 That euerie stride he makes vpon my land,
 Is dangerous treason: he is come to *open* †
 The purple testament of bleeding warre:
 But ere the crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
 Shall ill become the flower of *Englands* face,
 Change the complexion of † mayd-pale peace,
 To scarlet indignation, and bedeaw
 Her pastors graisse with faithfull *English* blood.

North. The king of heauen forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes
 Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
 And by the honourable tombe he sweares,
 That stands vpon your royall grandfires bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 And by the buried hand of warlike *Gaunt*,

* *he is* † *ope* † *of her*

And

THE TRAGEDIE OF

And by the worth and honour of himfelfe,
Comprising all that may be fworne or faid,
His comming hither hath no further fcope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchifement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering armes he will commend to ruft,
His barbed fteeds to ftables, and his heart
To faithfull feruice of your maieftie.

This fweares he, as he is a prince *inf* * :

And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

King. Northumberland, fay thus : the king returnes
His noble coofin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accomplifht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haft ;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends :
We doe debase our felues (coofin) do wee not ?
To looke fo poorely, and to fpeake fo faire ?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland*, and fend
Defiance to the traitour, and fo die ?

Aum. No good my lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their *helpfull* † fwords.

King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the fentence of dread banifhment
On you proud man, fhould take it off againe,
With words of footh ! Oh that I were as great,
As is my grieve, or leffer then my name !
Or that I could forget what I haue been !
Or not remember what I muft be now !
Swell'ft thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee fcope to beat,
Since foes haue fcope to beat both thee and mee.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

* *elfe juft, or is juft*

† *hopefull*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

King. What must the king do now? must he submit?
 The king shall do it: must he be deposde?
 The king shall be contented: must he loose
 The name of a king? a * Gods name let it goe:
 Ile giue my jewels for a set of beades:
 My gorgeous pallace, for a hermitage:
 My gay apparell, for an almes-mans gowne:
 My figurde goblets, for a dish of wood:
 My scepter, for a palmers walking staffe:
 My subiects, for a payre of carued faines:
 And my large kingdome, for a little graue;
 A little little graue, an obscure graue,
 Or, Ile be buried in the kings hie way,
 Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
 May hourelly trample on their soueraignes head;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I liue:
 And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepest (my tender-hearted cousin)
 Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
 Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the summer corne,
 And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with sheading teares,
 And † thus to drop them still vpon one place,
 Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
 Within the earth: and therein layde; their lies
 Two kinsmen dig'd their graues with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,
 I talke but idley, and you laugh ‡ at mee.
 Most mighty prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
 What sayes king *Bullingbrooke*, will his maiestie
 Giue *Richard* leaue to liue till *Richard* die?
 You make a legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.

* a † As ‡ mocks

North.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you : may it please you to come downe:

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruely iades.

In the base court, base court where kings grow base,
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.

In the base court come downe : downe court, downe king
For night owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing.

Bull. What sayes his maiestie ?

North. Sorrow and grieve of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a franticke man :
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his maiestie :

He kneeles downe.

My gracious lord.

King. Faire coosin you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie :
Vp coosin vp ; your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bull. My gracious lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you *deserue* * : they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hand ; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to *be* † heyre ;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too :

* *deserue'd* † *be my*

For

RICHARD THE SECOND.

For doe we must, what force will haue vs do :
Set on towards *London*, coosin is it so ?

Bull. Yea my good lord.

King. Then I must not say no.

*Exeunt. **

Enter the queene with her attendants †

Que. What sport shall we deuise heere in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care ?

Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.

Que. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the bias.

Lady. Madam weele daunce.

Que. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keeps in griefe :
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.

Lady. Madam weele tell tales.

Que. Of sorrow or of griefe ?

Lady. Of either madam.

Que. Of neither girle,

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow :
Or if of griefe, being altogether *sadd* †
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy :
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

Lady. Madam Ile sing.

Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady. I could weepe madam, would it do you good.

Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borow any teare of thee.

But stay, heere commeth the gardiners,

• * *Scena Quinta.* † and *quæ* ladies † *bad*

Lets

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Lets step into the shadow of these trees.
 My wretchednesse vnto a row of *pines* *.
 They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,
 Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Enter gardeners †.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling apricockes,
 Which like vnruely children make their fire
 Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
 Giue some supportance to the bending twigs.
 Goe thou, and like an executioner
 Cut off the heads of *two* † fast growing sprays,
 That looke too loftie in our common-wealth:
 All must be euen in our gouernment.
 You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
 The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
 The foyles fertilitie from holosome flowers.

Man ‖. Why should we in the compasse of a pale,
 Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
 Shewing in § a modell our firme *estate* ††.
 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
 Is full of weedes; her fairest flowers choakt vp,
 Her fruit trees all vnpruned her hedges ruinde,
 Her knots disordered, and her holosome hearbes
 Swarming with caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
 He that hath suffred this disordered spring,
 Hath now himselfe met with the fall of leafe:
 The weedes that his broad spreading leaues did shelter,
 That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
 Are *puld* ‖ vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
 I meane the earle of *Wiltshire*, *Busbie*, *Greene*.

* *pines* † *gardiner and two seruants* † *too* ‖ *Ser.* § *as in*
 †† *state* ‖‖ *plucked*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

*Man **. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath feizd the wastfull king.

Oh what pittie it is, that he *had not so* † trimde

And drest his land; as we this garden, at time of yeere

Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,

Least being ouer-proud with fappe and blood,

With too much riches it confound it selfe.

Had he done so, to great and growing men,

They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste

Their fruites of duetic: *superfluous* † branches

We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:

Had he done so, himselfe had borne the crowne,

Which waste of || idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man §. What, thinke you the king shall be deposde?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposde

'Tis *doubt* ** he will be. Letters came last night

To a deare friend of the †† duke of *Yorkes*,

That tell blacke tidinges.

Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking

Thou old *Adams* likenes set to dresse this garden,

How dares thy harsh *rude* †† tongue found this vnpleasing

What *Eue*? what serpent hath suggested thee, (newes;

To make a second fall of curst man?

Why dost thou say king *Richard* is deposde?

Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth

Diuine his downe fall? say, where, when, and how

Canst thou by this ill tidinges? speake thou wretch?

Gard. Pardon me madam, little ioy haue I

To breath these newes, yet what I say is true:

King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold

Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde |||.

* Ser. † harsh not ‡ all superfluous || and § Ser. ** doubled
†† the good ‡‡ rude omitted ||| weyld

THE TRAGEDIE OF

In your *lb.* * scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the *English* peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes king *Richard* downe.
Post you to *London*, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then euery one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischaunce, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes † it? oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come ladyes, goe
To meete at *London*, *Londons* king in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my fadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me *these* ‡ newes of woe,
Pray God ||, the plants thou graffst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Card. Poore queene, so that thy state might be no worse
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse,
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
He set a bancke of rewfowre hearbe-of-grace:
Rew, euen for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In § remembrance of a weeping queene. |||

†† *Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.*

Bull. Call, fourth *Bagot*.

Enter Bagot.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glocesters* death,

* lords † know ‡ this || I would § In the ||| *Actus Quartus.*
Scena Prima. †† *Enter as to the parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle,*
Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Carlile, abbot of Westminster,
herald, officers, and Bagot.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Who wrought it with the king, and who performde
The bloodie office of his timelesse end ?

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord *Aumerle*.

Bull. Coosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnsway *what once it hath* * deliuered :

In that dead time when *Glocesters* death was plotted,

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,

That reacheth from the restfull *English* court

As farre as *Callice* to mine vückles head ?

Amongst much other talke, that very time

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand crownes,

Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to *England*, adding withall,

How blest this land would be in this your coosins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,

What answere shall I make to this base man ?

Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,

On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement ?

Either I must, or haue mine honour *soyl'd* †

With the attainer of his slanderous lips :

There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,

That markes thee out for hell : thou liest,

And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base

To staine the temper of my knightly sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this prefence, that hath moou'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on simparchie,

There is my gage *Aumerle*, in gage to thine ;

By that faire sunne that shewes me where thou standst,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spokst it,

* *what it hath once.* † *I spoild.*

VOL. II.

A a

That

THE TRAGEDIE OF

That thou wert cause of noble *Glocesters* death :
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I * to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. *Fitzwaters*, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off.
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

† *Another L.* I take the earth to the like (*forsworne Aumerle*)
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous care
From sinne to sinne : there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else ? by heauen Ile throw at all.
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Sur. My lord *Fitzwater*, I doe remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.

Fitz. ¶ Tis very true, you were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. *Surrie*, thou liest.

Sur. Dishonourable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge (sword)
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,

* I omitted.

† These lines are omitted in the last edition.

¶ My lord, &c.

RICHARD THE SECOND:

In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In prooffe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spurre a forward horse.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet *Surry* in a wildernesse,
And spit vpon him whilst I say he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my * bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intend † to thrine in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Besides, I heare the banished *Norfolke* say:
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke of ‡ *Callice*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he shall be,
And though mine enemie, restor'd againe
To all his lands and signories: when he is return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.

Carl. That honorable day shall neuer § be seene:
Many a time hath banisht *Norfolke* fought
For *Iesus Christ*, in glorious christian field,
Streaming the ensigue of the christian crosse,
Against blacke *Pagans*, *Turkes*, and *Saracens*,
And toyld with workes of warre, retir'd himsele
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gaue
His body to a pleasant countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his captaine *Christ*,
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.

* *the.*

† *intended.*

‡ *at.*

§ *ne'ere.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Bull. Why bishop, is *Norffolke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my lord.

Bull. Sweet peece conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good old *Abraham*: lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
Adopts thee heire, and his high scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy royall hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name *.

Bul. In Gods name, Ile ascend the regall throne.

Carl. Marry God † forbid.

Worst in this royall presence I may † speake:
Yet best befeeming me to speake the truth:
Would God † any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
Of noble *Richard*: then true noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong.
What subiect can giue sentence on his king?
And who sits ‖ heere that is not *Richards* subiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods maiestie,
His captaine, steward, deputie, elect,
Annoynted, crowned §, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by subiect ** and inferior breath,
And he himselfe not present? oh forfend †† it God,
That in a christian climate soules refine,

* of that name the fourth. † Heaven. † may I. † God that. † should
§ crown'd and, ** subiects. †† forbid.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Should shew so hainous blacke obscene a deede.
 I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
 Stird vp by *God* * thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of *Hereford* here whom you call king,
 Isa foule traitor to proud *Herefords* king,
 And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,
 The blood of *Englisb* shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groane for his foule act,
 Peace shall goe sleepe with *Turkes* and infidels,
 And in this feate of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound :
 Disorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
 Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
 The field of *Golgotha* and dead mens skuls.
 Oh if you *raise* † this house against *his* ‡ house,
 It will the wofullest diuision prooue,
 That euer fell vpon this cursed earth :
 Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Least child, childs children crie against you woe.

North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
 Of capitall treason, we arrest you here :
 My lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
 To keepe him safely till his day of triall.

¶ *May it please you lords, to graunt the common § suite,
 Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender, so we shall proceed without suspicion.*

Yorke. I will be his conduct.

Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your daies of answere ;
 Little are we beholding to your loue.
 And little looke for at your helping hands.

* *Heaven.* † *reare.* ‡ *ibid.* ¶ These lines in Italicks were all added
 since the edition in 1598. § *common.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter king Richard.

Rich. Alacke why am I sent for to a king,
Before I haue shooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes * ?
Giue sorrow leaue a while to tutor me † to this submission:
Yet I well remember the fauours of these men,
Were they not mine? did they not sometimes crie at haile
To me? so Iudas did to Christ; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thousand none:
God saue the king, will no man say amen:
Am I both priest and clarke; well then, amen.
God saue the king, although I be not hee,
And yet amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what seruice am I sent for hither:

Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired maiestie did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy state and crowne
To Harry Bullingbrooke.

Rich. Seaze the crowne ‡.
Heere cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours §:
Now is this golden crowne like a deepe well,
That owes two buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnseene, and full of water:
That bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilst you mount vp on high.

Bul. I thought you had been willing to resigne?

Ric. My crowne I am, but still my griefes are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefes, still am I king of those.

Bul. Part of your cares you giue me with your crown.

* knee.

† to returne.

‡ Give me the crown here cousin.

§ that.

Rich.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Rich. Your cares set vp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is losse of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the crowne, yet still with me they stay.

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the crowne?

Rich. I, no no I; for, I must nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I resigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my selfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I wash away my balme *,
With mine owne hands I giue away my crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my sacred state,
With mine owne breath release all duties rites †,
All pompe and maiestie I doe forswear,
My manners, rents, reuenues I forgoe,
My ailes, decrees, and statutes I denie.
God pardon all oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all vowes unbroke that sweare ‡ to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieud:
Long mayst thou liue in Richards seat to sit,
And soone lie Richard in an earthly pit:
God saue king Harry vntingd Richard saies,
And send him many yeeres of sun-shine daies.
What more remaines?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grieuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profite of this land;

* blame. † duties rites. ‡ are made.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

*That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.*

*Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weaud vp folly * gentle Northumberland?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one hainous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay || of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate † my selfe;
Though some of you (with Pilate) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue beere deliuered me to my sowre crosse,
And water cannot wash away your sinne.*

North. My lord dispatch, read ore these articles.

*Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a traitor with the rest;
For I haue giuen here my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a king;
Made glorie base, and soueraigntie ‡ a slaue;
Proud maiestie a subiect, state a peasant.*

North. My lord.

*Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans lord; I haue no name, no title,
No not that name was giuen me at the font,
But tis vsurp'd; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many winters out,*

* follies.

|| Nay all.

† bait.

‡ a soueraigne.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

*And know not now, what name to call my selfe,
O that I were a mockerie king of snow,
Standing before the sunne of Bullingbrooke,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.*

*Good king, great king; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be starling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither strait
That it may shew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his maiestie.*

Bul. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glasse.

North. Read ore this paper while the glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell.

Bul. Vrge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

*Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe see the very booke indeed.*

*Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe, **

Giue me the glasse †: no deeper wrinkles yet?

Hath sorrow stroke so many blowes upon this

Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?

Oh flattering glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!

Was this the face that euery day under his

Houehold roose did keepe ten thousand men?

Was this the face that faast so many follies,

And was at last out-faast by Bullingbrooke?

A brittle glorie shineth in this face,

As brittle as the glorie is the face,

For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:

Marke silent king the morall of this spor,

How soon my sorrow hath destroyd my face.

*Bul. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
The shadow of your face.*

** Enter one with a glasse.*

† Giue me that glasse and therein will I reade.

Rich.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
Ha lets see: tis very true, my grieve
Lies all within, and these externall manners
Of laments are meerely shadows to the unscene.
Grieve that swells with silence in the tortured soule: *
And I thank thee king that not onely giuest
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more. ||

Bull. Name it faire coosin.

Rich. Faire coose, why §? I am greater then a king.
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ** subiects
Being now a subiect, I haue a king heere
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue it ††?

Bul. You shall.

Rich. Why ||| then giue me leaue to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bul. Goe some of you conuay him to the tower.

Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true kings fall.

§§ *Bul.* On Wednesday next we solemnely set downe,
Our coronation; lords prepare yourselves.

Exeunt. Manet West. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

* There lies the substance, and I thank thee king for thy great bounty, that, &c.
fourth edition. || Shall I obtaine it? § Cousin I am. ** my.

†† it omitted. ||| Why omitted. §§ Let it be so, and let on Wednesday
next, We solemnely proclaime our coronation. Lords be ready all. First Edition.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Aum. You holy clergiemē, is there no plot,
To rid the realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. * Before I freely speake my mind heerein,
You shall not onely take the sacrament
To bury mine intent, but also to effect
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Excunt. †

Enter queene, with her attendants ‡.

Queene. This way the king will come, this is the way
To *Julius Casars* ill erected tower.
To whose flint bosome my condemned lord
is doomde a prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true kings queene.

Enter Richard. ¶

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,
My faire rose wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell where old *Troy* did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou king *Richards* toombe:
And not king *Richard*: thou most beauteous inne,
Why should hard fauour'd grieffe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with grieffe, faire woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good foule,

* My lord before, &c. † *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.* ‡ and ladies.
¶ and guard.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

To thinke our former state a happy dreame,
 From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
 Shewes vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweete)
 To grimme necessitie, and he and I
 Will keepe a league till death. *Hie* * thee to *France*,
 And cloyster thee in some religious house:
 Our holy liues must winne a new worlds crowne,
 Which our prophane houres here, haue *throwne* † downe.

Queene. What is my *Richard* both in shape and mind,
 Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
 Deposd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
 The lyon dying thrusteth foorth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
 To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou pupil-like
 Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rodde,
 And fawne on rage with bace humilitie,
 Which art a lyon, and a king of beasts?

King. A king of beasts indeed, if aught but *beasts* †
 I had been still a happy king of men.
 Good (sometime queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
 Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takest
 As from my death bed my last liuing leaue.
 In winters tedious *nights* ‡ fit by the fire
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
 And ere thou bid *good* || to quite their griefe,
 Tell thou the lamentable *tale* § of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
 For why, the sencelesse brands will *simpathy* **
 The heauy accent of *thy* †† moouing tongue,
 And in compassion weepe the fire out;
 And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
 For the deposing of a rightfull king.

* *Hie*. † *stricken*. ‡ *beast*. † *night*. || *good night*. § *fall*. ** *simpathy*. †† *mo*
 Enter

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
You must to *Pomfret*, not vnto the tower.
And madam, there is order tane for you,
With all swift speed you must away to *France*.

King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my throne.
The time shall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
Though he deuide the realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which knowst the way
To plant vnrighfull kings, will know againe,
Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne,
The loue of wicked *men* * conuerts to feare.
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deferred death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King. Doubly diuorc't (bad men) you violate
A twofold mariage, betwixt † my crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the clime:
My wife to *France*, from whence set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Que. And must we be deuided? must we part?

King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart

* friends.

† reuixt.

Queen.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Queen. Banish vs both, and send the king with me.

King. That were some loue, but little policie.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

King. So two together weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for * me in *France*, I for thee here,
Better farre off then neere be *neare* † the neere:
Goe count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queen. So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

King. Twise for one step Ile grone, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be brieft,
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe:
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

King. We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say.

Exeunt. †

Enter duke of Yorke and the dutchesse.

Dut. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the *story* ‡
Of our two coosins comming into *London*.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Dut. At that sad stop my lord,
Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then (as I said) the duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,

* then far. † nere. ‡ *Scena Secunda.* ¶ *story off.*

Whil

RICHARD THE SECOND.

While all tongues cride, God saue *the* * *Bullingbrooke*,
 You would haue thought the very windowes spake :
 So many greedy lookes of young and old,
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Vpon his visage, and that all the walles,
 With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue *the** welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
 Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
 Bare-headed, lower then his proud steeds necke
 Bespake them thus, I thanke you countrymen :
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Du. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst ?

York. As in a theater the eyes of men,
 After a well graced actor leaues the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
 Did scoule on gentle † *Richard*, no man cried God saue him :
 No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
 But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
 His face still combating with teares and smiles,
 The badges of his griefe and patience ;
 That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
 The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
 And barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him :
 But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
 To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
 So *Bullingbrooke* are we sworne subiect now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Du. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

* *thee.*

† gentle omitted.

Enter

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter Aum.

Yorke. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* friend :
And madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :
I am in parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made king.

Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art * the violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.

Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from *Oxford*? do these iusts and triumphs hold†?

Aum. For aught I know (my lord) they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.

Yorke. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosom:
Yea, lookst thou pale? let mee see the writting.

Auw. My lord tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who see ‡ it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writting.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrel against the triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, thou art ¶ a foole;
Boy, let me see the writting.

* are. † hold these iusts and triumphs. ‡ sees. ¶ you are.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yorke. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:

He pluckes it out of his bosome, and reads it.

Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, flauie.

Dut. What is the matter, my lord?

Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse:

God * for his mercy! what trechery is heere?

Du. Why, what is it my lord?

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish woman.

Dut. I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle* †?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.

Dutch. Thy life answere?

Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the king.

His man enters with his bootes ‡.

Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazzd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my sight.

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespassse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

* Heaven.

† Isen?

‡ Enter seruant with bootes.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the king at *Oxford*.

Du. He shall be none, wee keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadst thou ground for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:
But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete *Yorke*, sweete husband be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way vnruely woman.

Exit.

Du. After *Aumerle*: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *Yorke*,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.*

† Enter the king with his nobles. §

King H. Can no man tell me † of my vnthrifte sonne?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to God || my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at *London*, mongst the tauernes there,
For there they say, he dayly doth frequent,

* *Exeunt.*

† *Scena Tertia.*

§ Enter *Bullingbrooke*, *Perry*, and other lords

† me omitted.

|| *Heaven.*

With

RICHARD THE SECOND.

With vnrestrained loose companions,
 Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
 And *beate* * our watch, and *robbe* † our passengers,
 Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew
H. Per. My lord, some two daies since I saw the prince
 And told him of *those* ‡ triumphs held at *Oxford*.

King. And what said the gallant?

Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
 And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
 And weare it as a fauour, and with that
 He would vnhorse the lustiest challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
 I see some *sparkles* § of better hope, which elder *yeares* §
 May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

*Enter Aumerle amazed **.*

Aum. Where is the king?

King H. What meanes *our* †† coosin that he stares and
 looks so wildly?

Aum. God saue your grace; I do beseech your maiesty,
 To haue some conference with your grace alone.

King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
 What is the matter with our coosin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
 My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth;
 Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
 If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
 To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
 That no man enter till *my* †† tale be done.

* *robbe*. † *beat*. ‡ *these*. § *sparkes*. § *days*. ** *amazed* omitted.

†† *my*. †† *the*.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. Haue thy desire.

The duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.

Yorke. My liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

King. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy king :
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face ?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *

King. What is the matter vnckle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it ?

Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The *treason* † that my hand forbids me show.

Au. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (king)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence :
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie prooue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.

King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie !
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne !
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer fountaine,
From whence this streame through muddie passages
Hath *hald* ‡ his current, and defilde himselfe :
Thy overflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my vertue, be his vices bande,
And he shall spend mine honor, with his shame,

* Enter Yorke. † reason. ‡ bad, held.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

As thriftles sonnes, their scraping fathers gold :
 Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
 Or my shame life in his dishonor lies :
 Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
 The traitor liues, the true man's put to death. *

Dutch. What ho, my liege for *Gods* † sake let me in.

King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry ?

Dut. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
 Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
 A begger begs, that neuer begd before.

King. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
 And now changde to the beggar and the king :
 My dangerous coosin, let your mother in,
 I know she is come, to pray for your foule sinne.

Yorke. If thou do pardon whoesoener pray,
 More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may :
 This festred ioynt cut off, the rest *rest* ‡ found,
 This let alone, will all the rest confound. ||

Dut. Oh king, belecue not this hard-harted man :
 Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here ?
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare ?

Dut. Sweete *Yorke* be patient ; heare me gentle liege.

King H. Rise vp good aunt.

Dut. Not yet I thee beseech,
 For euer will I walke § vpon my knees,
 And neuer see day that the happy fees,
 Till thou giue ioy ; vtill thou bid me ioy,
 By pardoning *Rutland*, my transgressing boy.

Au. Vnto my mothers praiers I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,

** *Ill mayst thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.*

• *Duchesse within,* † *Heauens.* ‡ *rest.* || Enter *dutchesse.* § *kneels.*
 ** omitted.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Dutc. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrysie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let *them** haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good aunt stand vp.

Dutc. Nay, doe not say, stand vp;
Say † pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon king, let pittie teach the how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweete;
No word like pardon for kings mouthes so meete.

Yorke. Speake it in *French*, king say, *Pardonne moy.*

Dutc. Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
Ah my sowre husband, my hard hearted lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping *French* we do not vnderstand:
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine care,
That hearing how *our* ‡ plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Dutch. I doe not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

* *him.*

† *But.*

‡ *your.*

King.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.
Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe ;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

King. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

King. But for our trustie brother in law *and* * the abbot,
With all the rest of that conformed crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
Good vnckle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To *Oxford*, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once *know* † where.
Vnckle farewell, and *coosin* † adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Dut. Come my old sonne, I pray *God* ‖ make thee new.

Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton, &c. §

Exton. Didst thou not marke the *K***. what words he spake
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man. These †† were his *very* †† words.

Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

Man. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the king at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go,
I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Exeunt. |||

* and omitted. † *knew*. † *coosin* too. ‖ *Heaven*. § *Enter*
Exton and Seruant. ** *king*. †† *Those*. †† *very* omitted. ||| *Scena Quarta.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue been studying how to compare
This prison where I liue, vnto the world :
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I can not do it : yet Ile hammer it out :
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule ;
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts ;
And these saime thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world :
For no thought is contented : the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word * is † selfe
Against thy word ‡, as thus : come little ones, and then againe
It is as hard to come as for a cammell
To thread the *small* || posterne of a finall needles eye :
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders : how these vaine weake nayles
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles :
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars ;
Who sitting in the stockes, *refnuge* § their shame,
That many haue, and others must sit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one prison many people,
And none contented ; sometimes am I a king,

* *saith.*

† *it.*

‡ *the saith.*

|| *small omitted.*

§ *refuge, refuge.*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Then treasons make me wish my selfe a begger,
 And so I am : then crushing penurie
 Perswades me I was better when a king;
 Then am I a *king* * againe, and by and by,
 Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
 And straight am nothing. But what ere I be †,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing, shall be pleasde, till he be easde
 With being nothing musicke do I heare; *musicke plaies.*
 Ha, ha, keepe time; how sowre sweete musicke is
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
 So is it in the musicke of mens liues :
 And heere haue I the daintinesse of *care* ‡
 To *checke* || time broke in disordered string :
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an eare to heare my true time broke :
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me :
 For now hath time *made* § his numbring clocke ;
 My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
 There watches *on vnto* ** mine eyes the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger like a dials point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
 Now sir, the sound that tels what howre it is,
 Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
 Which is the bell : so sighes, and teares, and groanes,
 Shew minutes, *times, and houres* †† : but ‡‡ my time
 Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
 While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke :
 This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
 For though it *bath* ||| help madde men to their wits,
 In me it seemes it will make wise men madde.
 Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,

* *king* d. † *am.* ‡ *care.* || *beare.* § *made me.* ** *co.* †† *houres and times.*
 ‡‡ *oh but.* ||| *haue.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

For t'is a signe of loue : and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

*Enter a groome of the stable **.

Groome. Haile royall prince.

Rich. Thanks noble peere :

'The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man euer comes but that sad dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue ?

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king : who travelling towards *Yorke*,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face :
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In *London* streets that coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on roane *Barbarie*,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on *Barbarie*, tell me gentle friend,
How went he vnder him ?

Groome. So prouddie, as if he † disdained the ground.

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe :
That iade hath eate bread from my royall hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him :
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall downe ?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe ?
Forgiuenesse horse, why do I rayle on thee ?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
Spurde, galde ‡, and tyrde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

* omitted,

† be had.

‡ *Spur-gall'd.*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

* *Keeper.* Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit groome.

Enter one to Richard with meat †.

Keeper. My lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert ‡ wont to do.

Keeper. My lord I dare not, sir *Pierce of Exton*,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take *Henry of Lancaster* and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

Here Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings blood stained the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royall blood:
Both haue I spild; oh would the deed were good!
For now the deuill that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the liuing king Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

Exit. ||

* *Enter keeper with a dish.* † *keeper with a dish.* ‡ *art.* [*Scena Quinta.*
Enter

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter Bullingbrooke with the duke of Yorke. §

King. Kind * vncke *Yorke*, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne † *Cicester* in *Glocestershire* :
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not :
Welcome my lord, what is the newes ?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state with I all happinesse ;
The next newes is, I haue to *London* sent
The heads of *Oxford*, *Salisburie*, and *Kent* : ‡
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle *Percie* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter lord Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I haue from *Oxford* sent to *London*,
The heads of *Broccas*, and sir *Benet Seely* ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traytors,
That sought at *Oxford* thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines *Fitz* ¶ : shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie. §§

Per. The graund conspirator abbot of *Westminster*,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue ;
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

§ *Fleurish.* *Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other lords and attendants.*

* *Kind* omitted.

† *towne of.*

‡ *Salisburie, Spencer, Blunt, and*

Kent.

¶ *Fitzwater.*

§§ *and Carleile.*

King.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

King. Carleil, this is your doome,
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy *life* *,
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparkes of honour in thee *haue* † ſcene.

Enter *Exton* with the coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.

King. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deepe of ſlaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your owne mouth (*my lord* †) did I this deed

King. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murderer, loue him murdered:

The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princelie fauour:
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinckle me *to* ‖ make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for *what* § I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:

Ile make a voyage to the *Holy Land*,
To waſh this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely beere.

* *ſelf*. † *I haue*. ‡ *lord*. ‖ *and*. § *that*.

F I N I S.

THE END

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
H E N R Y the Fourth,

WITH THE

Battell at *Shrewseburie*, betweene the
King, and Lord *Henrie Percy*, sur-
named *Henrie Hotspur* of the *North*.

With the Humorous Conceites of

Sir *I O H N F A L S T A F F E*.

Newly corrected by W. SHAKESPEARE.



London, Printed by *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in *Paules Church-yard*,
neere vnto *S. Augustines Gate*, at the Signe
of the *Foxe*. 1613.

☞ This Copy has been collated with the following.

Henry the Fourth 1599, S. S. for Andrew Wise.

————— 1632 *I. Norton*, fold by *W. Sheares*.

————— 1639 Ditto, fold by *Hugh Pary*.

The HISTORIE of HENRIE the Fourth.

*Enter the king, lord Iohn of Lancaster, earle of Westmerland,
with others.*

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broiles
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote ;
No more the thirstie entrance of this soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood :
No more shall trenching warre channel her fields,
Nor bruse her *flourets* * with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beseeming ranckes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his maister : therefore friends,
As farre as to the sepulchre of *Christ*,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed crosse,
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Foorthwith a power of *Englisb* shall we leuy,

** flowers.*

VOL. II.

C c

Whose

THE HISTORIE OF

Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fieldes,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,
Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse :
But this our purpose is * twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now : then let me heare
Of you my gentle coosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our counsell did decree,
In forw^aling this † deere expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes ;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herdfordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that *Welchman* taken,
A thousand of his people butchered :
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those *Welchwomen* done, as may not be
(Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the *Holy Land*.

West. This matcht with other like ‡; my gracious L.
Far || more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the north, and thus it did report § :
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer † valiant and approoued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend

* is but. † bis. ‡ did. || For. § import. † very.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillarie,
And shap of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stainde with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twentie knights
Balkt in their owne blood did *sir Walter* see
On *Holmedons* plaines: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordahe earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas* and the earle of *Atholl*
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? ha, coosen is it not? in fayth it is.

West. A conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne
In enuy, that my lord *Northumberland*,
Should be the father of so blest a sonne:
A sonne, who is the theame of honours tongue,
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweete fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
Seeryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchange
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,

THE HISTORIE OF

But let him from my thoughtes : what thinke you coose
Of this young *Percies* pride ? the prisoners
Which he in this aduenture had surprisde,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sendes me word
I shall haue none but *Mordake* earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his vnckles teaching ; this is *Worcester*,
Maleuolent to you in all aspectes :
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignitie.

King. But I haue sent for him to answere this :
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

Coolen, on *Wednesday* next, our counsell we will hold
At *Winfor*, so *informers* * the lords :

But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my liege.

Exeunt.

Enter prince of Wales and sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fals. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad ?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely,
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou
to doe with the time of the day ? vnlesse houres were cups of
sacke, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawdes,
and dials the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne
himselfe a faire hot wench in flame coulered taffata ; I see no
reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaund the time
of the day.

Fals. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take
purfes, goe by the moone and † seuen starres, and not by
Phæbus, he, that wandring knight so faire : and I prethee

* *informers.*

† *and the.*

sweete

HENRY THE FOURTH.

sweete wagge, when thou art king, as God saue thy grace ;
maiesty I should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none ?

Fals. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-
logue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then ? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not
vs that are squires of the nights body, be called theeues of the
dayes beauty : let vs be *Dianaes* forresters, gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the moone ; and let men say, we be men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistris the moone ; vnder whose countenaunce we
steale.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the
fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow
like the sea, being gouerned as the sea is by the moone ; as
for prooffe. Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on
Monday night, and most dissolutly spent on *Tuesday* morning ;
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in :
now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the ladder, and by and
by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallowses.

Fals. By the lord thou saiest true lad : and is not my ho-
stesse of the tauerne a most sweet wench ?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the castle ; and
is not a buffe ierkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

Fals. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips
and thy quiddities ? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe
ierkin ?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my hostesse
of the tauerne ?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part ?

Fals. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

THE HISTORIE OF

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch; and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vse it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shal there be gallows standing in *England* when thou art king? and resolution thus *subd* * as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law: doe not thou when thou art a king, hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane thou shalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of futes?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb cat, or a lugd beare.

Prin. Or an old lion, or a louers lute.

Fals. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnshire* bagpipe.

Prin. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of *Moore-ditch*?

Fals. Thou hast the most vsauory similes, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir: but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for wisedome cries out in the streetes, and no man regardes it.

* *subd.*

Fals.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgieue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a kings sonne in *Christendome*.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and bassel me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poines.

Poines. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* haue set a match: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hall*. What sayes monsieur remorse? what sayes sir *John* sacke and sugar, *Iacke*? how agrees the diuell and thee about thy foule, that thou fouldest him on *Good-friday* last, for a cup of *Madera* and a cold capons legge?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet * a breaker of proverbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Else he had bin damnd for cosening the diuell.

* yet omitted.

C c 4

Poy.

THE HISTORIE OF

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads hil*, there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: *Gads-hil* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in *Eastcheap*; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stufſe your purses full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Fals. Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fals. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fals. Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then once in my dayes Ile be a mad cap.

Fals. Why thats well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art

Prin. I care not. (king.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal go.

Fals. Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance; farewell, you shall find me in *Eastcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter spring, farewell *Alhollowne* summer.

Poy. Now my good sweet hony lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mappage alone. *Falſaſſe*, *Haruey*, *Roffil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men
that

HENRY THE FOURTH.

that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this *head* * from my shoulders.

Princ. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchiued, but wee will set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be ourselves.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: and firra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them I know *thē* † to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fatte rogue will tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of *this* ‡ lies the iest.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges necessary, and meete me to morrow night in *Eastcheape*, there Ile suppe: farewell.

Boy. Farewell my lord.

Exit Poynes.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse
Yet herein will I immitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world,

* *head off.*

† *them omitted.*

‡ *these.*

That

THE HISTORIE OF

That when he please againe to be himselfe,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
 By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
 Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
 If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
 To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
 But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
 So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I neuer promised,
 By how much better then my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
 And like bright mettell on a fullin ground,
 My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
 Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Exit.

*Enter the king, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, fr.
 Walter Blunt with others.*

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate,
 Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
 And you haue found me; for accordingly,
 You tread vpon my patience: but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,
 Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
 Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soule nere payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne leige) little deserues
 The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
 And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
 Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Nor. My lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,
O fir your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a *seruant* * brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vse and counfel, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

Nort. Yea my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highnesse name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at *Helmedon* tooke,
Were as he sayes, not with such strength denied,
As he † deliuered to your maiesty.
Either enuy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

Hotf. My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridgroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pountet boxe, which ener and anon
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkte,
And as the fouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmanly,
To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarfe,
Berwixt the wind and his nobility,

* *servants*, † *is*

With

THE HISTORIE OF

With many holy day and lady tearmes.
 He questioned me: among the rest demanded,
 My prisoners in your maiesties behalfe.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a poppingay,
 Out of my grieffe and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so briiske, and smell so sweet,
 And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:
 And telling me, the soueraignest thing on earth;
 Was parmacity for an inward bruse,
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,
 This villanous saltpeter should be digd
 Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth;
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyd
 So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
 He would haue been himselfe a souldiour.
 This bald vnioynted chat of his (my lord)
 I answered indirectly (as I sayd)
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my loue, and your high maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord
 What er'e *Harrie Percie* then had said
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May resonable die, and neuer rise,
 To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he vsay it now.

King. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with prouiso and exception,
 That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight

HENRY THE FOURTH.

His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight,
Against the great magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whose daughter as we heare, the earle of *March*,
Hath lately married? shall our coffers then,
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him sterue,
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransom home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my soveraigne liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed woundes which valiantly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuerns* siedgie banke
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times they did drinke,
Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerns* flood
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King.

THE HISTORIE OF

King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
As will displease you. My lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not fend them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vncke. *

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all these † veines.
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust;
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale;
And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

* Enter *Wor.* † these.

Wor.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclamd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was; I heard the proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy king,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his *Irisb* expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,
Lie scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

Hot. But soft I pray you, did king *Richard* then
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coosin king,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?
O pardon if that I * descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?

* *methat I.*

And

THE HISTORIE OF

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?
No, yet times serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the iearing and disdaine'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he *owes* * you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace cozsin, say no more.

And now I will vnclaspe a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile read *your* † matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to o're walke a current roring lowd,
On the *vnsteadfast* ‡ footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swim,
Send danger from the east vnto the west,
So honor crosse it, from the north to south,
And let them grapple: *the* || bloud more stirres
To rowse a lion then to start a hare.

North Immagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the boundes of patience.

Hot. By heauen me thinks it weare an easie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

* *owes to.* † *you.* ‡ *vnsteadful.* § *O the.*

HENRY THE FOURTH

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would saue his soule, he shall not.
Ile keepe them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes :
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :
He said he would not ransome *Mortimer*,
Forbade my tongue to speake of *Mortimer* :
But I will finde him when he lies a sleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer* :
Nay, Ile haue a starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you coosin, a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly desie,
Sane how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*.
And that same sword and buckler prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance :
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell kinsman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waspe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne ?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare

THE HISTORIE OF

Of this vile politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*;
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vncke kept,
His vncke *Yorke*, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenffurgh*,
Nor. At *Barkly* castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candie deale of curtesie,
This fawning grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind coosin:
O, the diuell take such cooseners, God forgine me,
Good vncke tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble prelate, welbelou'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the lord *Scroope*:
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou still letst slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Torke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heades, by rayfing of a head:
For, beare our felues as euen as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does; wee be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coosin, farewell. No further goe in this.

Then I by letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:

He steale to *Glendower*, and loe *, *Mortimer*,

Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the houres be short,
Till fieldes, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

Exeunt.

* 10.

D d 2

Enter

THE HISTORIE OF

Enter a carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* saddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all case.

Enter another carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poor iades the bots: this house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of oues rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this to be the most villanous house in all *London* roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the masse there is neare a king christen, could be better bit, thē I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, you * will allow vs nere a iordaine, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1 *Car.* Gods body, the turkies in my panier are quite starued: what ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? canst not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hangd, hast no fayth in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow carriers, what's a clocke?

* they.

Car.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantherne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I fayth.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call vp the gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Exeunt.

Enter chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pick-purse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the chamberlaine, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master *Gads-bill*, it holds currant that I told you yester night, theres a franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for egges and butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falsehood may.

THE HISTORIE OF

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou knowes he is no starueling: tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake, make al whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these madde mustachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility, and tranquility, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner thē speake, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner thē pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their bootes? will shee hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle, cocksure; we haue the receit of fernesseed, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my sayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to fernesseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *home* is a cōmon name to all men: bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Paines, and Peto, &c.

Paines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued *Falsfalja* horse, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

Prince.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fals. *Poines, Poines,* and be hangd *Poines.*

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Fals. What *Poines, Hal?*

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the *squire** further a foote, I shal break my winde: well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company houely any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am bewicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal,* a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto,* Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, Giue me my horse, and be hangd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? zbloud, Ile not beare mine own flesh so far afoot againe for all the coyne in thy fathers exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

* *squire.*

D d 4

Prince.

THE HISTORIE OF

Prince. Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horse,
Good kings sonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne haire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not ballades made *on* * all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sacke be my poyson: when leaust is so forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Poin. O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Cae yee, cae yee; on with your vizards, ther's mony of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Paines* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prin. What! a coward sir *John Pawnch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gant* our † grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

Prince. Well, wee leaue that to the prooffe.

* on you. † your.

Peypen.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Peynes. Sirra *Iacke*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him: farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd.

Prince. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Peynes. Here hard by, stand close.

Fal. Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say, euery man to his businesse.

Enter the trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hil, weele walke a foote a while, and ease our leggs.

Theeues. Stay *.

Tra. Iesus bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillars bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Peynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

* Stand.

Enter

THE HISTORIE OF

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day : and the prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cow-ardes, there's no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wild duck.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the prince and Poinet set upon them, they all runne away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer ; away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* swears * to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along : wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poinet. How the rogue roard.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be cōtented, why is he not then? in the respect of the loue he beares our house : he shoues in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke ; but I tell you (my lord foole) out of this nettles danger, we plucke this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friendes you haue named vncertaine, the time it selfe vsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

* *swears.*

See

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our frind * true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is this? why, my lord of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall course of the action zounds and I were now by this rascall, I could braine him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vnclē, and my selfe, lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Douglas*? Haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? what a *Pagan* rascall is this, and infidell? ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared, I will set forward to night.

Enter his lady.

How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin

A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?

Tell mee, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,

And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,

To thick-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee † watcht,

* friends. † thee haue.

And

THE HISTORIE OF

And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
 Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding steed,
 Cry courage to the field : and thou hast talkt
 Of fallies ; and retires, *trenches**, tents,
 Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
 Of prisoners ransome, and of foulders flaine,
 And all the current, of a heddy fight,
 Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
 And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
 That beds of sweat *hath* † stood vpon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
 And in thy face strange motions haue appeared,
 Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
 On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
 Some heauy busines hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Ser. He is my lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?

Ser. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe
 him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the
 parke.

La. But heare you my lord.

Hot. What saiest thou my lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. What, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a
 deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your
 busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer*

* of trenches. † haue.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you paraquito, answere me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifier, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world

To play with mannets, and to tilt with lips,
We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
What saist thou *Kate*; what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then? for since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me if you speake in ieast, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horse back, I will sweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me?
Whither I go: nor reason where about.
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
No lady closer, for I will beleue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:
And so fare will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:

To

THE HISTORIE OF

To day will I set forth* to morrow you?

Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter prince and Paines.

Prince. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Paines. Where hast been *Hal*?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or foure score hogs-heads. I haue founded the very base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of curtesie; and tell mee flatly, I am not † proud *lack*, like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*; a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am king of *England*, I shall commande all the good lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet: and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any tinker in his owne language during my life. I ‡ tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other *Englisb* in his life, then *eight shillings and sixe pence*: and, *you are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *anon, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe meone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar,

* *forward.* † *no.* ‡ *I will.*

and

HENRY THE FOURTH.

and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anon: steppe aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. Francis.

Enter drawer.

Fra. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the pomgarnet, Ralfe.

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to—

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Five yeares; berlady a long lease for the clincking of pewter: but Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis. O lord sir, Ile besworne vpon all * bookes in England, I could find in my heart.*

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the sugar thou gauest me, t'was a † penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone.

* all the. † but a.

Prince.

THE HISTORIE OF

Prince. Anone *Francis*? no *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on *Thurseday*: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: but *Francis*.

Francis. My lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leatherne ierkin, christall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smooth tongue, *Spanisb* pouch.

Francis. O lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poines. *Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call? *Heere they both call him, the drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.*

Enter vintner.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke to the ghestes within. My lord, old sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the doore:
Poines.

Poines. Anone, anone sir.

Enter Poines.

Prince. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the theenues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the drawer; come, what's the issue?

Princ. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill

HENRY THE FOURTH

pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Princ. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a parret, and yet the son of a woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the *Hotspur* of the north, he that kils me some fixe or seuen dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry*, says she! how many hast thou kild to day? giue my roane horse a drench (sayes he) and answeres, some forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde brawne shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, saies the drunkard: cal in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Paines. Welcome *Iacke*, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance to, marry and amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sowe neatherstocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *

Prin. Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, pittiful harted *Titan* that melted at the sweete tale of the sunne? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, heres lime in this sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse the a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a

* He drinketh,

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E e

Shotten

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shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in *England*, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now wolsacke, what mutter you?

Fals. A kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiectes afore thee like a flocke of wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and *Peines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde eare I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are scarfe wip'd since thou drunkist last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all cowards still say I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Fals. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hackt like a hand-saw, *eccé signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them spake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it:

Rofs. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my lord.

Rofs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a *Iew* else, an *Ebrew Iew*.

Rofs. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought yee with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poines. Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them, two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom futes: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; cal me horse: thou knowest my old word*: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou said'st but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

* words.

E c 2

Fals.

THE HISTORIE OF

Fals. These foure came all a front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my target, thus.

Princ. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fals. In buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in buckrome suites.

Fals. Seuen, by these hiltes, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Fals. Doeſt thou heare me *Hal*?

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken.

Poyneſ. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three miſſ-begotte knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mouſtaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, what ſaiſt thou to this?

Pey. Come, your reaſon *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Fal.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsiō? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong*, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, and when thou hast *tried* † thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but *thus* ‡.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, saw you foure, set on foure and bound them, and were maisters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calse. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? what tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

Fals. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. What heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware

* tong, you † tried. ‡ this.

THE HISTORIE OF

instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fals. A, no more of that *Hal*, and thou louest me.

Enter hostesse.

Host. O Iesu, my lord the prince!

Prin. How now my lady the hostesse, what faist thou to me?

Host. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

Fals. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fals. What doth grauntie out of his bed at midnight? shall I giue him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Fals. Fayth, and Ile send him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now firs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no fie.

Bar. Fayth, I ran when I saw others runne.

Prince. Fayth, tell me now in earnest, how came *Fals* sword so hackt?

Peto

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleene it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeares before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of sacke eightcene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

Princ. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purfes.

Bar. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of fighting and grieve, it blows a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *John Braby* from your father: you must goe to the court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a *Welch* hooke; what a plague call you him?

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Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Fals. Owen, Owen *, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scottes Dowglas*, that runnes a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speed, and with a pistoll kills a sparrow flying.

Fals. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow.

Fals. Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why what a rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running?

Fals. A horse-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

Fals. I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew caps more. *War* after is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as flinking mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hot sunne †, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy mayden-heads as they buy hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible ‡ afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? art not thou horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

* Owen Glendower.

† June.

‡ horribly.

Fals.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Fals. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou comcest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answere.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushin my crowne.

Prin. Thy state is taken for a ioynd stole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pittifull bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in king *Cambises* vaine.

Prince. Well, here is my legge.

Fals. And here is my speech: stand aside nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, vfayth.

Fal. Weepe not sweete queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake lords, conuey my trustfull qeene: For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry. I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time, but also, how thou art accompanied: for though the caminomile the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet * youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: *thou* † art my sonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly *my* ‡ opinion; but chiefly a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth the point; why, being

* so.

† that thou.

‡ my owne.

sonne

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sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of pitch; this pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares? not in pleasure, but in passion; not in wordes onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your maiestie?

Fal. A good portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful looke, a pleasing eye, and a most noble cariage, and as I thinke, his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man shold be lewdly giuen, he *deceiues* * me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell mee now, thou naughty varlet, tell mee, where hast thou been this month?

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbit-fucker, or a poulters hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

* *deceiveth.*

Fal.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Fals. Zbloud my lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle ye for a young prince yfaith.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth nere looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a diuell hauntes thee in the likenesse of a fat old man, a tun of man is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of humors, that boulding-hutch of beaflinesse, that swolne parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloke-bag of guttes, that rosted *Manning tree* oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taste sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and clemly, but to carue a capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded *Sathan*.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is (fauling your reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sinne, then many an hold *host** that I know, is damn'd: if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaos* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poiner*; but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, ba-

* *east*.

nish

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nish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord, the shrieve, with a most monstrous watch is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the hostesse.

Hof. O Iesu, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

Hof. The sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to searce the house, shall I let them in?

Falsf. Doeſt thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of gold a counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou a naturall coward, without instinct.

Falsf. I deny your maior; if you will deny the sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a halter as an other.

Prin. Go hide thee behinde the arras, the rest walke vp a boue. Now my maisters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the sherife.

Enter sherife and the carrier.

Prin. Now maister sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious lord, a grosse fatte man.

Car. As fatte as butter.

Prin. The man, I doe assure you is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue imployed him:
And sheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to answere thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall,
And so let me intreat you leaue the house.

Sher. I will my lord, there are two gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost 300 *. markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men
He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good night my noble lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my lord, I thinke it be two a clock. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyle rascall is knowne as well as *Poules*: goe
call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe*? fast a sleepe behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers my lord.

Prin. Lets see what be they: reade them.

Item a capon

ii. s. ii. d.

Item sawce

iii. d.

Item, sacke, two gallons.

v. s. viii. †. d.

* 3000. † vii.

Item

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Item anchoues and sacke after supper

ii. s. vi. *. d.

Item bread.

ob

Oh monstrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of sacke? what there is else, keepe close, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day; ile to the court in the morning, we must all to the wars, and thy place shall bee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score; the mony shall be paide backe againe with aduantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and coosin *Glendower*, will you sit downe?

And vncke *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit coosin *Percy*, sit good coosin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as oft † as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of heauen was full of fire shapes,
Of burning cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if
your mothers cat had but kitened, though your selfe had neuer
bin borne.

* will. † often.

Glen

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Glen. I say the earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie:

Diseased nature oftentimes breakes foorth

In strange eruptions, *and* * the teeming earth,

Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vext,

By the imprisoning of vnruely winde

Within her wombe, which for enlargement striuing,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and toples downe

Steeple, and mos-growne towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, hauing this distemperature,

In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men

I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my birth,

The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The goates ran from the mountaines; and the heardes

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fieldes,

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the roll of common men:

Where is the liuing, clipt in with the sea,

That chides the bankes of *England, Scotland, and † Wales,*

Which cals me pupil, or hath read to me,

And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of art,

And holde me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*;
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

* *oft.* † *and omitted.*

Glen.

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Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee coosen, to command the diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coosen *, to shame the diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the diuell.
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the diuell.

Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue I bent † him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too ?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name ?

Glen. Come, here is the map, shall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane ?

Mor. The arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits; very equally :
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assignde,
All westward, *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To *Owen Glendower* : and deare coose, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*,
And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A busines that this night may execute :)
To morrow coosen *Percy* you and I
And my good lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meet your father and the *Scottish* power,
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.

* coose. † sent.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee need his helpe these fourteene dayes ;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together,
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall fend me to you, lords
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whome you now must steale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moity north from *Burton* here
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a mōstrous scantle out :
He haue the currant in this place damd vp,
And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind ? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs
me vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the
oppoed continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes
from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this northside, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it altred.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in *Welsh*.

THE HISTORIE OF

Glen. I can speake *English*, lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the *English* court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an *English* dittie, louly well,
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament :
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers :
I had rather heare a brasen canstick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing poetry :
T'is like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come you shall haue *Trent* turnd.

Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend :
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me :
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne ? shall we be gone ?

Glen. The moone shines faire, you may away by night :
Ile hast the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*

Mor. Fie, cosen *Percy*, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies :
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd griffin and a moulten rauens,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deale of skimble ikamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,

Ile

HENRY THE FOURTH.

He held me last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckning vp the feuerall diuels names.
That were his lackies : I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a rayling wife,
Worse then a smokie house. I had rather liue
With cheefe and garlieke in a windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any summer-house in *Christendome*.

Mor. In fayth he *was* * a worthy gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As mines of *India* : shall I tell you, coosen,
He holdes your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humour, fayth he does :
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe :
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In fayth, my lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience :
You must needes learne, lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you :
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdaine ;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth mens heartes, and leaues behind a staine

* *is.*

THE HISTORIE OF

Vpon the beautie of all partes besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold, good-manners be your speed,
Heere come your wines, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My daughter weepes, shee le not part with you,
Shee le be a souldier too, shee le to the warres.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she, and my aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answeres him in
the same.*

Glen. She is desperat heere,
A peenish selfe-wild harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The lady speakes in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that prety *Welsh*,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,
I am to * perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answere thee.

The lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly pend,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Sung by a faire queene in a summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

The lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ingnorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harness teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the east.

Mor. With all my heart Ile sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, and those musitions that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from *thence* *,
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe :
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.

La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether *gouerned* † by humors :
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st *haue* ‡ thy head broken ?

* *thence.* † *gouerned* omitted. ‡ *thou haue.*

THE HISTORIE OF

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? hart you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then *Finsburie*:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and funday-citizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher; and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By this our booke is drawne, wee le but seale,
And then to horse immediatly.

Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the king, prince of Wales, and other.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the prince of *Wales* and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For

HENRY THE FOURTH.

For we shall presently haue need of you.

Exeunt lords.

I know not whether God will haue it so,

For some displeasing seruice I haue done,

That in his secret doome, out of my blood,

Hee'll breed reuengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost in the passages of life,

Make me belecue, that thou art onely mark'd

For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude societie,

As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,

And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your maiestie, I would I could

Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,

As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge

My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As in reproofe of many tales deuifde,

Which oft the care of greatnes needes must heare

By smiling pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,

I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wandred, and irregular

Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, *Harry,*

At thy affections, which doe hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors:

Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy younger brother is supplide;

And art almost an alien to the heartes

Of all the court and princes of my bloud,

The hope and expectation of thy time,

THE HISTORIE OF

Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
 Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
 So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
 Had still kept loyall to possession,
 And left me in reputeles banishment.
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
 By beeing seldome seene, I could not stir
 But like a comet I was wondred at,
 That men would tel their children, this is he:
 Others would say, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
 And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
 And drest my selfe in such humility,
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
 Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes
 Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontificall,
 Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
 And wan by rarenes such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
 Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
 And gaue his countenance against his name,
 To laugh at gybing boyes, and stand the push
 Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
 Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enfeost * himselfe to popularity,

Q

* *Enferc'd,*

That

HENRY THE FOURTH.

That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
 They surfettèd with hony, and began to loath,
 The tast of sweetnes, whereof a little.
 More then a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to bee seene,
 He was, but as the cuckow is in *June*,
 Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes
 As sicke and blunted with community,
 Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
 Such as is bent on sun-like maiesty,
 When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
 But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 As cloudy men vse to *do to* * their aduersaries,
 Being with his presence, gluttèd, gorgde and full.
 And in that very line, *Harry* standest thou
 For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,
 With vile participation, not an eye
 But is awery of thy common sight,
 Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
 Which now doth that I would not haue it *doe* †
 Make blind it selfe with foolish tendernes.

Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord
 Be more my selfe.

King. For all the world
 As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,
 When I from *France* set foot at *Rauenspurgh*,
 And euen as I was then is *Percy* now:
 Now by my scepter and my soule to boote,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Then thou, the shadow of succession,
 For of no right nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fieldes with harnes in the realme,

* *do to* omitted, † *done*.

Turns

THE HISTORIE OF

Turns head against the lions armed iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient lords, and reuerent bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes,
What neuer dying honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Dowglas*? whose high deedes,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all fouldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall.
Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge *Christ*,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars* in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The archbishops grace of *Yorke*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'st and deereft enemy?
Thou that * art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtlie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgine them, that so much haue swayde
Your maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,

* *That thou.*

HENRY THE FOURTH.

When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayfed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor *fitting* * on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my factor, good my lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, even the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe
I do beseech your maiesty may salue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere breake the finallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,

* *sitting.*

Thap

THE HISTORIE OF

That *Dowglas* and the *Englisb* rebels met
The eleuenth of this month at *Shrewsburie*·
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on euey hand)
As euer offered foule play in a state.

King. The earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my soone lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
For this aduertisement is fīue daies old,
On *Wednesday* next *Harry* thou shalt * set forward
On *Thursday*, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march
Through *Glocester-shire*, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not false away vilely since this last action?
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about
me like an old ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
apple *John*. Well, Ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am
in some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall
haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what
the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a
brewers horse, the inside of a church. Company, villanous
company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy song, make
me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman need to
be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times
a weeke, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter
of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure

* you shalt.

times,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I lue out of all order, out of * compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, *sir John*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *sir John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *sir John*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dites* that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, by this fire that's Gods angel: but thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the sunne of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire there's no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand markes in linkes and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne and tauerne: but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, as the dearest chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be sure to be † heart-burnd. How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my pocket?

* of all. † sure to be omitted.

Enter

THE HISTORIE OF

Enter Host.

Host. Why sir *Iohn*, what do you thinke, sir *Iohn*? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tight of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie hostesse, *Bardoll* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Host. Who I? I* defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir *Iohn*, you do not know me, sir *Iohn*; I know you sir *Iohn*, you owe me money sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas: I haue giuen them away to bu-
ckers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Host. Now at I am a true woman, holland of vill. s. an ell. you owe money heere besides, sir *Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiii. pound.

Fal. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How; poore? looke vpon his face: what call you rich? let them coine his nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers worth fourty marke.

Host. O Iesu, I haue heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the prince is a iacke, a sneak-cup: zbloud and he were here, would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

* no I.

Enter

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Enter the prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing on his trunchion like a fife.

Fal. How now lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith:
Must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; *Newgate* fashion.

Hof. My lord, I pray you heare mee.

Prin. What saist thou, mistress *Quickly*? how dow * thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him my lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne foxe: and for womanhood, *Mayd-marian* may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

* *ditto*.

Hof.

Enter

THE HISTORIE OF

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

Prin. An otter, sir *Iohn*? why an otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vniust man in saying so: thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my lord, and sayd this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound *Hal*? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardol*?

Bar. Indeed, sir *Iohn*, you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my ring was copper.

Pri. I say tis copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himselfe, is to be feared as the lyon: dost thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all filde vp with guttes, and midriffe: charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why thou horefon impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor peniworth of sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal*? thou knowſt in the ſtate of innocencie, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſhalffe* do in the daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and thefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfast, loue thy huſband, looke to thy ſeruants, cheriſh thy gheſtes, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit hoſteſſe.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

Prin. O my ſweet beeffe, I muſt ſtill be good angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

VOL. II.

G g

Fal.

THE HISTORIE OF I

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one that can steale wel? O, for a fine theefe of the age of xxii, or ther about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardoll.

Bar. My lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaster*, To my brother *John*: this to my lord of *Westmerland*, Go, *Peto*, to horse * for thou and I Hauē thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time: *Iacke* meete me to morrow in the temple hall, At two a clocke in the afternoone, There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue, Money and order for their furniture, The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high, And eyther they or we must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. Hostes, my breakfast come
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth In this fine age were not *though* † flattery, Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue, As not a souldier of this seasons flampe, Should go so generall currant through the world: By God I cannot flatter, I desie The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe. Nay, take me to my word, approue me lord.

* to horse, to horse. † thought or through.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Wor. Thou art the king of honour,
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot. Do so, and t'is well: what letters *hast* * thou there?
I can but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he is grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leifure to be sicke
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

Mess. His litters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, foure dayes ere I fet forth.
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his phisitions.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bin whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterprife,
Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
Or any soule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

* *hast.*

THE HISTORIE OF

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possesse
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall find it were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states,
All at one cast: to set so rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein should we read
The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the diuell and mischance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been heere;
The qualitie and *heire* * of our attempt
Brookes no deuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdome, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence

* *heire*.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

The eye of reason may pricke in vpon vs :
This absence of your father draws a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lendes a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to *your* * great enterprize,
Then if the earle were heere : for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turvy downe :
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, at this deame of feare.

Enter sir Rih. Vernon.

Hot. My coosen *Vernon*, welcome by my soule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, lord,
The earle of *Westmerland*, seauen thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with prince *Iohn*.

Hot. No harme, what more ?

Ver. And further, I haue learnd,
The king himselfe in person hath set foorth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too ; where is his sonne,
The nimble-footed mad cap, prince of *Wales*,
And his cumrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it passe ?

Ver. All furnicht ? all in armes ?
All *plumde* † like estriges, that with the winde

* *our.* † *plumpe.*

THE HISTORIE OF

Bayted like eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
 Glittering in golden coates like images,
 As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
 And gorgeous as the sunne at midsummer;
 Wanton as youthfull goates, wilde as young buls;
 I saw young *Harry* with his beuer on,
 His cuthes on his thighes, gallantly armide,
 Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seate,
 As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
 To turne and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,
 And witch the world with noble horse-manship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse then the sunne in *March*.
 This prayse doth nourish agues; let them come,
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyde mayde of smokie warre,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mayled *Mars* shall on his altar sit
 Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire
 To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh:
 And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosome of the prince of *Wale*,
Harry to *Harry*, shall not * horse to horse
 Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:
 Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
 I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
 He can † draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet ‡.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a frosty found.

Hot. What may the kinges whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

* bot. † cannot. ‡ it.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.

My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fals. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle
of sacke, our souldiers shall march through; weele to *Sutton-*
cup-hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money captaine?

Fals. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fals. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make
twentie, take them all, Ile answere the coynage; bid my lieu-
tenant *Peto* meete me a townes end.

Bar. I will captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fals. If I be * ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowst gur-
net; I haue misused the kinges presse damnably. I haue got
in exchange of 150 souldiers, 300 and odde pounds. I presse
me none but good housholders, yeomens sonnes, inquire me
out contracted batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the
banes; such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as leine
heare the diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a
caliuer, worse then a strook-foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I
prest me none but such tosts and butter, with heartes in their
bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out
their seruises: and now, my whole charge consistes of ancients,
corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaues as rag-
ged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth where the gluttons dogs

* be not.

THE HISTORIE OF

licked his fores: and such as indeed were neuer souldiers, but discarded vniust seruimgmen, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapsters and ostlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged, then an old faczle ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating drasse and huskes. A madd fellow met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skar-crowes. Ile not march through *Co-uentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison; there's not a shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a heralds coate without sleeues; and the shirt to say the truth, stolne from my host of *S. Albones*, or the red-nose In-keeper of *Daintry**: but that's all one, they'le finde linnen enough on euery hedge.

Enter the prince, and the lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? how now mad wag, what a diuell dost thou in *Warwick-shire*? my good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

West. Fayth, sir *Iohn*, t'is more then time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the king I can you †, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a cat, to steale creame.

* *Daintry*, † tell you.

Prin.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Prin. I thinke to steale creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Fals. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fals. Tut, tut, good enough to tossie, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, sir *John*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; *Exit.*

And for their barenes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Pri. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers on * the ribs bare: but sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp'd?

West. He is, sir *John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good coosen be aduisde, stir not to night.

Ver. Doe not, my lord.

Dow. You do not counsell well:
You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

* in,

Ver.

THE HISTORIE OF

Ver. Doe me no slander, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsell with weak feare,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horse
Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your vncke *Worcesters* horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemye,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wer. The number of the king exceedeth ours
For Gods sake, coosen, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an enemye.

Blunt.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so.
 So long as out of limit and true rule
 You stand against annoy'd maiestie:
 But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon
 You cōiure from the breast of ciuill peace,
 Such bold hostilitie, teaching his dutious land
 Audacious crueltie. If that the king
 Haue any way your good desertes forgot,
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed.
 You shall haue your desires with interest,
 And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
 Herein mislead by your suggestion.

Hut. The king is kind: and well we know, the king,
 Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:
 My father, my * vnclē, and my selfe,
 Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,
 And when he was not sixe and twenty strong,
 Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,
 A poore vnmind'd outlaw sneaking home,
 My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the † duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his liuery and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale:
 My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,
 Swore him ‡ assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barrons of the realme,
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee.
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
 Attend || him on bridges, stode in lanes,

* and my. † to be. ‡ bis. || Attended.

Laid

THE HISTORIE OF

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
 Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
 He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
 Vpon the naked shore at *Rauenburgh*
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edects, and some straight decrees
 That lie to * heauie on the common wealth,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his country wrongs, and by this face,
 This seeming brow of iustice did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for?
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauourites that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king,
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
 And in the neck of that, talk't the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman *March*,
 (Who is, if every owner were † plac'd,
 Indeed his king, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited,
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my vncke from the counsell boord,
 In rage dismisde my father from the court,
 Broke othe on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out

* lay too.

† were well.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

This head of safetie, and withall to prise
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir *Walter*. Weele withdraw a while?
Goe to the king, and let there be impaund
Some suretie for a * safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall my vncl
Bring him our *purpose* †; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And ‡ may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter archbishop of Yorke, and sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good sir *Michell*, beare this sealed brieft
With winged haste to the lord *Marshall*,
This to my coosen *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haste.

Sir Mi. My good lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,
Tomorrow, good sir *Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: for sir, at *Shrewsburie*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The king with mighty and quicke rayfed power,
Meetes with lord *Harry*; and I feare, sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was *rated* firmly || too,
And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,

* *the.* † *purposes.* ‡ *And't* || *a rated finew.*

I feare

THE HISTORIE OF

I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of all this land together,
The prince of *Wales*, lord *John of Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo coriuales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse? yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, sir *Michell*, speed:
For if lord *Percy* thrive not ere the king
Dismissione his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, tis but wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friendes, and so farewell, sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the king, prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster, earle
of Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloodily the sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The trumpet soundes. Enter Worcester.

King. How now my lord of *Worcester*? tis not well,
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,
As now we meete. You haue deceinde our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
To crush our *old* * lims in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischief to the vnborne times?

Wor. Heare mee, my liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: for I protest,
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not fought it: how comes it then?

Fals. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, chewet peace.

Wor. It please your maiesty to turne your lookes:
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all our house:
And yet I must remember you my lord:
Wee were the first and dearest of your friendes,
For you, my staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

* *old unenfile.*

When

THE HISTORIE OF

When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
 It was my selfe, my brother, and his sonne,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
 The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
 And you did sweare that oath at *Dancaster*,
 That you did nothing *of* * purpose gainst the state
 Nor claime no further, then your new false right,
 The seate of *Gaunt*, dukedome of *Lancaster*,
 To this, we *sweare* † our ayde: but in short space
 It rained downe fortune showring on your head,
 And such a flood of greatnesse fell on you.
 What with our helpe, what with the absent king,
 What with the iniuries *of* ‡ wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious windes that helde the king
 So long in the unluckie *Irisb* warres,
 That all in *England* did repute him dead;
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
 You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
 Forgot your oath to vs at *Dancaster*;
 And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs so,
 As that vngentle gull the cuckowes bird,
 Vseth the sparrow, did oppresse our nest,
 Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,
 That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight
 For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing
 Wee were inforst for safety sake, to flie
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe,
 By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,

* of omitted. † sweare. ‡ of a.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

And violation of all fayth and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprife.

King. These thinges indeed, you haue articulate,
Proclaymed at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation:

And neuer yet did insurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor *moody* * beggars, staruing for a time,
Of pel-mell hauocke and confusion.

Prin. In both your armies, there is many a foule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.
Ifonce they ioyne in tryall, tell your nephew,
The prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world
In prayse of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes
This present enterprife set of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer gentleman,
More actiue, *more* † valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a trewant been to chiuallrie,
And so I heare hee doth account mee too;
Yet this before my fathers maiestie,
I am content that he shall take the ods
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Trie fortune with him *in* ‡ single fight.

King. And prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

* *muddy*. † *more* omitted. ‡ *in a*.

THE HISTORIE OF

Doe make against it: no good *Worcester*, no,
 Wee loue our people well; euen those we loue
 That are misled vpon your coofens part:
 And will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,
 Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his:
 So tell your coofen, and bring me word,
 What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
 Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
 And they shall doe their office. So be'gonn,
 We will not now be troubled with reply,
 We offer faire, take it aduisedly. *Exit Worcester.*

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
 The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspur* both together,
 Are confident against the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
 For on their answere will we set on them;
 And God befrend vs, as our cause is iust.

Exeunt. Manent prin. Fal.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell
 And bestride me so, tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.
 Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fals. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before
 his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on
 me? well, tis no matter, honour pricks me on: yea, but how
 if honour prick me off when I come on? how then can ho-
 nour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the
 griefe of a wound? no, honour hath no skill in surgerie then?
 no: what is honour? a word: what is that word honour?
 aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a *Wed-*
nesday? doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis in-
 sensible

HENRY THE FOURTH.

sensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the
liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile
none of it; honour is a meere skutchion? and so ends my ca-
techisme. *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, sir *Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. T'were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it can not be,
The king would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in *others* * faultes;
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his ancesters:
Looke how *he* † can, or sad or merrily?
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.
We as the spring of all, shal pay for all:
Therefore good coosen, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the king.

* *other.* † *we.*

H h 2

Enter

THE HISTORIE OF

Enter Hotspur.

Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile say tis so. Here comes
your coofē

Hot. My vnclē is returnd,
Deliuer vp my lord of *Westmerland*:
Vnclē, what newes?

Wor. The king will bid you battell presently.

Dowg. Defie him by the lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

Dowg. Marry and shall, and * very willingly.

Exit Dowg.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our griuances,
Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He cals vs rebels, traytors, and will scourge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowg.

Dowg. Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king *Henries* teeth;
And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which can not chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of *Wales* stept foorth before the king,
And nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee,
How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modestly,

* and omitted.

Vnclē

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your prayfes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayse,
By still dispraying prayse, valued with you :
And which became him like a prince indeed,
Hee made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly :
There did he pause ; but let me tell the world,
If he out-lie the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonneffe.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies : neuer did I heare
Of any prince so wilde at libertie :
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellow's souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long ;
If life did ride vpon a diall poynt,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,

THE HISTORIE OF

And if we liue, we liue to treed on kinges,
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armies *is* * faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another.

Mess. My lord prepare, the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale :
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best : and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduventure of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the loftie instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,
For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.

*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with
his power, alarme to the battell: then enter Dowglas, and
sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crostest
me ?

What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head ?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The lord of *Stafflord* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, king *Harry*

* are,

This

HENRY THE FOURTH.

This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a * prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld †, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight, Dowglas kills Blunt; then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer ‡ a *Scot*.

Dowg. Als done, als won, here breathles lyes the king.

Hot. Where ?

Dowg. Heere.

Hot. This, *Dowglas* ? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt* ;
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.

Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy foule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare,
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.

Dowg. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates,
He murder all his wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king.

Hot. Vp and away.

Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarum. Enter *Falstaffe* solus.

Fals. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the
shot here here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are
you ? sir *Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, here's no va-
nitie, I am as hot as molten lead, and as heauie too : God
keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne
bowels. I haue led my rag of muffins where they are peperd :

* my. † a yielder. ‡ upon.

THE HISTORIE OF

theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the prince.

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd; I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while:
Turke Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done
this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getst
not my sword; but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fals. I *Hal*, tis bot *, theres that will sacke a citie.

The prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to iest and dally now.

He throwes the bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir *Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the king, the prince, lord Iohn of Lancaster, and earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; lord *Iohn of Lancaster*, goe you with him.

* tis bot, tis bot.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

P. Ioh. Not I, my lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland* lead him to his
tent.

West. Come, my lord, Ile lead you to your tent,

Prin. Lead me my lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue
The prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where staine nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

Iohn. Wee breath too long, come coosen *Westmerland*,
Our dutie this way lies: for Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiude me, *Lancaster*,
I did not thinke thee lord, of such a spirit;
Before I lou'd thee as brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warriour.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like *Hydras* heads,
I am the *Douglas* fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitst the person of a king?

King. The king himselfe, who *Douglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the field?
But seeing thou falst on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfeit;
And yet in fayth thou bearest thee like a king:

But

THE HISTORIE OF

But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the king being in danger, enter prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirites
Of valiaht *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my armes,
It is the prince of *Wales*, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promifeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerely my lord, how fares your grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawfey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath a while,
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer sayd, I harkned to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawfey*.

Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

Prin. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Hen. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name.
I am the prince of *Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,

To

HENRY THE FOURTH.

To share with me in glory any more :

Two starres keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Now shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs ; and would to God,
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding honours on thy crest
Ile crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no
boyes play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he fals downe as if
he were dead, the prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,
I better broke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword* my flesh :
But thought's the slaue of life, and lifestimes foole ;
And time, that takes suruay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the earth, and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue : no *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for——

Prin. For wormes, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great
heart,

Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou shrunke ?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdome for it, was too small a bound ;

* word.

THE HISTORIE OF

But now two paces of the vilest earth,
Is roome enough : this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alieue so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale :
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy prayse with thee to heauen,
Thy *ignomy* * sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy epitaph.

He spieth Falstafse on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a litle life ? poore *Iacke* farewell :
I could haue better spard a better man :
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie ;
Death hath not strooke so faire a deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falstafse ryseth vp.

Fal. Imboweld ? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you
leauue to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud,
t'was time to counterfeite, or that hot termagant *Scot* had
paide mee scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I am no counter-
feit : to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counter-
feit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : but to coun-
terfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no coun-
terfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The
better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part, I
haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder

* *ignominy.*

Percie,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Percie, though he be dead : how if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit ? therefore Ile make him fure ; yea, and Ile fwear I kilde * him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body fees me : therefore firra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother *Iohn*, full brauely haft thou fleft
Thy mayden fword.

Iohn. But foft, who haue we heere ?

Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead ?

Prin. I did, I faw him dead,

Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aline ?

Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-fight ?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares, thou art not what thou feemst.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man : but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a iacke : there is *Percy* ; if your father will doe me any honour, fo : if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himfelfe : I looke to be either earle or duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild † my felfe, and faw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying ? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and fo was he, but we rofe both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewesbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, fo : if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the finne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliuie, and would deny it, zounds I would make him eate a peece of my fword.

* *flew.* † *flew.*

Iohn.

THE HISTORIE OF

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,
For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A retreat is sounded,

Prin. The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:
Come brother, *lets* * to the highest of the field,
To see what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes
me, God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow lesse?
for Ile purge, and leaue sacke, and liue cleanly, as a noble
man should doe. *Exit.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the king, prince of Wales, lord
John of Lancaster, earle of Westmerland, with Worcester
and Vernon prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three knights vpon our partie slaine to day,
A noble earle, and many a creature else,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safetie vrgde me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

* let us,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Prin. The noble *Scot*, lord *Douglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent,
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *John* of *Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,
His valoure showne vpon our crestes to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

*

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,
You sonne *John*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deereft speed,
To meete *Northumberland*, and the prelate *Scroope*,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the earle of *March*:
Rebellion in this land shall loose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

* *John.* I thank your grace for this high curtisie
Which I shall giue away immediately.

* These two lines are in the edition in 1599, but omitted in all the others
I have seen.

F I N I S.

P

A



The Second P A R T of
HENRIE the Fourth,

Continuing to his Death,
And Coronation of *Henrie* the Fift.

With the Humours of
Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering
Pistoll.

As it hath been fundrie Times publikely acted
by the right honourable the Lord Chamber-
laine his Seruants.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



London printed by V. S. for *Andrew Wise*, and
William Aspley. 1600.

The Second P A R T of
H E N R Y the Fourth.

Continuing to his Death, and Corona-
tion of HENRY the FIFT.

Enter Rumour painted full of tongues.

O P E N your eares ; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when lowd *Rumor* speaks?
I from the orient to the drooping west,
(Making the wind my poste-horse) still vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall slanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with false reports,
I speake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the smile of safety, woundes the world :
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I,
Make fearefull musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, swolne with some other grieve,
Is thought with child by the sterne tyrant warre?
And no such matter. *Rumour* is a pipe,
Blowne by surmizes, iealousies coniectures,
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus

THE SECOND PART OF

(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houshold? why is *Rumor* here?
I runne before king *Harries* victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by *Shrewsbury*,
Hath beaten downe yong *Hot-spurre* and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebel's blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? my office is
To noyse abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* sword,
And that the king, before the *Douglas* rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When *Hot-spur's* father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty-sicke, the postes come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from *Rumor's* tongues,
They bring smoothe comforts false, worse then true wrongs.

Exit Rumours.

Enter the lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepses the gate here, ho? where is the earle?

Porter. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earle,
That the lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.

Porter. His lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter the earle Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earle,

Earle.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Earle. What newes lord *Bardolfe*? euery minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

Bard. Noble earle,
I bring you certaine newes from *Shrewsbury*.

Earle. Good, and God will.

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord your sonne,
Prince *Harry* slaine outright, and both the *Blunts*
Kild by the hand of *Dowglas*, yong prince *John*,
And *Westmerland* and *Stafford* fled the field,
And *Harry Monmouthes* brawne, the hulke sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!
So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since *Cesar's* fortunes.

Earle. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely rendred me these newes for true.

Enter Trauers.

Earle. Here comes my seruant *Trauers* who I sent
On *Tuesday* last to listen after newes.

Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.

Earle. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes with you?

Trauers. My lord, sir *John Vmfreuile* turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horst,

THE SECOND PART OF

Out rode me, after him came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speede,
That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,
He askt the way to *Chester*, and of him
I did demand what newes from *Shrewsbury*,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong *Harrie Percies* spur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horse the head,
And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,
Against the panting sides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and starting fo,
He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

Earle. Ha? againe,
Said he, yong *Harry Percies* spur was cold,
Of *Hot-spurre*, *Cold-spurre*, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?

Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong lord your sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a filken point,
Ile giue my barony, neuer talke of it.

Earle. Why should that gentleman that rode by *Trauers*,
Giue then such instances of losse?

Bard. Who he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolne
The horse he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news.

Enter Morton,

Earle. Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe,
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the strond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witnest vsurpation.
Say *Mourton*, didst thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mour.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Mour. I ranne from *Shrewsbury* my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglyest maske,
To fright our partie.

Earle. How doth my sonne and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe begon,
Drew *Priams* curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his *Troy* was burnt:
But *Priam* found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my *Percies* death ere thou reportst it.
This thou wouldst say, your son did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: so fought the noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy care with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to stop my care indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead.

Mour. *Douglas* is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my lord your sonne:

Earle. Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by instinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet speake *Mourton*,
Tell thou an earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a sweete disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mour. You are too great to be by me gainsaid,
Your spirite is too true, your feares too certaine.

Earle. Yet for all this, say not that *Percie's* dead,
I see a strange confession in thine eie,
Thou shakst thy head, and holdst it feare, or sinne,
To speake a truth: if he be slaine,

THE SECOND PART OF

The tongue offends not that reports his death,
And he doth sinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which saies the dead is not alitie,
Yet the first bringer of vnweleome newes
Hath but a loosing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a sullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot thinke, my lord, your sonne is dead.

Mour. I am fory I should force you to beleeeue,
That which I would to God I had not seene,
But these mine eies saw him in bloody state,
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To *Harry Monmouth*, whose swift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.
In few his death, whose spirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dullest peasant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the best temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettall was his party steeled,
Which once in him abated, al the rest
Turnd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing thats heavy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greatest speed:
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-spurs* losse,
Lend to this weight such lightnesse with their feare,
That arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
Than did our souldiers aiming at their safetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble *Worcester*,
So soone tane prisoner, and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Douglas* whose well labouring sword,
Had three times slaine th'appearance of the king,
Can vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
Of those that turnd their backs, and in his flight,

Stumbling

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Stumbling in feare, was tooke : the summe of all
Is, that the king hath wonne, and hath sent out,
A speedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong *Lancaster*,
And *Westmerland* : this is the news at ful.

Earle. For this I shall haue time enough to mourne,
In poison there is phisicke, and these newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me sicke :
Being sicke, haue (in some measure) made me wel :
And as the wretch whose feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like strengthlesse hinges buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes : euen so my limbes,
Weakened with griefe, being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themselves : hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A scaly gauntlet now with ioynts of Steele
Must gloue this hand, and hence thou sickly coife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fliest with conquest, ayme to hit :
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The raggedst houre that time and spight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'irragde *Northumberland*,
Let heauen kisse earth, now let not natures hand
Keepe the wild flood confind, let order die,
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingring act :
But let one spirite of the first borne *Gain*
Raigne in all bosomes, that ech heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude sceane may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead.

Vmfr. This strained passion doth you wrong my lord.

Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not wisdom from your honor,

Mour.

THE SECOND PART OF

Mour. The liues of all your louing complices,
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
To stormy passion must perforce decay.

Bard. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
And yet we venturd for the gaine propofde,
Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are oreſet, venture againe:
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

Mour. Tis more then time, and my moſt noble lord,
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpeake the truth.

North. I knew of this before, but to ſpeake truth,
This preſent griefe had wipte it from my mind,
Go in with me and counſell euery man,
The apteſt way for ſafety and reuenge,
Get poſtes and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

*Enter ſir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his ſword and
buckler.*

Iohn. Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the doctour to my water?

Page. He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy wa-
ter, but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diſ-
eaſes then he knew for.

Iohn. Men of al forts take a pride to gird at me: the braine
of this fooliſh compoued clay-man is not able to inuent any
thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is in-
uēted on me, I am not only witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe
that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a
ſow that hath ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince
put thee into my ſeruiſe for any other reaſon then to ſett me
off, why then I haue no iudgement, thou horeſon mandrake,
thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my
heels

HENRY THE FOURTH.

heels I was neuer manned with an agot till now, but I wil inset you, neither in golde nor siluer, but in vile apparell, and send you backe againe to your master for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your master, whose chin is not yet sledge, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the palme of my hand, then he shal get one off his cheek, and yet he will not sticke to say his face is a face royal, God may finish it when he will, tis not a haire amisse yet, he may keepe it still at a face royall, for a barber shall neuer earne sixpence out of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer since his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace, but hees almost out of mine I can assure him: what said master *Dommelton* about the faddin for my short cloake and my sloppes?

Boy. He saide sir, you should procure him better assurance then *Bardolfe*, he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the securitie.

Sir John. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a horeson *Achitophel!* a rascall: yea forsooth knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then stand vpon security, the horeson smoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but hie shooes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honest taking vp, then they must stand vppon security, I had as liue they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security, I lookt a should haue sent me two and twenty yards of faddin (as I am a true knight) and he sends me security: well he may sleepe in security, for he hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightnesse of his wife shines through it: wheres *Bardolf*, and yet can not he see though he haue his owne lantherne to light him.

Boy. Hees gone in *Smithfield* to buy your worship a horse.

Sir John. I bought him in *Paules*, and heele buy me a horse in *Smithfield*, and I could get me but a wife in the strewes, I were man'd, horfide, and wiu'd.

Enter

THE SECOND PART OF

Enter lord chief iustice.

Boy. Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for striking him about *Bardolfe*.

Sir John. Wait close, I will not see him.

Iustice. Whats hee that goes there?

Seru. *Falstaffe*, and tplease your lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the rob'ry.

Seru. He my lord, but he hath since done good seruice at *Shrewsbury*, and (as I heare) is now going with some charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Iust. What to *Yorke*? call him backe againe.

Seru. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

John. Boy, tell him I am deafe.

Boy. You must speake lowder, my master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I must speake with him.

Seru. Sir *John*.

Falst. What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lacke subjects? do not the rebels need souldiers, though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Seru. You mistake me sir.

John. Why sir, did I say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my souldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Seru. I pray you sir then set your knighthood, and your souldiership aside, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throte, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

John. I giue thee leaue to tell me, so I lay aside that which growes to me, if thou geist any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takst leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt couer, hence, auant.

Seru.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Seru. Sir, my lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Falst. My good lord, God giue your lordship good time of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroad, I heard say your lordship was sicke, I hope your lordship goes abroad by aduise, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, haue yet some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the saltnes of time in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iustice. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Sir John. Andt please your lordship, I heare his maiesty is returnd with some discomfourt from *Wales*.

Iust. I talke not of his maiesty, you would not come when I sent for you.

Falst. And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this same horson apoplexi.

Iust. Well, God mend him, I pray you let me speake with you.

Falst. This apoplexi as I take it? is a kind of lethergie, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a horson tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

Falst. It hath it originall from much griefe, from study, and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cause of his effects in *Galen*, it is a kind of deafenes.

Iust. I thinke you are falne into the disease, for you heare not what I say to you.

Old. Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is the disease of not listning the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, and I care not if I doe become your phisitian.

Falst.

THE SECOND PART OF

Falst. I am as poore as *Ibb* my lord, but not so pacient, your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of pouerty, but how I should be your pacient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make som dramme of a scruple, or indeede a scruple it selfe.

Iust. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life to come speake with me.

Falst. As I was then aduisde by my learned counsaile in the lawes of this land seruice, I did not come.

Iust. Wel, the truth is sir *Iohn*, you liue in great infamy.

Falst. He that buckles himselfe in my belt cannot liue in lesse.

Iust. Your meanes are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falst. I would it were otherwise, I would my meanes were greater and my waste slender.

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull prince.

Falst. The yong prince hath misled me, I am the scelow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

Iust. Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies seruice at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on *Gadshill*, you may thanke th'vnquiet time, for your quiet oreposting that action.

Falst. My lord.

Iust. But since all is well, keepe it so, wake not a sleeping wolfe.

Falst. To wake a wolfe, is as bad as smell a fox.

Iust. What you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

Falst. A wassel candle my lord, al tallow, if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire in your face, but should haue his effect of grauity.

Falst. His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

Iust.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Iust. You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.

Falst. Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, verue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour is turned berod, pregnancie is made a tapster, and his quick wit wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a goosberry, you that are old consider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bitternesse of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse are wagges too.

Lo. Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and euery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, sir *Iohn*.

Iohn. My lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude prince, and you tooke it like a sensible lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackloth, but in new filke, and old sacke.

Lord. Well, God send the prince a better companion.

Iohn.

THE SECOND PART OF

John. God send the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord. Well, the king hath seuerd you : I heare you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the archbishop and the earle of *Northumberland*.

John. Yea, I thanke your prety sweet witte for it : but looke you pray, all you that kisse my lady peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer spit white again : there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot last euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our *Englisb* nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest : I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord. Well, be honest, be honest, and God bleffe your expedition.

John. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth ?

Lord. Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare crosses : fare you well : commend mee to my cosine *Westmerland*.

John. If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle : a man can no more separate age and couetousnesse, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curses, boy.

Boy. Sir.

John. What money is in my purse ?

Boy. Seuen groates and two pence.

John.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

John. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable: go beare this letter to my lord of *Lancaster*, this to the prince, this to the earle of *Westmerland*, and this to olde mistris *Vrsula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my pension shal seeme the more reasonable: a good wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commoditie.

Enter th'archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (earle marshall) the lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.

Bishop. Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our meanes,

And my most noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first lord marshall, what say you to it?

Marsh. I well allow the occasion of our armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How in our meanes we should aduance our selues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow vpon the file,
To five and twenty thousand men of choise,
And our supplies liue largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The question then lord *Hastings* standeth thus,
Whether our present five and twentie thousand,
May hold vp head without *Northumberland*.

Hast. With him we may.

THE SECOND PART OF

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgment is we should not step too far.

Bish. Tis very true lord *Bardolfe*, for'indeede
It was young *Hot-spurs* cause at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was my lord, who lined himselfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie,
Flattring himselfe in proiect of a power,
Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts,
And so with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vsing the names of men in steed of men,
Like on that drawes the model of an house,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe through)
Gives o're, and leaues his part-created cost,
A naked subiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waste for churlish winters tyrannie.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be stil-borne, and that we now possesse
The vtmost man of expectation,
I thinke we are so, body strong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the king.

Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand.

Hast. To vs no more, nay not so much, lord *Bardolfe*,
For his diuisions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power against the *French*,
And one against *Glendower*, perforce a third
Must take vp vs, so is the vnfirm king
In three diuided, and his coffers found
With hollow pouertie and emptinesse.

Bish.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Bisb. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together,
And come against vs in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, *French* and *Welch* he leaues his
back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles, neuer feare
that.

Bar. Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmerland*:
Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who is substituted against the *French*,
I haue no certaine notice.

Bisb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are times subiects, and time bids be gone.

Ex.

Enter hostesse of the tauerne, and an officer or two.

Hostesse. Master *Phang*, haue you entred the action?

Phang. It is entred.

Host. Wheres your yeoman? ist a lusty yeoman? wil a
stand too't?

Phang. Sirra, wheres *Snare*?

Host. O Lord I, good master *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. *Snare*, we must arest sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Host. Yea good master *Snare*, I haue entred him and all.

Snare. It may chaunce cost some of vs our liues, for he
will stabbe.

Host. Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabd me in mine
owne house, most beastly in good faith, a cares not what mis-
chiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any
diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

K k 2

Phang.

THE SECOND PART OF

Phang. And I but fist him once, and a come but within my view.

Host. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my score, good maister *Phang* holde him sure, good master *Snare* let him not scape, a comes continually to *Pie* corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the lubbers head in *Lumbert streete* to master *Smooths* the silk man, I pray you since my exion is entred, and my case so openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his answer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin subd off, and subd off, and subd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is no honesty in such dealing, vnlesse a woman should be made an asse, and a beast, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmisef-nose knaue *Bardolfe* with him, do your offices, do your offices master *Phag*, and master *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter sir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.

Falst. How now, whose mare's dead? whats the matter?

Phang. I arrest you at the sute of mistris *Quickly*.

Falst. Away varlets, draw *Bardolfe*, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channell, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardly rogue, murder, murder, a thou honisfuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the kings? a thou honiseed rogue, thou art a honiseed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falst. Keepe them off *Bardolfe*.

Offic. A reskew, a reskew.

Host. Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempteed.

Boy.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Boy. Away you scullian, you rampallian, you fustilarian,
He tickle your catastrophe.

Enter lord chiefe iustice and his men.

Lord. What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

Hofteffe. Good my lord be good to me, I beseech you stand
to me.

Lord. How now sir *Iohn*, what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?
You should haue bin well on your way to *Yorke*:
Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou vpon him.

Hofst. O my most worshipful lord, and't please your grace
I am a poore widdow of *Eastcheape*, and he is arrested at my
fute.

Lord. For what summe?

Hofst. It is more then for some my lord, it is for al I haue,
he hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my
substance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue some of it
out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falst. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any
vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord. How comes this sir *Iohn*? what man of good tem-
per would endure this tempest of exclamation, are you not
ashamed to inforce a poore widdow, to so rough a course to
come by her owne.

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Hofst. Mary if thou wert an honest man, thy selfe and the
mony too: thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell guilt gob-
let, sitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a
sea cole fire, vpon *Wednesday* in *Wheefson* weeke, when the
prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a singing man
of *Winfer*, thou didst sweare to me the, as I was washing thy
wound; to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canst
thou deny it, did not goodwife *Keech* the butchers wife come

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in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*, comming in to borow a messe of vinegar, telling vs she had a good dish of prawnes, whereby thou didst desire to eate some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didst thou not, when she was gone down stayers, desire me, to be no more so familiarity, with such poore people, saying that ere long they should cal me madam, and didst thou not kisse me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie shillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canst.

Falst. My lord this is a poore made foule, and she saies vp and downe the towne, that her eldest sonne is like you, she hath bin in good case and the trueth is pouerty hath distracted her, but for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may haue redresse against them.

Lo. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, I am wel acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause, the false way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more then impudent sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuel consideration: you haue as it appeares to me practisde vpon the easie yeelding spirite of this woman, and made her serue your vses both in purse and in person.

Holt. Yea in truth my lord.

Lo. Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with sterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Falst. My lord I will not vndergoe this snepe without reply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent sawcinesse, if a man wil make curtsie and say nothing, he is vertuous, no my lord my humble duty remembred, I will not bee your futer, I say to you I do desire deliuerance from these officers, being vpon hasty imployment in the kings affayres.

Lord.

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Lord. You speake as hauing power to do wrong, but answer in th'effect of your reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.

Falst. Come hither hostesse.

Enter a messenger.

Lord. Now master *Gower*, what newes.

Gower. The king my lord, and *Harry* prince of *Wales*, Are neare at hand, the rest the paper tells.

Falst. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith you said so before.

Falst. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heaunly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Falst. Glasses glasses is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty sleight drollery, or the storie of the prodigal, or the *Iarman* hunting in waterworke, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers, and these flie bitten tapestrie, let it be x. l. if thou canst: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better wench in *England*, goe wash thy face and draw the action, come thou must not be in this humor with me, dost not know me, come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee sir *John* let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith I am loath to pawne my plate so God saue me law.

Falst. Let it alone, Ile make other shift, youle be a foole stil.

Host. Well, you shall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to supper, youle pay me altogether.

Falst. Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on.

Exit hostesse and sergeant.

Host. Will you haue *Doll Tere-sheet* meete you at supper.

Falst. No more words, lets haue her.

Lord. I haue heard better newes.

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Falst. Whats the newes my lord?

Lord. Where lay the king to night?

Mess. At *Billinggate* my lord.

Falst. I hope my lord al's well, what is the newes my lord?

Lord. Come all his forces backe?

Mess. No, fifteen hundred foot, fise hundred horse
Are marcht vp to my lord of *Lancaster*,
Against *Northumberland*, and the archbishop.

Falst. Comes the king back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Lord. You shall haue letters of me presently,
Come, go along with me, good maister *Gower*.

Falst. My lord.

Lord. Whats the matter?

Falstaffe. Maister *Gower*, shall I intreate you with mee to
dinner?

Gower. I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you
good sir *John*.

Lord. Sir *John*, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take souldiers vp
In counties as you go.

Falstaffe. Will you suppe with mee maister *Gower*?

Lord. What foolish maister taught you these manners, sir
John?

Falstaffe. Maister *Gower*, if they become me not, hee was
a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace,
my lord, tap for tap, and so part faire.

Lerd. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

Enter the prince, Poynes, sir John Russel, with other.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poynes. Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst
not haue attacht one of so hie bloud.

Prince.

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Prince. Faith it does me, though it discolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not shew vildly in me, to desire small beere?

Paynes. Why a prince should not be so loofely studied, as to remember so weake a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature smal beere. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how many paire of filke stockings thou hast with these, and those that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that the tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom: but the midwiues say, the children are not in the fault wherevpon the world increaseth, and kinreds are mightily strengthened.

Paynes. How ill it followes, after you haue labored so hard, you should talke so ydely! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe so, their fathers being so sicke, as yours at this time is.

Prince. Shall I tel thee one thing *Paynes*?

Paynes. Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Paynes. Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I should bee sad now my father is sicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to
one

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one it pleases me for a fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeede too.

Poynes. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and *Falstaffe*, for obduracie and persistencie, let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrowe.

Poynes. The reason.

Prince. What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

Poynes. I woulde thincke thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a blessed fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

Poynes. Why because you haue been so lewd and so much engrafted to *Falstaffe*.

Prince. And to thee.

Poynes. By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares, the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes *Bardolfe*.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

Prince. And the boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, a had him from me christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformed him ape.

Bard. God saue your grace.

Prince. And yours most noble *Bardolfe*.

Poynes. Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly

ma

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man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy. A calls me enow my lord through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window, at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

Boy. Away you rascally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prince. Instruēt vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy. Mary my lord, *Altheas* dreamt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince. A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poynes. O that this blossome could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preferue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes shall haue wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master *Bardolfe*?

Bard. Well my lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes. Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the *Martlemasse* your master?

Bard. In bodily health sir.

Poynes. Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that moues not him, though that he sicke, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

Poynes. *John Falstaffe* knight, euery man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that are kin to the king for they neuer pricke their finger, but they saye, theres some of the kings bloud spilt: how comes that
(saies

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(saies he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the kings poore cosin, sir.

Prince. Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from *Iaphet*, but the letter, sir *Iohn Falstaffe* knight, to the sonne of the king, nearest his father, *Harry* prince of *Wales*, greeting.

Poynes. Why this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable *Romanes* in breuitie.

Poynes. He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded, I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with *Poynes*, for he misuses thy fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to mary his sister *Nel*, repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as thou vnest him, *Iacke Falstaffe* with my family, *Iohn* with my brothers and sisters, and sir *Iohn* with all *Europe*.

Poynes. My lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him eate it.

Prince. Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do you vse me, thus *Ned*? must I marrie your sister?

Poynes. God send the wench no worse fortune, but I neuer said so.

Prince. Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your master here in *London*?

Bard. Yea my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boare feede in the old franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eastcheape*.

Prince. What companie?

Boy. *Ephesians*, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Boy.

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Boy. None my lord, but old mistress *Quickly*, and mistress *Doll Tere-shect*.

Prince. What *Pagan* may that be?

Boy. A proper gentlewoman sir, and a kinswoman of my masters.

Prince. Euen such kinne as the parish heicfors are to the towne bull, shall we steale vpon them *Ned* at supper?

Poynes. I am your shadow my lord, Ile follow you.

Prince. Sirra, you boy and *Bardolfe*, no worde to your master that I am yet come to towne; theres for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue sir.

Boy. And for mine sir, I will gouerne it.

Prince. Fare you well: go, this *Doll Tere-sheete* should be some rode.

Poynes. I warrant you, as common as the way between *S. Albons* and *London*.

Prince. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poynes. Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bul, a heauy descension, it was *Iues* case, from a prince to a prentise, a low transformation, that shal be mine, for in euery thing the purpose must weigh with the folly, follow me *Ned*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy* troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more,
Do what you wil, your wisedome be your guide.

North. Alas sweete wife, my honour is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

Kate.

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Kate. O yet for Gods sake, go not to these wars,
The time was father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endcere to it then now,
When your owne *Percie*, when my hearts deere *Harry*,
Threw many a northward looke, to see his father,
Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours, and your sonnes,
For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
For his, it stucke vpon him as the sunne
In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
Did all the cheualry of *England* moue
To do braue acts, he was indeede the glasse
Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselues.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my spirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouersights,
But I must go and meete with danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Wife. O flie to *Scotland*,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puissance made a little taste.

Kate. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,

That

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That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolute for *Scotland*, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company.

Exeunt.

Enter a drawer or two.

Francis. What the diuel hast thou brought there apple
Johns? thou knowest sir *John* cannot indure an apple *John*.

Draw. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of apple
Johns before him, and told him there were five more sir
Johns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue
of these six drie, round, old, withered knights, it angered him
to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if thou
canst find out *Sneakes* noise, mistris *Tere-sheet* would faine
heare some musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile
come in straight.

Francis. Sirra, here wil be the prince and master *Poynes*
anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and
sir *John* must not know of it, *Bardolfe* hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be old *vis*, it wil be an excellent
stratagem.

Francis. Ile see if I can find out *Sneake*.

Exit.

Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly. Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an
excellent good temperalitie. Your pulfidge beates as extraor-
dinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you
is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue
drunke

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drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous searhing wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this, how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe here comes sir *Iohn*.

Enter sir Iohn.

Sir Iohn. When *Arthur* first in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy king: how now mistress *Doll*?

Hof. Sicke of a calme, yea and good faith.

Falst. So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are sicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat rascals mistress *Dol*.

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make them not.

Falst. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diseases *Doll*, we catch of you *Doll*, we catch of you graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

Doll. Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, and ouches for to serue brauely, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon the chargde chambers brauely.

Doll. Hang your selfe, you muddie cunger, hang your selfe.

Hof. By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rewmatique as two dry tosts, you cannot one beare with anothers cōfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, and that must be you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessell.

Dorothy.

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Dorothy. Can a weake empty vessell beare such a huge full hogshhead? theres a whole marchants venture of *Burdeaux* stufte in him, you haue not seene a hulke better stufte in the hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Jacke*, thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall euer see thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, antient *Pistol's* belowe, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him swaggering rascal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd'ft rogne in *England*.

Hofst. If he swagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I must liue among my neighbours, Ile no swaggers, I am in good name, and fame with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no swaggers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue swaggering now, shut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou heare hostesse?

Hofst. Pray ye pacifie your selfe sir *John*, there comes no swaggers here.

Fal. Dost thou heare? it is mine ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, sir *John*, nere tel me: and your ancient swaggrer comes not in my doores: I was before maister *Tifcke* the debuty tother day, and (as he said to me) twas no longer ago than *Wednesday* last, I good faith, neighbor *Quickely*, sayes he, maister *Dumbe* our minister was by then, neighbor *Quickly* (saies he) receiue those that are ciuil, for (saide he) you are in an ill name: now a saide so, I can tell whereupon. For (saies he) you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what ghests you receiue, receiue (saies he) no swaggring companions: there comes none here: you would blesse you to heare what he said: no, Ile no swaggrers.

Falst. Hees no swaggrer hostesse, a tame cheter yfaith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not

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swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance, call him vp drawer.

Host. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no cheter, but I do not loue swaggering by my troth, I am the worse when one saies swagger: feele maisters, how I shake, looke you, I warrant you.

Teresb. So you do hostesse.

Host. Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aspen leafe, I cannot abide swaggrers.

Enter antient Pistol, and Bardolfes boy.

Pistol. God saue you sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Welcome ancient *Pistoll*, heere *Pistoll*, I charge you with a cuppe of sacke, do you discharge vpon mine hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her sir *Iohn*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistoll prooffe: sir, you shall not hardely offend her.

Host. Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then, to you mistris *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Doro. Charge me? I scorne you, scurvy companion: what you poore base rascally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maister.

Pist. I know you mistris *Dorothy*.

Doro. Away you curpurse rascall, you filthy bounge, away, by this wine Ile thrust my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the saweie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale rascall, you basket hilt stale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you sir: Gods light, with two points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for this.

Sir Iohn. No more *Pistol*, I would not haue you go off here, discharge your selfe of our company, *Pistoll*.

Host.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Hof. No, good captain *Pistol*, not here, sweete captain.

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? and captaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captain? you slaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy house: hee a captain! hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy stewd pruns, and dried cakes: a captain? Gods light these villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was il sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris *Dol.*

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall *Bardolfe*, I could teare her, He be reuengde of her.

Boy. Pray thee go downe.

Pist. He see her damnd first, to *Plutoes* damnd lake by this had to th'infernal deep, with *Erebus* and tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. Good captain *Peefell* be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggravate your choller.

Pist. These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of *Asia* which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with *Cesars* and with *Canibals*, and *Troiant Greekes*? nay rather damne them with king *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

Hof. By my troth captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not *Hiren* here?

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Hof. A my word captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyeare do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire *Calipolis*, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & ceteraes, no things?

Falst. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kisse thy neasse, what, we haue seene the seuen starres.

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him downe staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe staires, know we not *Galloway* nagges?

Falst. Quaithe him downe *Bardolfe* like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grievous gashly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come *Atropese* I say.

Hof. Heres goodly stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee *Iache*, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Hof. Heres a goodly tumult, Ile forswear keeping house afore Ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee *Iache* be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horson little vliant villaine you.

Hof.

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Hoff. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i'th shoulder.

Fal. A rascal to braue me?

Dol. A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horsone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, woorth fine of *Agamemnon*, and ten times better then the nine worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will tolle the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, Ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

Boy. The musique is come sir.

Enter musicke.

Fal. Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee *Doll*, a rascal bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

Dol. Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee *Bartholemew* borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter prince and Poynes.

Fal. Peace good *Doll*, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol. They say *Poynes* has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as *Tewksbury* mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

THE SECOND PART OF

Dol. Why does the prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoutes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinckes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the legge, and breeds no bate with telling of discret stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haberd poiz.

Prince. Would not this naue of a wheele haue his cares cut off?

Poynes. Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince. Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes. Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out liue performance.

Falst. Kisse me *Doll*.

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in coniunction? what saies th'almanacke to that?

Poyns. And look whether the fierie *Trigon* his man be not lisping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsell keeper?

Falst. Thou dost giue me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Falst. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scurny yong boy of them all.

Fal. What stufte wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a *Thursday*, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Dol. By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou faist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some sacke *Francis*.

Prince. *Poynes*. Anon anon sir.

Falst. Ha? a bastard sonne of the kings? and arte not thou *Poynes* his brother?

Prince. Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

Falst. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Hofst. O the lord preferue thy grace: by my troth welcom to *London*, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from *Wales*?

Falst. Thou horson madde compound of maieslie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Doll. How? you fat foole I scorne you.

Poynes. My lorde, he will drive you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment if you take not the heate.

Prince. You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

Hofst. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Falst. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by *Gadshil*, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falst. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

THE SECOND PART OF

Falst. No abuse *Hall* a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse *Hall*.

Poynes. No abuse?

Falst. No abuse *Ned* i'th worlde, honest *Ned*, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse *Hall*, none *Ned*, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince. See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest *Bardolfe* whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes. Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolfe* irreconerable, and his face is *Lucifers* priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuell blinds him too.

Prince. For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damnd for that I know not.

Host. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or twoo in a whole *Lent*?

Prince. You gentlewoman.

Dol. What saies your grace?

Fal

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Fal. His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

Peyto knocks at the doore.

Host. Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there *Francis*.

Prince Peyto. how now, what newes?

Peyto. The king your father is at *Westminster*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied postes,
Come from the *North*, and as I came along,
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the tauernes,
And asking euery one for sir *John Falstaffe*.

Prince. By heauen *Poynes*, I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion like the south.
Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vwarmed heads,
Giue me my sword and cloke: *Falstaffe* good night.

Exeunt prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now coms in the sweetest morsell of the night, and we
must hence, and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore,
how now, whats the matter?

Bar. You must away to court sir presently,
A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the mulitions, sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell
Dol, you see my good wenches how men of merrite are sought
after, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is
cald on, farewell good wenches, if I be not sent away poste, I
will see you againe ere I goe.

Doll. I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel
sweete *Iacke*, haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Host. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twen-
tie nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and
truer hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard.

THE SECOND PART OF

Bard. *Mistris Tere-fbete*.

Hof. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid *mistris Tere-fbete* come to my maister.

Hof. O runne *Doll*, ranne, runne good *Doll*, come, thee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come *Doll*? *Exeunt.*

Enter iustice Shallow, and iustice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand fir, giue me your hand fir, an early stirrer, by the roode: and how doth my good coosin *Silence*?

Si. Good morrow good coosine *Shallow*.

Sha. And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen*?

Si. Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin *Shallow*.

Sha. By yea, and no, fir, I dare say my coosin *William* is become a good scholler, he is at *Oxford* stil, is he not?

Si. Indeede fir to my cost.

Sha. A must then to the innes a court shortly: I was once of *Clements* inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Si. You were calld lusty *Shallow* then, coosin.

Sha. By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and little *John Doyt* of *Staffordshire*, and blacke *George Barnes*, and *Francis Pickebone*, and *Will Squeele* a *Cotsole* man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the innes a court againe, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was *Iacke Falstaffe*, now fir *John*, a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norffolke*.

Si. This fir *John*, coosin, that comes hither anone about fouldiers?

Sha. The same fir *John*, the very same, I see him breake *Skeggins* head at the court gate, when a was a cracke, not
thus

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thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one *Samson Stockfish* a fruiterer behinde *Greyes Inne* : Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent ! and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Si. We shal all follow, coosin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at *Samforth* faire ?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine : is old *Dooble* of your towne liuing yet ?

Si. Dead sir.

Sha. Iesu, Iesu, dead ? a drew a good bow, and dead ? a shot a fine shoote : *John* a *Gaunt* loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ? a woulde haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of ewes now ?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is old *Dooble* dead ?

Si. Here come two of sir *John Falstaffes* men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.

Bardolfe. Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bardolfe. I beseech you, which is iustice *Shallow* ?

Sha. I am *Robert Shallowe*, sir, a poore esquier of this countie, and one of the kings iustices of the peace : what is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captaine, sir, commends him to you, my captaine sir *John Falstaffe*, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant leader.

Sha.

THE SECOND PART OF

Sha. He greetes me wel, fir, I knew him a good backfword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my ladie his wife doth.

Bar. Sir, pardon, a fouldiour is better accomodate then with a wife.

Shal. It is well said infaith fir, and it is well said indeed too, better accomodated, it is good, yea indeede is it, good phrased are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated, it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrase.

Bar. Pardon fir, I haue heard the word, phrase call you it? by this daye I knowe not the phrase, but I will maintaine the word with my sword to be a fouldier like word, and a word of exceeding good command by heauen, accommodated, that is when a man is as they say, accommodated, or when a man is being whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Iust. It is very iust, look, here comes good fir *John*, giue me your good hand, giue me your worshippinges good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yecres very well, welcome good fir *John*.

Falst. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow*, master *Soccord* (as I think)

Shal. No fir *John*, it is my cosen *Scilens* in commission with me.

Falst. Good master *Scilens*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Scil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie this is hot weather gentlemen, haue you prouided me here halfe a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we fir, wil you sit?

Fal. Let me see them I beseech you.

Shal.

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Shal. Wheres the roule? wheres the roule? wheres the roule? let me see, let me see, let me see, so, so, so, so, so, (so, so) yea mary sir, *Rafe Mouldy* let them appeare as I cal, let them do, so, let them do, so, let me see, where is *Mouldy*?

Mouldy. Here, and't please you.

Shal. What think you sir *John*, a good limbde, felow, yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, and't please you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wert vñde.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vse: very singular good, infaith well said sir *John*, very well said.

John prickes him.

Moul. I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vñdone now for one to doe her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Fal. Go to, peace *Mouldy*, you shall go, *Mouldy* it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace fellow, peace, stand aside, know you where you are? for th'other sir *John*: let me see *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Yea mary, let me haue him to sit vnder, hees like to be a cold soldiour.

Shal. Wheres *Shadow*?

Shad. Here sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My mothers sonne sir.

Fal. Thy mothers sonne! like enough, and thy fathers shadow, so the sonne of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeede, but much of the fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serue for summer, pricke him, for we haue a number of shadowes fill vp the muster booke.

Shal.

THE SECOND PART OF

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Wheres he?

Wart. Here sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous, for apparell is built vpon his back, and the whole frame stands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir, you can do it, I commend you well: Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here sir.

Shal. What trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble. A womans tailer sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him sir?

Fal. You may, but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a pricke you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou hast done in a womans peticoate.

Feeble. I will do my good will sir, you can haue no more.

Fal. Well saide good womans tailer, well saide couragious Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or most magnanimous moufe, pricke the womans tailer: wel M. Shallow, deepe M. Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might haue gone sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou might mend him and make him fir to goe, I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the leader of so many thousands, let that suffice most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee reuerend Feeble, who is next?

Shal. Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

Fal. Yea mary, lets see Bul-calfe.

Bul. Here sir,

Fal.

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Fal. Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke *Bul-calf* till hee roare againe.

Bul. O Lord, good my lord captaine.

Fal. What dost thou roare before thou art prickt?

Bul. O Lord sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A horson cold sir, a cough sir, which I cought with ringing in the kings affaires vpon his coronation day sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the warres in a gowne, we wil haue away thy cold, and I wil take such order that thy friendes shal ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more cald then your number, you must haue but foure here sir, and so I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

Fa. Come, I wil go drink with you, but I cannot tary dinner: I am glad to see you, by my troth master *Shallow*.

Shal. O sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmil in faint *Georges* field?

Fal. No more of that master *Shallow*.

Shal. Ha, twas a merry night, and is *Iane Night-work* alieue.

Falst. She liues master *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fa. Neuer neuer, she wold alwaies say, she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Sba. By the masse I could anger her too'th heart, she was then a *bona roba*, doth she hold her owne wel?

Fal. Old old master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old, certain shees old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Glenham*.

Scilens. Thats fiftie fine yeare ago.

Shal. Ha cousen *Scilens* that thou hadst seene that that this knight and I haue seene, ha sir *John*, said I wel?

Fal.

THE SECOND PART OF

Fal. We haue heard the chimes at midnight M. *Shallow.*

Sha. That we haue that we haue, that we haue, in faith sir *John* we haue, our watch-woorde was hemboies, come lets to dinner, come lets to dinner, Iesus the daies that wee haue seene, come, come. *Exeunt.*

Bul. Good maister corporate *Bardolfe*, stand my friend, and heres foure *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns for you, in very truth sir, I had as liue be hangd sir as go, and yet for mine owne part sir I do not care, but rather because I am vn-willing, and for mine owne part haue a desire to stay with my friends, else sir I did not care for mine owne part so much.

Bard. Go to, stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporall captaine, for my dames sake stand my friend, she has no body to doe any thing about her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe, you shall haue forry sir.

Bar. Go to, stand aside.

Feeble. By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, Ile nere beare a base mind, and't bee my destiny: so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar. Well said, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith Ile beare no base mind.

Enter Falstafie and the iustices.

Fal. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bar. Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalfe*.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come sir *John*, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Mary then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalfe*, *Feeble*, and *Sadow*.

Fal.

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Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalse, for you Mouldy stay at home, til you are past seruice: and for your part Bulcalse, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John; doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the best.

Fal. Wil you tel me (master Shallow) how to chuse a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big assemblance of a man: giue me the spirit M. Shallow: heares Wart, you see what a ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this same halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he presents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how swiftly wil this Feeble the womans tailer runne off? O giue mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuier into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuier: so, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt ballde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab, hold, theres a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end greene, when I lay at Clements inne, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a say, bounce would a say, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dosen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the souldiers coates.

THE SECOND PART OF

Shal. Sir *John*, the Lord bleſſe you, God proſper your affaires, God ſend vs peace at your returne, viſit our houſe, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue ſpoke at a word, God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen.

Exit.

Shal. On *Bardolfe*, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off theſe iuſtices, I do ſee the bottome of iuſtice *Shallow*, Lord, Lord, how ſubieſt we old men are to this vice of lying, this ſame ſtaru'd iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildneſſe of his youth, and the feates he hath done about *Turne-bull* ſtreet, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the *Turkes* tribute, I doe remember him at *Clements* inne, like a man made after ſupper of a cheefe paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forkt reddiſh, with a head fantaſtically carued vpon it with a knife, a was ſo forlorne, that his demenſions to any thicke ſight were inuincible, a was the very gemies of famine, yet lecherous as a monkie, and the whores cald him mandrake, a came ouer in the rereward of the faſhion, and fung thoſe tunes to the ouer-ſchutcht huſwiues, that he heard the car-men whistle, and ſware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is this vices dagger become a ſquire, and talkes as familiarly of *John a Gaunt*, as if he had bin ſworne brother to him, and Ile be ſworne a nere ſaw him but once in the tyll-yard, and then he burſt his head for crowding among the marſhalles men, I ſaw it, and told *John a Gaunt* he beate his owne name, for you might haue thruſt him and all his aparell into an eeſe-ſkin, the caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him a court, and now has he land and beefes. Well, Ile be acquainted with him if I returne, and t'ſhal go hard, but Ile make him a philoſophers two ſtones to me, if the yong daſe be
a baite

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a baite for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature
but I may snap at him : let time shape, and there an end.

*Enter the archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within
the forrest of Gaultree.*

Bish. What is this forrest calld?

Hast. Tis *Gaultree* forrest, and't shal please your grace.

Bish. Here stand, my lords, and send discouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We haue sent forth already.

Bishop. Tis well done,
My friends and brethren (in these great affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New dated letters from *Northumberland*,
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus :
Here doth he with his person, with such powers,
As might hold fortance with his quallitie,
The which he would not leuy : whereupon
He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*, and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may ouer-lieue the hazard
And fearefull meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we haue in him touch ground,
And daili themselves to peeces.

Enter messenger.

Hastings. Now, what newes?

Messenger. West of this forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray. The iust proportion that we gaue them out,
Let vs sway on, and face them in the field.

Bishop. What wel appointed leader fronts vs heere?

THE SECOND PART OF

Enter Westmerland.

Mowbray. I thinke it is my lord of *Westmerland*.

West. Health and faire greeting from our generall,
The prince lord *John* and duke of *Lancaster*.

Bisbop. Say on my lord of *Westmerland* in peace,
What doth concerne your comming?

West. Vnto your grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my speech: if that rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect rowtes,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenaunst by boyes and beggary.
I say, if damnd commotion so appeare,
In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,
You, reuerend father, and these noble lordes,
Had not beene heere to dresse the owgly forme
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your faire honours. You (lord archbishop)
Whose sea is by a ciuile peace maintaine,
Whose beard the siluer hand of peace hath toucht,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutord,
Whose white inuestments figures innocence,
The doue, and very blessed spirite of peace.
Wherefore do you so ill translate your selfe
Out of the speech of peace that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous tongue of warre?
Turning your bookes to graues, your incke to bloud,
Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?

Bisb. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands:
Briefly, to this end we are all diseasde:
The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the earth,
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes instance (present now,)

Hath

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming armes,
Not to breake peace, or any braunch of it,
But to establist heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your appeale denied
Wherein haue you been galled by the king?
What peere hath beene subornde to grate on you?
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody booke
Of forge rebellion with a seale diuine,
And consecrate commotions bitter edge.

Bishop. My brother generall, the common wealth
To brother borne an household cruelty,
I make my quarrell in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowbray. Why not to him in part, and to vs all
That feele the bruises of the daies before?
And suffer the condition of these times,
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
Vpon our honors.

West. But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely generall,
To know your griefes, to tell you from his grace,
That he will giue you audience, and wherein
It shall appeere that your demaunds are iust,
You shall enioy them, euery thing set off
That might so much as thinke you enemies.

Mowbray. But he hath forde vs to compel this offer,
And it proceedes from policie, not loue.

West. *Mowbray,* you ouerweene to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
For loe, within a ken our army lies:
Vpon mine honour, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare:

THE SECOND PART OF

Our battell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the vse of armes,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best :
Then reason will our hearts should be as good :
Say you not then, our offer is compelld.

Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parlee.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence,
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hastings. Hath the prince *John* a full commission,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand vpon ?

West. That is intended in the generall name,
I muse you make so slight a question.

Bishop. Then take, my lord of *Westmerland*, this scedule,
For this containes our generall grieuances,
Each seuerall article herein redrest.
All members of our cause both here and hence,
That are enswewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our willes,
To vs and our purposes confinde,
We come within our awefull bancks againe,
And knit our powers to the arme of peace.

West. This will I shew the generall, please you lords,
In sight of both our battells we may meete,
At either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of diffrence call the swords,
Which must decide it. *Exit Westmerland.*

Bishop. My lord, we will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my bosome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hastings. Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

As our conditions shall consist vpon,
Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines.

Moub. Yea but our valuation shal be such,
That euery slight and false deriued cause,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,
That euen our corne shall seeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.

Bish. No, no, my lord, note this, the king is weary
Of daintie and such picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and history his losse,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion,
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted al his rods,
On late offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very instruments of chastisement,
So that his power, like to a phanglese lion,
May offer, but not hold.

THE SECOND PART OF

Bishop. 'Tis very true,
And therefore be assurde, my good lord marshall.
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so, here is returnd my lord of *Westmerland*.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The prince is here at hand, pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace iust distance tweene our armies.

Enter prince Iohn and his armie.

Mow. Your grace of *York*, in Gods name then set forward.

Bishop. Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.

Iohn. You are well incountred here, my coulsen *Mowbray*,
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop,
And so to you lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My lord of *Yorke*, it better shewed with you,
When that your flocke assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your exposition on the holy text,
That now to see you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his fauor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king :
Alacke what mischeefes might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatnesse? with your lord bishop
It is euen so, who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the speaker in his parliament,
To vs th' imagine voice of God himselfe,

The

HENRY THE FOURTH.

The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the sanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who shal belecue,
But you misuse the reuerence of your place,
Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a false favorite doth his princes name:
In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The subiects of his substitute my father,
And both against the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpswarmd them.

Bishop. Good my lord of *Lancaster*,
I am not here against your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of *Westmerland*,
The time misfordred doth in common sense,
Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,
To hold our safety vp: I sent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our grieve,
The which hath beene with scorne shoued from the court,
Whereon this *Hidra*, sonne of warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd-asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestie.

Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fal downe,
We haue supplies to second our attempt,
If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,
And so successe of mischief shall be borne,
And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles *England* shall haue generation.

Prince. You are too shallow *Hastings*, much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after times.

West.

THE SECOND PART OF

West. Pleaseth your grace to answere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.

Prince. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And sweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some about him haue too lauishly,
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefes shall be with speed redrest,
Vppon my soule they shal, if this may please you,
Discharge your powers vnto their feuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare those tokens home,
Of our restored loue and amitie.

Bishop. I take your princely word for these redresses,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.

Prince. Go captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well please them, hie thee captaine.

Bishop. To you my noble lord of *Westmerland*.

West. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue bestowed to breed this present peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bishop. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it,
Health to my lord, and gentle cosin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sodaine something ill.

Bishop. Against ill chaunces men are euer mery,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

West. Therefore be mery coze, since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morow.

Bishop.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Bisbop. Beleene me I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse if your owne rule be true.

Shout.

Prin. The word of peace is rendred, heark how they shewt.

Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victory.

Bisbop. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party looser.

Prince. Go my lord,
And let our army be discharged too,
And, good my lord, so please you, let our traines
March by vs, that we may peruse the men,
We should haue coap't withall.

Bisbop. Go, good lord *Hastings*,
And ere they be dismiss, let them march by.

Enter Westmerland.

Prince. I trust lords we shal lie to night together :
Now cousin, wherefore stands our army stil ?

West. The leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.

Prince. They know their duties.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. My lord, our army is disperst already,
Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
East, weast, north, south, or like a schoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings my lord *Hastings*, for the which
I do arest thee traitor of high treason,
And you lord archbishop, and you lord *Mowbray*,
Of capitall treason I attach you both.

Mowbray. Is this proceeding iust and honorable ?

West.

THE SECOND PART OF

West. Is your assembly so?

Bishop. Will you thus breake your faith?

Prince. I pawnde thee none,

I promise you redresse of these same grievances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe, with a most christian care.

But for you rebels, looke to taste the due
Meete for rebellion:

Most shallowly did you these armes commence,
Fondly brought heere, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our drummes, pursue the scattered stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treasons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Alarum. Enter Falstaffe. Excursions.

Fal. Whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and
of what place?

Cole. I am a knight sir, and my name is *Coleuile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colleuile* is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: *Coleuile* shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be stil *Colleuile* of the dale.

Colle. Are not you sir *Iohn Falstaffe*?

Fal. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe ye yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.

Colle. I think you are sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, and in that thought yeelde me.

Fal. I haue a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply
the

HENRY THE FOURTH.

the most actiue fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my wombe, my womb vndoes me, heere comes our generall.

Enter Iohn Westmerland, and the rest. Retraile.

Iohn. The heate is past, follow no further now,
Call in the powers good coosin *Westmerland*.
Now *Falstaffe*, where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake some gallowes backe.

Fal. I would bee sory my lord, but it shoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but rebuke and checke, was the rewarde of valor: do you thinke me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility, I haue foundred ninescore and od postes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir *Iohn Colleuile* of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy, but what of that? he sawe me, and yeelded, that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosde fellow of *Rome*, there cosin, I came, saw, and ouercame.

Iohn. It was more of his curtesie then your deseruing.

Falst. I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beseech your grace let it be bookte with the rest of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I will haue it in a particular ballad esse, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (*Coleuile* kissing my foote) to the which course, if I bee enforst, if you doe not all shew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of fame, ore-shine you as much as the full moone doth the cindars of the element, (which shew like pinnes heads to her) beleue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let desert mount.

Prince. Thine's too heauy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

Prince.

THE SECOND PART OF

Prince. Thines too thicke to shine.

Falst. Let it doe some thing, my good lord, that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Prince. Is thy name *Colleuile*?

Col. It is my lord.

Prince. A famous rebell art thou *Colleuile*.

Falst. And a famous true subiect tooke him.

Col. I am my lord but as my betters are,
That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,
You should haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou like a kind fellow gauest thy selfe away *gratis*, and I thanke thee for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Prince. Now, haue you left pursuit?

West. Retraite is made, and execution stayd.

Prince. Send *Colleuile* with his confederates
To *Yorke*, to present execution,
Blunt leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.
And now dispatch we toward the court my lordes,
I heare the king my father is fore sick,
Our newes shall go before vs to his maiestie,
Which cosin you shal beare to comfort him,
And we with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My lord, I beseech you giue me leaue to go through *Glostershire*, and when you come to court, stand my good lord in your good report.

Prince. Fare you wel *Falstaffe*, I, in my condition, shal better speake of you then you deserue.

Fal. I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedome, good faith this same yong sober bloued boy doth not loue me, nor a mā canot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinckes no wine, theres neuer none of these demure boyes

HENRY THE FOURTH.

boyes come to any prooffe, for thin drinke doth so ouer-coole theyr blood, and making many fift meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene sicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which some of vs should be too, but for inflammation: a good sherris sacke hath a two fold operation in it, it ascendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which enuironne it, makes it apprehensiu, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold and settled) left the lyuer white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimitie and cowardize: but the sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to all the rest of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captaine, the heart: who great and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris, so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sacke, (for that sets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till sacke commences it, and sets it in act and vse. Hereof comes it, that prince *Harry* is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeouour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thousand sonnes, the first humane principle I would teach them, should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addiect themselves to sacke. How now *Bardolfe*?

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal.

THE SECOND PART OF

Fal. Let them goe, Ile through *Glostershire*, and there will I visit M. *Robert Shallow* esquire, I haue him already tempring betweene my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seale with him, come away.

Enter the king, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Gloucester.

King. Now lords, if God doth giue successefull end,
To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified:
Our naue is addrest, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence wel inuested,
And euery thing lies leuell to our wish,
Only we want a little personal strength:
And pawse vs til these rebels now afoote,
Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your maiesty
Shal soone enioy.

King. *Humphrey* my sonne of *Gloster*, where is the prince
your brother?

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at *Winsor*.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother *Thomas of Clarence* with him?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee *Thomas of Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loues thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas*,
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Then all thy brothers, cherrish it my boy:
And noble offices thou maist effect
Of mediation after I am dead,

Betweene

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Betweene his greatnesse and thy other brethren :
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will,
For he is gracious if he be obseru'de,
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
Open as day for meeting charitie,
Yet notwithstanding being incens'd, he is flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sodaine
As flawes congealed in the spring of day :
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
When you perceiue his bloud inclin'd to mirth :
But being moody, giue him time and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground
Confound themselues with working, learne this *Thomas*,
And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
That the vnited vessell of their bloud,
(Mingled with venome of suggestion,
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong,
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall obserue him with all care and loue.

King. Why art thou not at *Winsore* with him *Thomas* ?

Tho. He is not there to day, he dines in *London*.

King. And how accompanied ?

Tho. With *Poines*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest soyle to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is ouerspread with them, therefore my griefe
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death :
The bloud weepes from my heart when I do shape,
In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,

THE SECOND PART OF

And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my auncestors:
For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,
When rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,
When meanes and lawish manners meete together,
Oh with what wings shall his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and opposde decay?

War. My gracious lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the most immodest word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,
But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,
The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,
By which his grace must mete the lines of other,
Turning past-euils to aduantages.

King. Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, *Westmerland*?

Enter Westmerland.

West. Health to my foueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince *John* your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.
Mowbray, the bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels sword vntheathd,
But peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leisure may your highnesse reade,
With euery course in his particular.

King.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a summer bird,
Which euer in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes.

Enter Harcor.

Harc. From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of:
The earle *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great power of *Engliss*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the shrieue of *Yorksbire* ouerthrowne,
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, containes at large.

Ki. And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?
Will fortune neuer come with both hands full.
But wet her faire words still in foulest termes?
She either giues a stomach, and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, such are the rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
I should reioyce now at this happy newes,
And now my sight failes, and my braine is giddy,
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

Hum. Comfort your maiesty.

Clar. O my royall father!

West. My soueraigne lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp,

War. Be patient princes, you do know these fits
Are with his highnesse very ordinary.

Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel straight be wel.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,
Th'incessant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through.

THE SECOND PART OF

Hum. The people feare me, for they do obserue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The seasons change their manners, as the yeere
Hath found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer.

Clar. The riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (times doting chronicles,)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire *Edward*, sickt and died.

War. Speake lower, princes, for the king recouers.

Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into some other chamber.

Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper musique to my weary spirite.

War. Call for the musique in the other roome.

King. Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.

Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Harry.

Prince. Who saw the duke of *Clarence*?

Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauinesse.

Prince. How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the king?

Hum. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.

Hum. He altred much vpon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phisicke.

War. Not so much noyse my lords, sweete prince, speake
lowe, the king your father is disposde to sleepe.

Gla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.

War. Wilt please your grace to go along with vs?

Prince.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Prince. No, I wil sit and watch heere by the king.
Why doth the crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polisht perturbation! golden care!
That keepst the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!
Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,
As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)
SnORES out the watch of night. O maiestie!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That scaldst with safty (by his gates of breath)
There lies a dowlney feather which stirs not,
Did he fuspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
Perforce must moue my gracious lord my father:
This sleepe is sound indeede, this is a sleepe,
That from this golden rigoll hath diuorst
So many *Englisb* kings, thy deaw from me,
Is teares and heauy sorowes of the blood,
Which nature, lone, and filiall tenderneffe
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperiall crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it selfe to me: loe where it sits,
Which God shal guard, and put the worlds whole strength
Into one giant arme, it shal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me.

Exit.

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the king cal?

War. What would your maiestie?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?

THE SECOND PART OF

Cla. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The prince of *Wales*, where is he? let me see him: he is not here.

War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.

Hum. He came not through the chamber where we staid.

King. Where is the crowne? who tooke it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath tane it hence, go seeke him out: Is he so hastie, that he doth suppose my sleepe my death? Finde him, my lord of *Warwicke*, chide him hither.

This part of his conioynes with my disease,
And helps to end me: see, sonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiekt?

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry:

For this they haue ingrossed and pild vp,
The cankred heapes of strange atcheued gold:

For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inuest
Their sonnes with arts and martiall exercises,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hine: and like the bees,

Are mured for our paines, this bitter taste
Yeelds his engrossements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sicknesse hands determind me,

Enter Warwicke.

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
Washing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanour in great sorrow,

That

HENRY THE FOURTH.

That tyranny, which neuer quast but bloud,
Would by beholding him, haue washt his knife,
With gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither.

Enter Harry.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes, come hither to me *Harry*,
Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *Exeunt.*

Harry. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was fater (*Harry*,) to that thought
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Dost thou so hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inuest thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe! O foolish youth,
Thou seekst the greatnesse that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with so weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few houres,
Were thine, without offence, and at my death,
Thou hast seald vp my expectation,
Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst me not,
And thou wilt haue me die, assurde of it,
Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Whom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at halfe an hower of my life.

What, canst thou not forbear me halfe an hower?

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,

And bid the mery bells ring to thine care,

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:

Let all the teares that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balme, to sanctifie thy head,

Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,

THE SECOND PART OF

Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at forme :
Harry the fist is crownd, vp vanitie,
Downe royall state, all you sage counsaillers, hence,
And to the *English* court assemble now
From euery region, apes of idlenesse :
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scumme
Haue you a ruffin that will sweare, drinke, daunce,
Reuell the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kind of waies ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England shal double gild his trebble guilt,
England shall giue him office, honour, might :
From the fist *Harry*, from curbd licence, plucks
The mussel of restraint, and the wild dogge
Shal flesh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdome ! sicke with ciuill blowes :
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O thou wilt be a wildernesse againe,
Peopled with woolles, thy old inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moist impediments vnto my speech,
I had forestald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far : there is your crowne :
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours : if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit,
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending,
God witnesse with me. When I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your maiesty,

How

HENRY THE FOURTH.

How cold it strooke my heart! if I do faine,
O let me in my present wildnesse die,
And neuer liue to shew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purposed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to thinke you were,
I spake vnto this crowne as hauing sence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou best of gold, art worse then gold,
Other lesse fine, in karrat more precious,
Preseruing life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honourd, most renown'd,
Hast eate thy bearer vp: thus my most royall liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or swell my thoughts to any straine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine spirit of mine,
Did with the least affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassaile is,
That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.

King. God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it:
Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very latest counsaile
That euer I shal breathe. God knowes (my sonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my selfe know well,

How

THE SECOND PART OF

How troublesome it fate vpon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the foyle of the atchieuement goes,
With me into the earth, it seemd in me,
But as an honor snatched with boistrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudshed,
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold feares
Thou seest with perill I haue answerd :
For all my raigne hath beene but as a scene,
Acting that argument : and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchast,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer sort.
So thou the garland wearst successiuelly,
Yet though thou standst more sure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou must make thy friends,
Haue but their stings and teeth newly tane out :
By whose fell working I was first aduaunst,
And by whose power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe displacde : which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpose, now
To leade out manie to the *Holy Land*,
Lest rest, and lying stil, might make them looke,
Too neare vnto my state : therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy course to busie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is vtterly denied me :
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Prince. You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lancaster.

King. Looke, looke, here comes my *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,

Lanc. Health, peace, and happinesse to my royall father.

King. Thou bringst me happinesse and peace sonne *Iohn*,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare witherd trunke : vpon thy sight,
My worldly busines makes a period :
Where is my lord of *Warwicke* ?

Prince. My lord of *Warwicke*.

King. Doth any name perticular belong
Vnto the lodging where I first did ffound ?

War. Tis cald *Ierusalem*, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God, euen there my life must end,
It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
I should not die, but in *Ierusalem*,
Which vainely I supposde the *Holy Land* :
But beare me to that chamber, there Ile lie,
In that *Ierusalem* shall *Harry* die.

Enter Shallow, Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.

Shal. By cock and pie sir, you shal not away to night,
what *Dauy* I say ?

Falst. You must excuse me master *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you, you shall not be excusde, ex-
cuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serue, you
shall not be excusde : why *Dauy*.

Dauy. Here sir.

Shal.

THE SECOND PART OF

Shal. *Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy*, let me see *Dauy*, let me see *Dauy*, let me see, yea mary *William* cooke, bid him come hither, sir *John*, you shal not be excused.

Dauy. Mary sir thus, those precepts can not be serued, and againe sir, shal we sow the hade land with wheate?

Shal. With red wheat *Dauy*, but for *William* cooke are there no yong pigeons?

Dauy. Yes sir, here is now the smiths note for shooring and plow-yrons.

Shal. Let it be cast and payed: sir *John*, you shal not be excused.

Dauy. Now sir, a new lincke to the bucket must needes be had: and sir, do you meane to stop any of *Williams* wages, about the sacke he lost at *Hunkly faire*?

Shal. A shall answer it: some pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of short legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie kick-shawes, tell *William* cooke.

Dauy. Doth the man of warre stay all night sir?

Shal. Yea *Dauy*, I will vse him well, a friend i'th court is better then a penie in purse: vse his men wel *Dauy*, for they are arrant knaues, and will backbite.

Dauy. No worfe then they are back-bitten sir, for they haue maruailes foule linnen.

Shal. Well conceited *Dauy*, about thy businesse *Dauy*.

Dauy. I beseech you sir to countenance *William Visor* of *Woncote* against *Clement Perkes* a'th hill.

Sha. There is many complaints *Dauy* against that *Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

Dauy. I graunt your worship that he is a knaue sir: but yet God forbid sir, but a knaue should haue some countenance at his friends request, an honest man sir is able to speake for himselfe, when a knaue is not: I haue serude your worship truly sir this eight yeares, and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare out a knaue against an honest man, I haue litle
credit

HENRY THE FOURTH.

credit with your worship: the knave is mine honest friend sir, therefore I beseech you let him be countenaunst.

Shal. Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about *Dauy*: where are you sir *John*? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand master *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thanke thee with my heart kind master *Bardolfe*, and welcome my tall fellow, come sir *John*.

Falst. Ile follow you good maister *Robert Shallow*: *Bardolfe*, looke to our horses: if I were sawed into quantities, I should make foure dozen of such berded hermites staues as maister *Shallow*: it is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him, do beare themselves like foolish iustices: hee, by conuersing with them, is turned into a iustice-like seruingman, their spirits are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suite to master *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maister: if to his men, I would curry with maister *Shallow*, that no man could better commaund his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wise bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe prince *Harry* in continuall laughter, the wearing out of sixe fashions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his shoulders: O you shal see him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir *John*.

Falst. I come maister *Shallow*, I come master *Shallow*.

Enter

THE SECOND PART OF

*Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe iustice, Thomas
Clarence, prince Iohn, Westmerland.*

War. How now, my lord chiefe iustice, whither away?

Iust. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iust. I hope not dead.

War. Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purposes he liues no more.

Iust. I would his maiestie had calld me with him:
The seruice that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War. Indeepe I thinke the yong king loues you not.

Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.

War. Heere come the heauy issue of dead *Harry*:
O that the liuing *Harry* had the temper
Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should holde their places,
That must strike faile to spirites of vile sort?

Iust. O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

Iohn. Good morrow coosin *Warwicke*, good morrow.

Prin. Ambo. Good morrow coosin.

Iohn. We meete like men that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

Iohn. Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

Iust. Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.

Humph.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Humph. O good my lord, you haue lost a friend indeede,
And I dare sweare you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

John. Though no man be assurde what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation,
I am the forier, would twere otherwise.

Gla. Well, you must now speake sir *John Falstaffe* faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of quallitie.

Iust. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my soule.
And neuer shall you see that I will begge
A ragged and forestald remission,
If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the king my maister that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Enter the prince and Blunt.

War. Here comes the prince.

Iust. Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.

Prince. This new and gorgeous garment maiesty
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke :
Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,
This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* court,
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succedes,
But *Harry Harry* : yet be sad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you :
Sorrow so royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And weare it in my heart : why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares :

Yet

THE SECOND PART OF

Yet weepe that *Harries* dead, and so will I,
But *Harry* liues, that shal conuert those teares
By number into howres of happinesse.

Bro. We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.

Prince. You al looke strangely on me, and you most,
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.

Iust. I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.

Prince. No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
Th'immediate heire of *England*? was this easie?
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?

Iust. I then did vse the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his law,
Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
Your highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offender to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe iustice from your awful bench?
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safetie of your person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
And mocke your workings in a second body?
Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a sonne,
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,

See

HENRY THE FOURTH.

See your most dreadfull lawes so loosely slighted,
Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained :
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
After this cold considerance sentence me,
And as you are a king speake in your state,
What I haue done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my lieges soueraigntie.

Prince. You are right iustice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still beare the ballance and the sword,
And I do wish your honors may encrease,
Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did :
So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
That dares do iustice on my proper sonne :
And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,
Into the hands of iustice you did commit me :
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnstained sword that you haue vsde to beare,
With this remembrance, that you vse the same,
With the like bold, iust, and impartial spirit,
As you haue done gainst me : there is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth,
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine eare,
And I wil sloop and humble my intents,
To your well practizde wise directions.
And princes all, beleue me I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his graue :
For in his toomb lie my affections,
And with his spirites sadly I suruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to race out,

THE SECOND PART OF

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
 After my seeming, the tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowd in vanitie till now:
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of flouds,
 And flow henceforth in formall maiestie:
 Now call we our high court of parliament,
 And let vs chuse such limbs of noble counsaile,
 That the great bodie of our state may goe,
 In equall ranke with the best governd nation,
 That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
 In which you father shall haue formost hand:
 Our coronation done, we wil accite,
 (As I before remembred) all our state,
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince nor peere shall haue iust cause to say,
 God shorten *Harries* happy life one day. Exit.

Enter sir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, page,

Shal. Nay you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour
 we will cate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne grafting, with
 a dish of carrawaies and so forth: come cosin *Scilens*, and
 then to bed.

Falst. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all
sir Iohn, mary good ayre spread *Dauy*, spread *Dauy*, well
 saide *Dauy*.

Fal. This *Dauy* serues you for good vses, hee is your ser-
 uing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet *sir*
Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much sacke at supper: a
 good varlet: now sit downe, now sit downe, come cosin.

Scilens.

HENRY THE FOURTH

Scilens. A firra quoth a, we shall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praise God for the merry yeere, when flesh is cheape and females deare, and lusty laddes roame here and there so merely, and euer among so merily.

Sir John. Theres a merry heart, good M. *Scilens*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Giue master *Bardolfe* some wine, *Dauy*.

Dauy. Sweet sir sit, Ile be with you anon, most sweet sir sit, master page, good master page sit: proface, what you want in meate, weele haue in drink, but you must beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be mery master *Bardolfe*, and my litle souldier there, be mery.

Scilens. Be mery, be mery, my wife has all, for women are throwes both short and tall, tis mery in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery *Shrouetide*, be mery, be mery.

Falst. I did not thinke master *Scilens* had bin a man of this mettall.

Scilens. Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dauy.

Dauy. Theres a dish of lether-coates for you.

Shal. *Dauy*?

Dauy. Your worship: Ile be with you straight, a cup of wine sir.

Scilens. A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falst. Well said master *Scilens*.

Scilens. And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete night.

Falst. Health and long life to you master *Scilens*.

Scilens. Fill the cuppe, and let it come, Ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

THE SECOND PART OF

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, besprew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drinke to master *Bardolfe*, and to all the cabileros about *London*.

Dauy. I hope to see *London* once ere I die.

Bar. And I might see you there *Dauy*.

Shal. By the mas youle cracke a quarte together, ha will you not master *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yea sir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And Ile sticke by him sir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there spoke a king: lacke nothing, be mery, Looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falst. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens. Do me right, and dub me knight, samingo: ist not so?

Falst. Tis so.

Silens. Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

Dauy. And't please your worship, theres one *Pistol* come from the court with newes.

Enter Pistol.

Falst. From the court? let him come in, how now *Pistol*?

Pistol. Sir *Iohn*, God saue you.

Falst. What wind blew you hither *Pistol*?

Pistol. Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: sweete knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realme.

Silens. Birlady I thinke a be, but goodman *Puffe* of *Barsen*.

Pisto. Puffe? puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, sir *Iohn*, I am thy *Pistol* and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

HENRY THE FOURTH.

have I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes,
and golden times, and happy newes of price.

John. I pray thee now deliver them like a man of this
world.

Pistol. A footre for the world and worldlings base, I speake
of *Affrica* and golden ioyes.

John. O base *Affirian* knight! what is thy newes? let king
Couchua know the truth thereof.

Scilens. And *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*.

Pistol. Shal dunghill curs confront the *Helicons*? and shall
good newes be baffled? then *Pistoll* lay thy head in furies lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pistol. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon sir, if sir you come with newes from
the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them,
or conceale them, I am sir vnder the king in some authoritie.

Pistol. Vnder which king, *Befonian*? speake, or die.

Shal. Vnder king *Harry*.

Pistol. *Harry* the fourth, or fift?

Shal. *Harry* the fourth.

Pist. A fowtre for thine office: sir *John*, thy tender lamb-
kin now is king: *Harry* the fifts the man: I speake the truth:
when *Pistol* lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging *Spa-
niard*.

Falst. What is the old king dead?

Pist. As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, saddle my horse, M. *Robert Shallow*,
choose what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: *Pistol*, I
will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a knight for my for-
tune.

Pistol. What? I do bring good newes.

Falst. Carry master *Scilens* to bed: master *Shallow*, my
lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get

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on thy boots, weel ride at night: a sweet *Pistol*, away *Bar-dolf*, com *Pistol*, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe thy selfe good, boote, boote master *Shallow*, I know the yong king is sicke for me: let vs take any mans horses, the lawes of *England* are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my lord chiefe iustice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also: where is the life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these plesant dayes.

Exit.

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Hof. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoul-der out of ioynt.

Sincklo. The constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and shee shall haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe visagde rascall, and the child I go with, do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Hof. O the Lord, that sir *Iohn* were come! I would make this a bloody day to some body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miscarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you shall haue a dozen of cushions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and *Pistoll* beat amongst you.

Whoore. Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenfor, I will haue you as soundly swingde for this, you blewbottle rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swingde, Ile forweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you shee-knight-arrant, come,

Hof.

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Hest. O God, that right should thus ouercom might! wel,
of sufferance comes ease.

Whoore. Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

Hest. I come, you starude blood-hound.

Whoore. Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hest. Thou atomy, thou.

Whoore. Come you thinne thing, come you rascall.

Sinck. Very well.

Enter stewers of rushes.

1 More rushes, more rushes.

2 The trumpets haue founded twice.

3 T will be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation,
dispatch, dispatch.

*Trumpets sound, and the king, and his traine passe ouer the
stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe,
and the boy.*

Falst. Stand heere by me maister *Shallow*, I will make the
king doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and
do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

Pist. God bleisse thy lungs good knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistoll*, stand behindmee. O if I had
had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue bestowed
the thousand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter,
this poore shew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had
to see him.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse of affection,

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate,
not to remember, not to haue pacience to shift me.

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Shal. It is best certain: but to stand stained with trauaile,
and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing els,
putting all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing
els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. Tis *semper idem*, for, *obscure hoc nihil est*, tis in euery
part.

Shal. Tis so indeede.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make
thee rage, thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts, is in
base durance, and contagious prison, halde thither by most
mechanical, and dartie hand: rowze vp reuenge from ebon
den, with fell *AleEoes* snake, for *Doll* is in: *Pistoll* speakes
nought but truth!

Falst. I will deliuer her.

Pist. There roared the sea, and trumpet clangor sounds.

Enter the king and his traine.

Falst. God saue thy grace king *Hall*, my royall *Hall*.

Pist. The heauens thee gard and keep, most royal impe of
fame.

Falst. God saue thee, my sweet boy.

King. My lord chiefe iustice, speake to that vaine man.

Iust. Haue you your wits? know you what tis you
speake?

Falst. My king, my *loue*, I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,
How ill white heires becomes a foole and iester,
I haue long dreamt of such a kind of man,
So surfet-sweld, so old, and so prophane:
But being awakt, I do despise my dreame,
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men,
Reply not to me with a foole-borne iest,

Presume

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HENRY THE FOURTH.

Presume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, so shall the world perceiue,
That I haue turnd away my former selfe,
So will I those that kept me company:
When thou dost heare I am as I haue bin,
Approch me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come neare our person by ten mile:
For competence of life, I wil allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,
And as we beare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strengths and qualitie,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see performed the tenure of my word: set on.

John. Master *Shallow* I ow you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea mary sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

John. That can hardly be, master *Shallow*: do not you grieue at this, I shall be sent for in priuate to him, looke you, hee must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancements, I will be the man yet that shal make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceiue how, vnlesse you giue me your dublet, and stufte me out with straw: I beseech you good sir *John* let me haue five hundred of my thousand.

John. Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a collour.

Shal. A collar that I feare you will die in sir *John*.

John. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come lieftenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I shall be sent for soone at night.

Enter

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Enter iustice and prince Iohn.

Iustice. Go cary sir *Iohn Falstaffe* to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone, take
them away. *Exeunt.*

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta spero contenta.*

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the kings,

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for,

But all are banisht till their conuersations

Apppeare more wise and modest to the worlde.

Iust. And so they are.

Iohn. The king hath cald his parlament my lord.

Iust. He hath.

Iohn. I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,

We beare our ciuil swords and native fiet,

As farre as *France*, I heard a bird so sing,

Whose musique, to my thinking, pleasde the king

Come, will you hence?

EPILOGUE.

First my feare then my curse, last my speech.

My feare, is your displeasure, my curfy, my duty, and my
speech, to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good speech
now, you vndo me, for what I haue to say is of mine owne
making, and what indeed (I should say) wil (I doubt) proue
mine owne marring: but to the purpose, and so to the venture.
Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in
the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and
to promise you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with
this, which if like an il venture it come vnluckily home, I
breake, and you my gentle creditors loose, here I promise
bate

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you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most debtors do) promise you infinitely: and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit me, will you commaund me to vse my legges? and yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so woulde I: all the gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the gentlemen will nor, then the gentlemen doe not agree with the gentlewomen, which was neuer seene in such an assemblie.

One word more I beseech you, if you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble author will continue the storie, with *sir Iohn* in it, and make you merry with faire *Katharine of Fraunce*, where (for any thing I knowe) *Falstaffe* shall die of a sweat, vnlesse already a be killd with your harde opinions; for *Olde-castle* died martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid you, good night.

END OF VOL. II.

